Hymns of Glory

Hamp Sewell
Publisher
Atlanta, Ga.

ROUND NOTE EDITION

Dorothy Erskine

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Hymns of Glory

For

Sunday School, Church, and Revival Meetings.

By

Hamp Sewell

Published in both Round and Shape Notes.

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Preface

THE BEST OF THE NEW CENTURY

These Hymns have been carefully edited, and all lines of Christian work are represented. They are sent out with a prayer that they may be instrumental, under God, in winning a lost world back to Christ.

HAMP SEWELL

Atlanta, Ga.

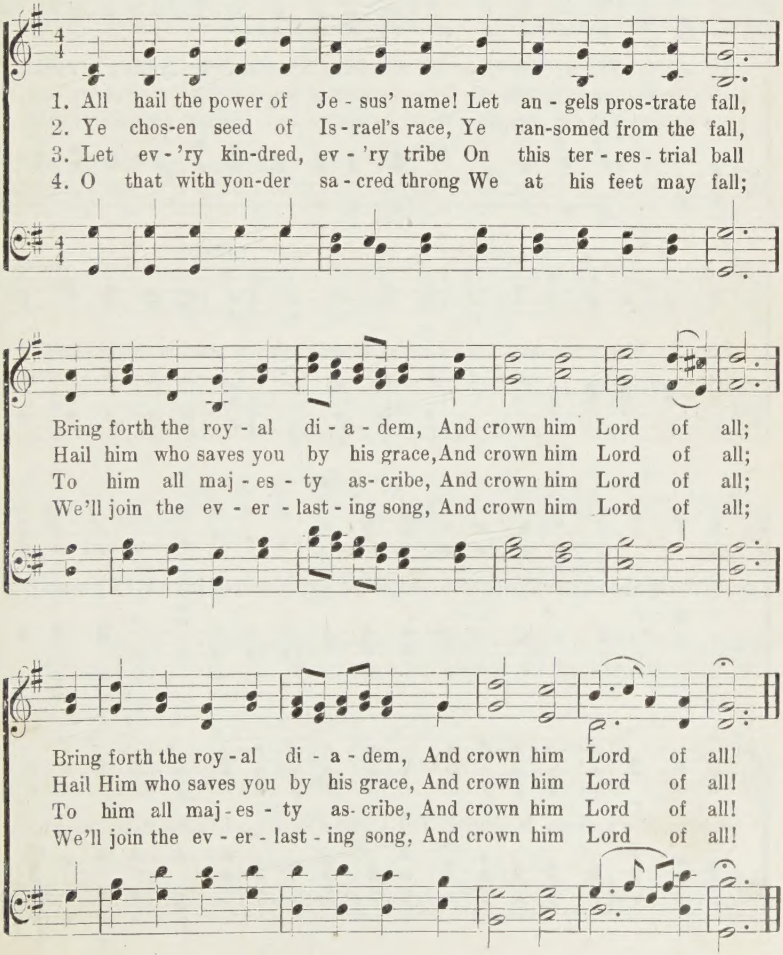
See the Following Hymns

2, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 43, 44, 46, 60, 65, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 75, 80, 84, 89, 91, 102, 112, 114, 122, 125, 126, 128, 134, 136, 145, 153, 157, 165, 168, 169, 171, 177, 185, 188, 189, 193, 194.

Hymns of Glory

No. 1. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. Perronet. Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all!
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all!

No. 2. A Sinner Made Whole.

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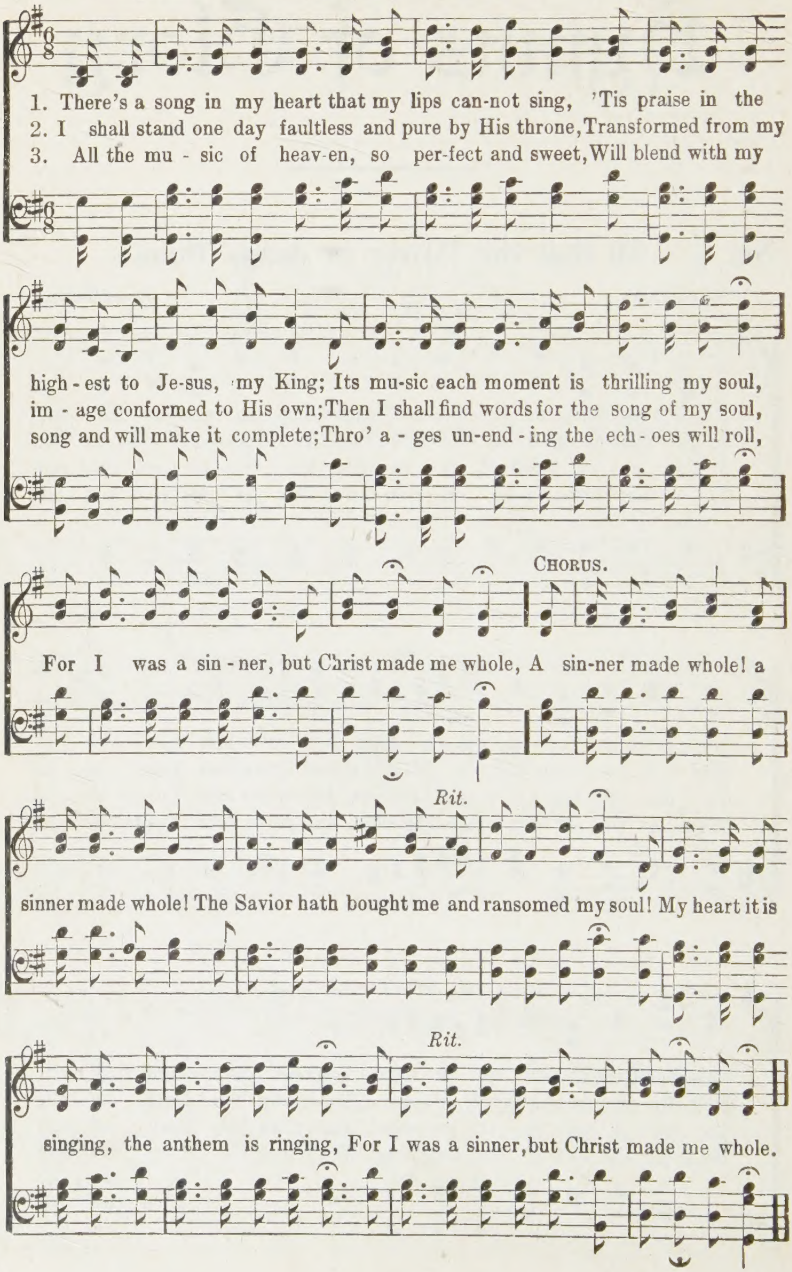
W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my
high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,
CHORUS.
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin-ner made whole! a
Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is
Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

No. 3. The Cross My Plea.

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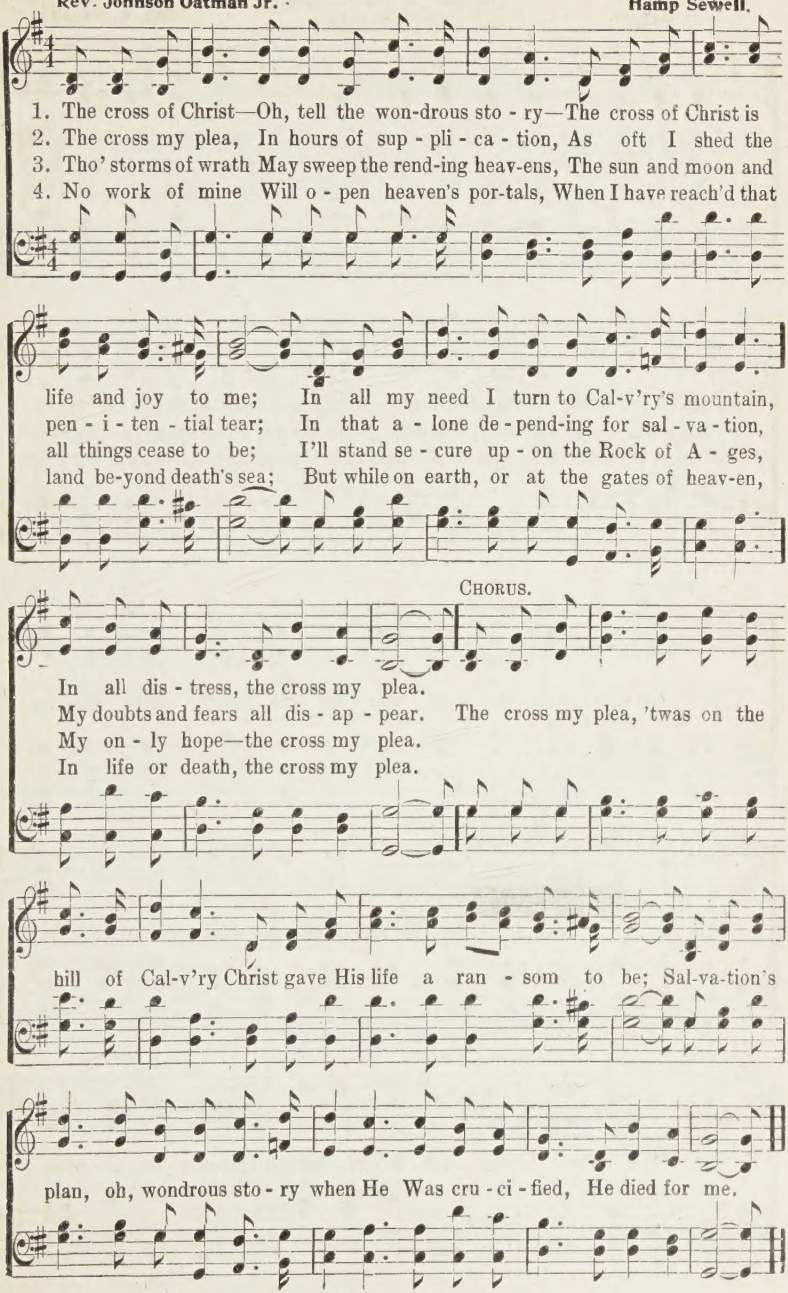
Rev. Johnson Oatman Jr. Hamp Sewell.


1. The cross of Christ—Oh, tell the won-drous sto - ry—The cross of Christ is
2. The cross my plea, In hours of sup - pli - ca - tion, As oft I shed the
3. Tho' storms of wrath May sweep the rend-ing heav-ens, The sun and moon and
4. No work of mine Will o - pen heaven's por-tals, When I have reach'd that
life and joy to me; In all my need I turn to Cal-v'ry's mountain,
pen - i - ten - tial tear; In that a - lone de - pend-ing for sal - va - tion,
all things cease to be; I'll stand se - cure up - on the Rock of A - ges,
land be-yond death's sea; But while on earth, or at the gates of heav-en,
Chorus.
In all dis - tress, the cross my plea.
My doubts and fears all dis - ap - pear. The cross my plea, 'twas on the
My on - ly hope—the cross my plea.
In life or death, the cross my plea.
hill of Cal-v'ry Christ gave His life a ran - som to be; Sal-va-tion's
plan, oh, wondrous sto - ry when He Was cru - ci - fied, He died for me.

No. 4. Wonderful Love.

E. E. Hewitt.

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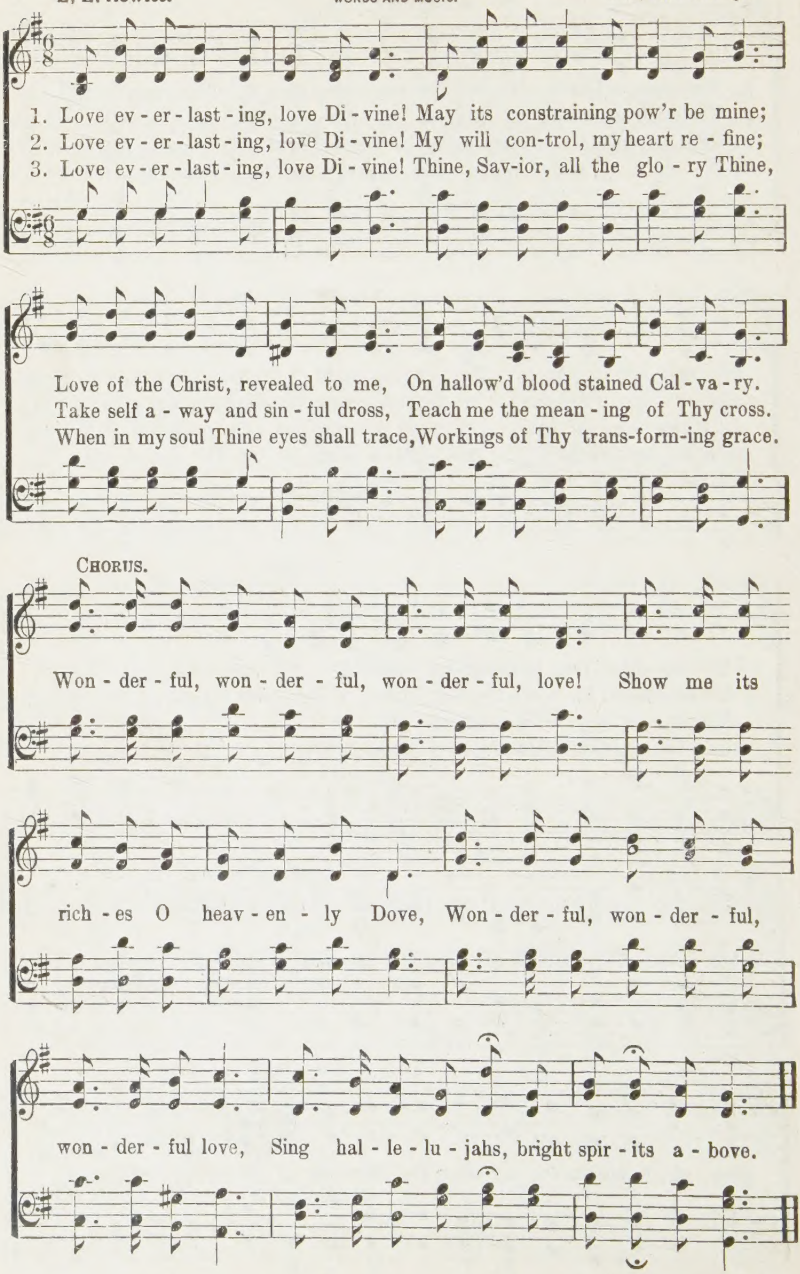
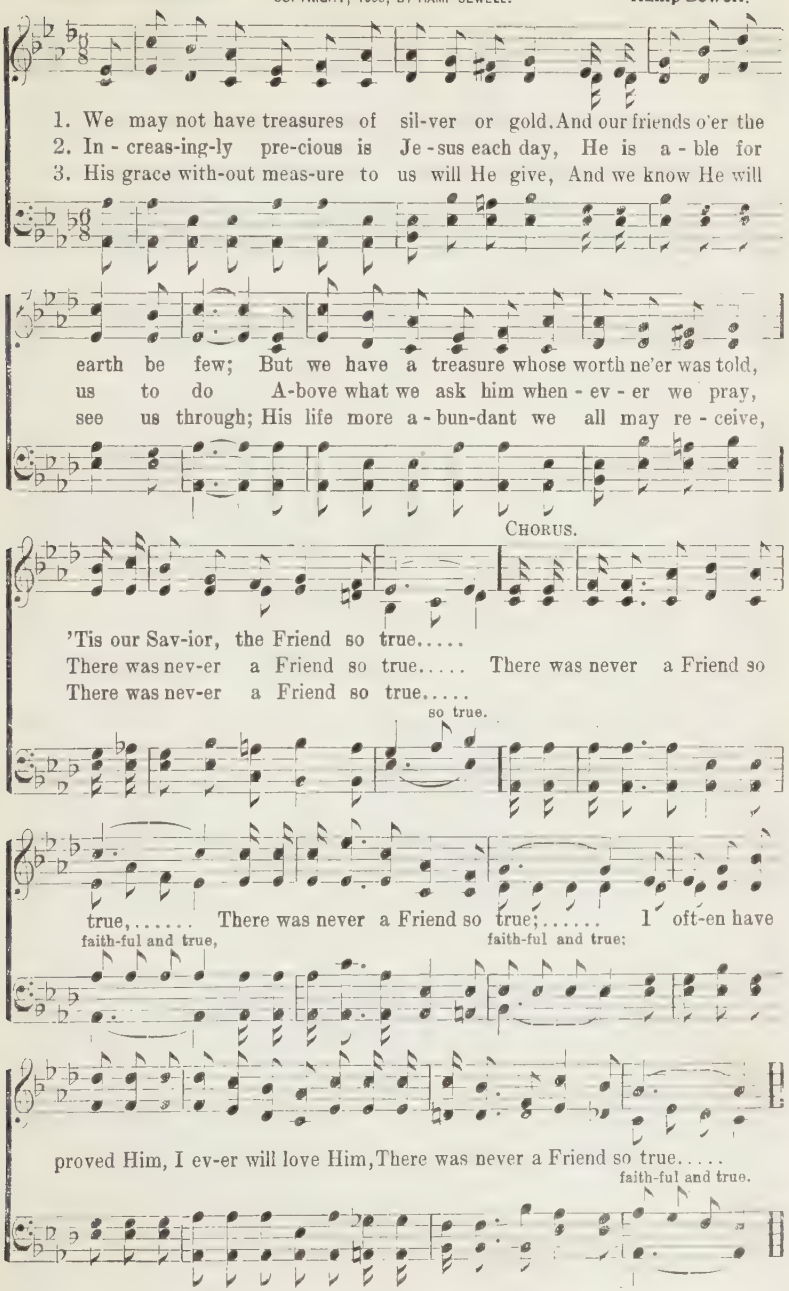
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! May its constraining pow'r be mine;
2. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! My will con-trol, my heart re - fine;
3. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! Thine, Sav-ior, all the glo - ry Thine,
Love of the Christ, revealed to me, On hallow'd blood stained Cal - va - ry.
Take self a - way and sin - ful dross, Teach me the mean - ing of Thy cross.
When in my soul Thine eyes shall trace, Workings of Thy trans-form-ing grace.
CHORUS.
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, love! Show me its
rich - es O heav - en - ly Dove, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,
won - der - ful love, Sing hal - le - lu - jahs, bright spir - its a - bove.

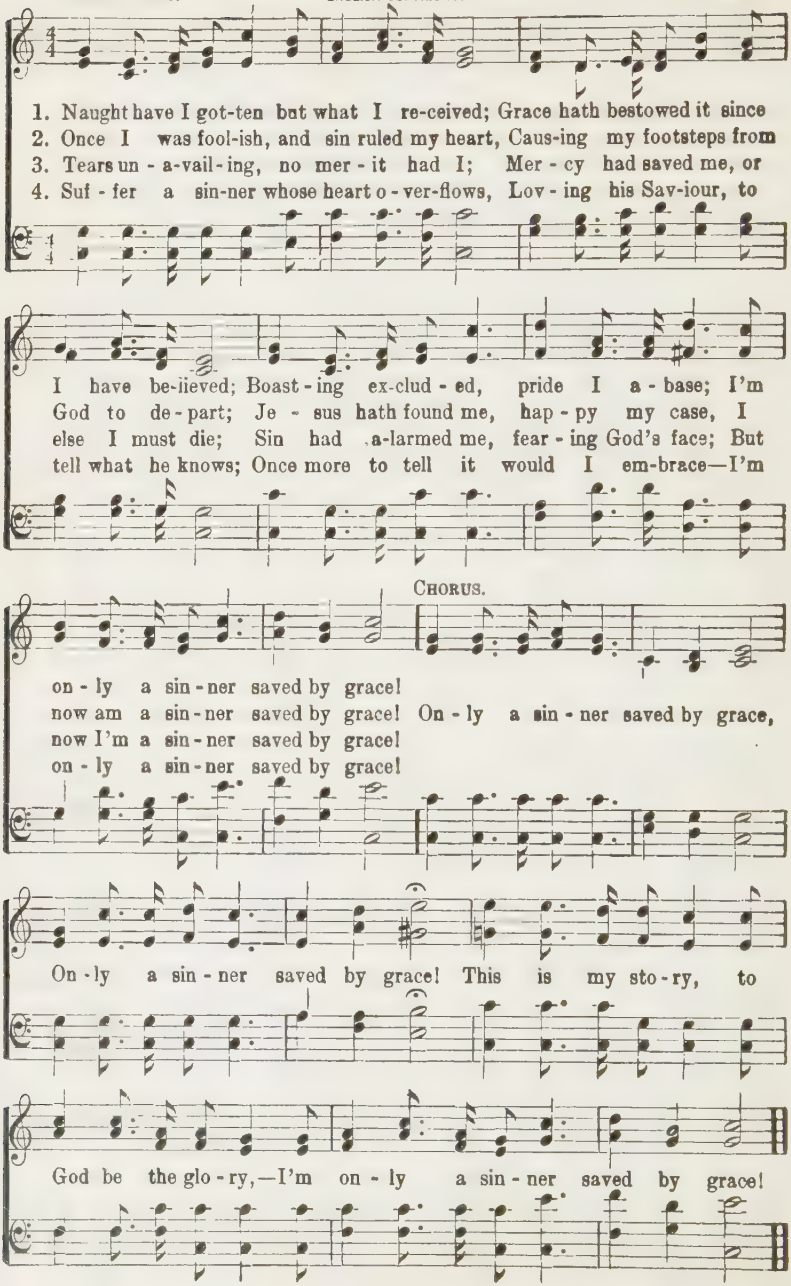
No. 5. There Was Never a Friend so True.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. We may not have treasures of sil-ver or gold. And our friends o'er the
2. In - creas-ing-ly pre-cious is Je - sus each day, He is a - ble for
3. His grace with-out meas-ure to us will He give, And we know He will
earth be few; But we have a treasure whose worth ne'er was told,
us to do A-bove what we ask him when - ev - er we pray,
see us through; His life more a - bun-dant we all may re - ceive,
CHORUS.
'Tis our Sav-ior, the Friend so true.....
There was nev-er a Friend so true..... There was never a Friend so
There was nev-er a Friend so true.....
so true.
true,..... There was never a Friend so true;..... I oft-en have
faith-ful and true,
faith-ful and true;
proved Him, I ev-er will love Him, There was never a Friend so true.....
faith-ful and true.

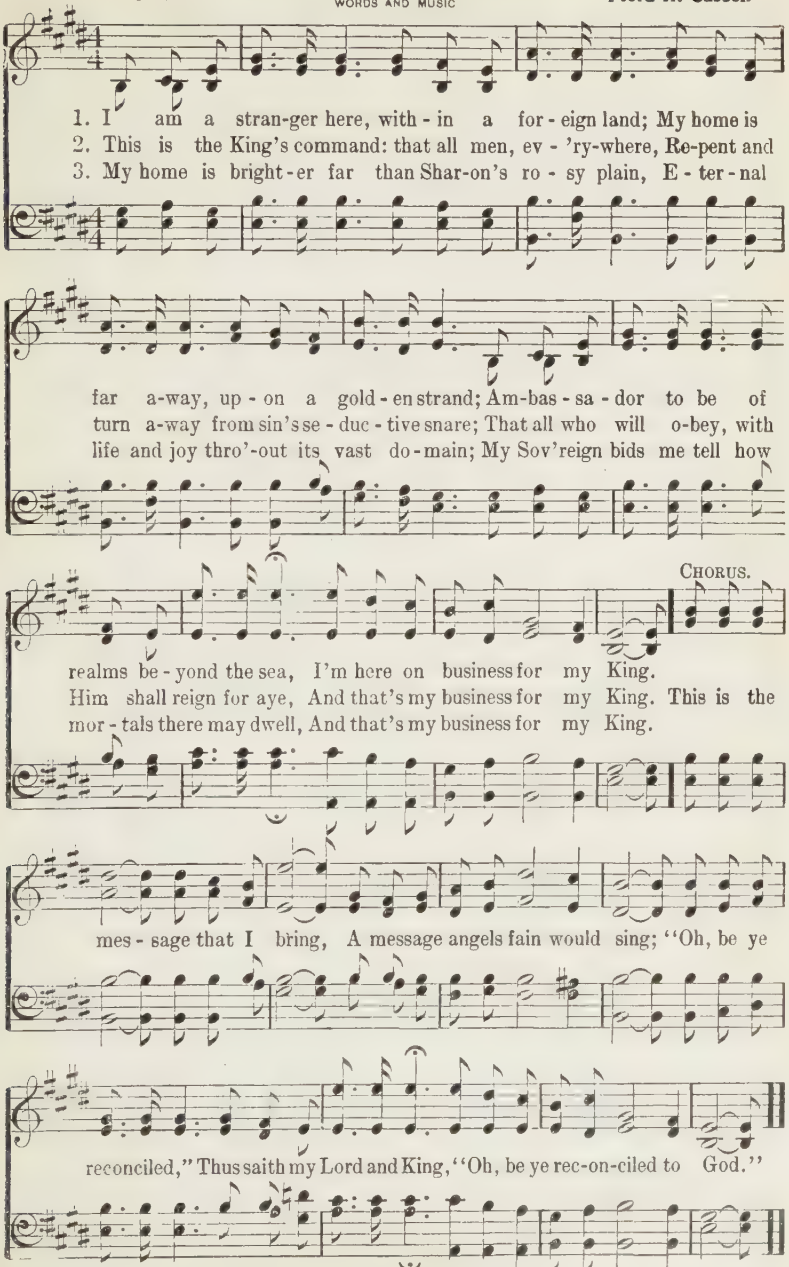
No. 6. Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. ENGLISH COPYRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav-iour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast - ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de-part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace,
now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

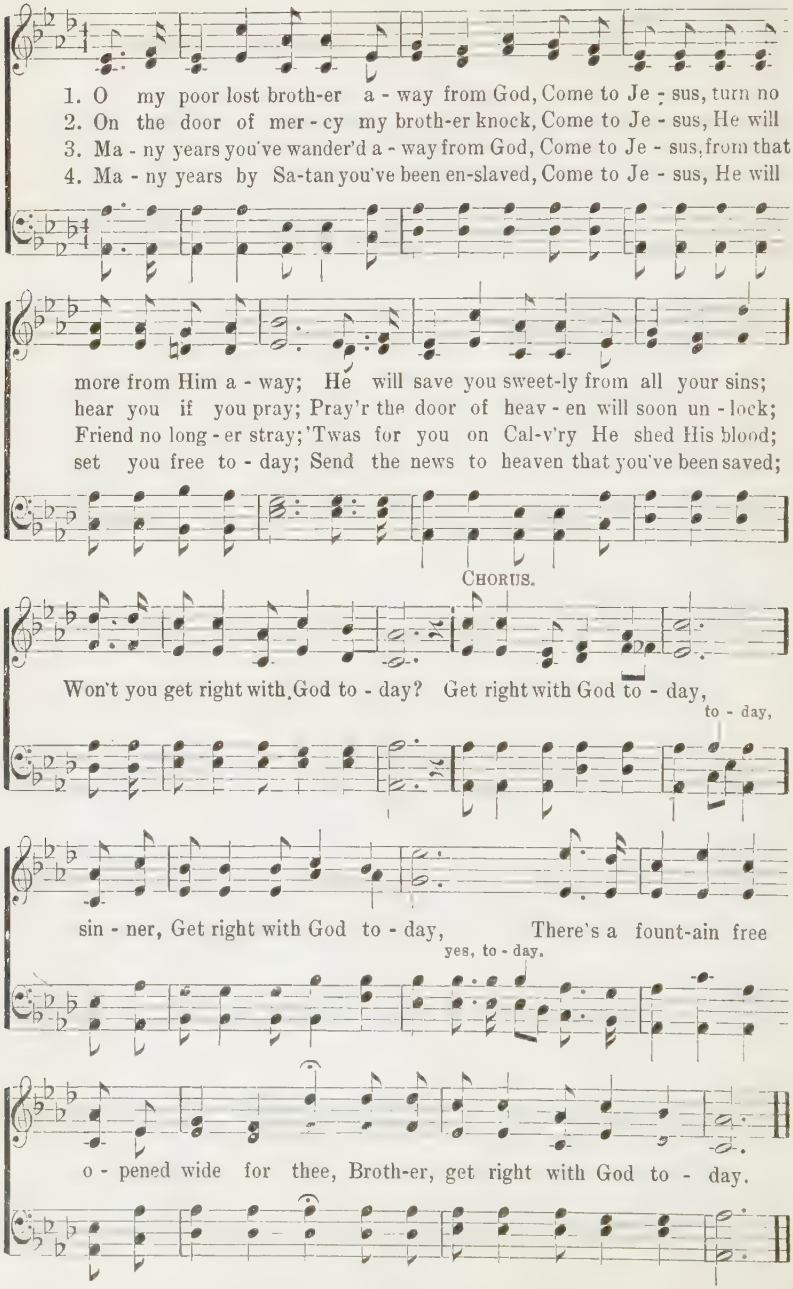
No. 7. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
CHORUS.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 8. Get Right With God.

Rev. J. Oatman Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. O my poor lost broth-er a - way from God, Come to Je - sus, turn no
2. On the door of mer - cy my broth-er knock, Come to Je - sus, He will
3. Ma - ny years you've wander'd a - way from God, Come to Je - sus, from that
4. Ma - ny years by Sa-tan you've been en-slaved, Come to Je - sus, He will
more from Him a - way; He will save you sweet-ly from all your sins;
hear you if you pray; Pray'r the door of heav - en will soon un - lock;
Friend no long - er stray; 'Twas for you on Cal-v'ry He shed His blood;
set you free to - day; Send the news to heaven that you've been saved;
CHORUS.
Won't you get right with God to - day? Get right with God to - day,
to - day,
sin - ner, Get right with God to - day, There's a fount-ain free
yes, to - day.
o - pened wide for thee, Broth-er, get right with God to - day.

No. 9. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

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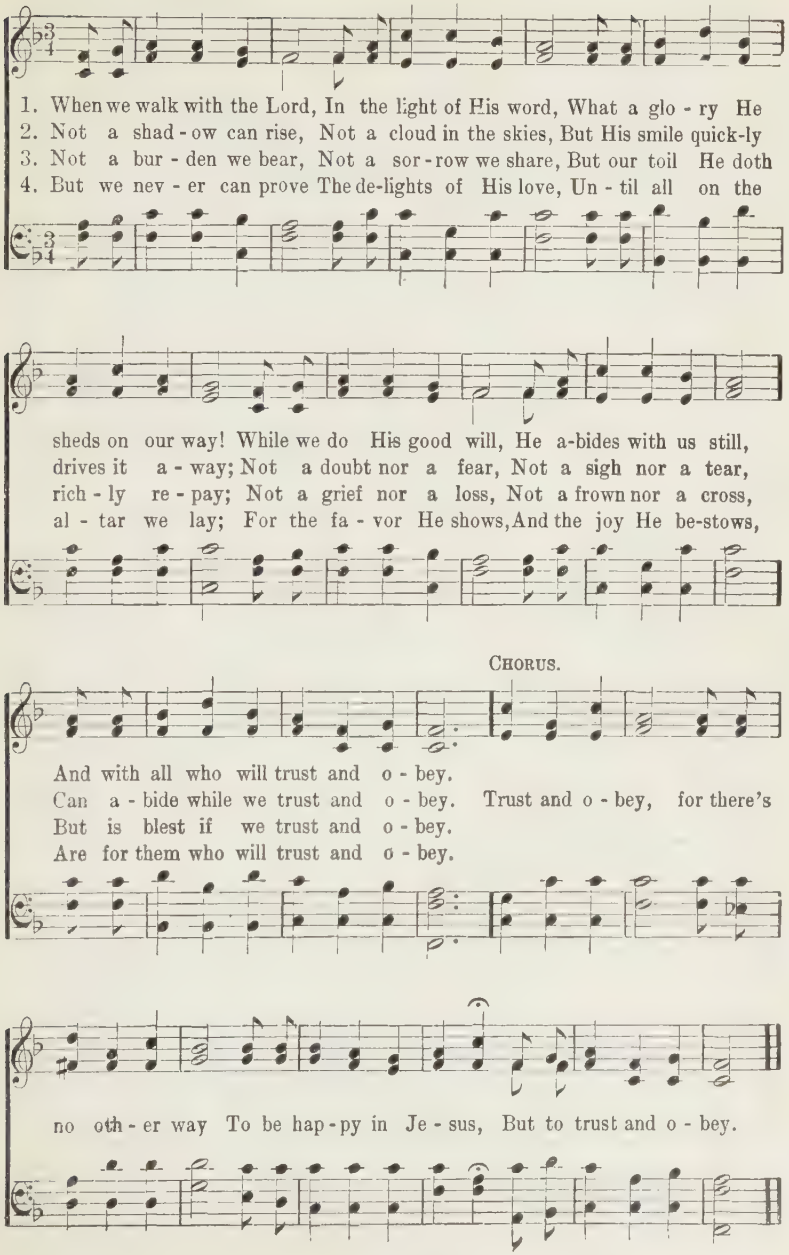
D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick-ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love, Un - til all on the
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

No. 10. When the Battle's Over.

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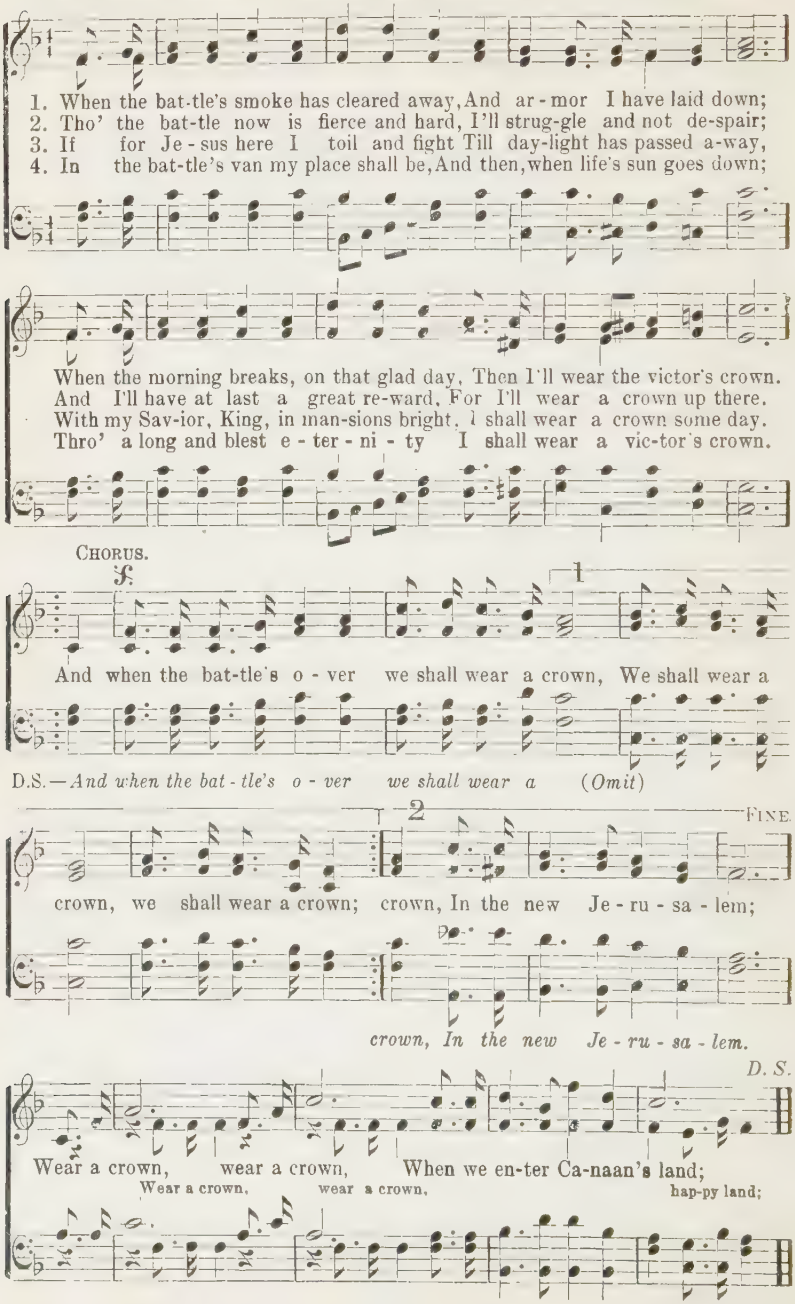
1. When the bat-tle's smoke has cleared away, And ar-mor I have laid down;
2. Tho' the bat-tle now is fierce and hard, I'll strug-gle and not de-spair;
3. If for Je-sus here I toil and fight Till day-light has passed a-way,
4. In the bat-tle's van my place shall be, And then, when life's sun goes down;
When the morning breaks, on that glad day, Then I'll wear the victor's crown.
And I'll have at last a great re-ward, For I'll wear a crown up there.
With my Sav-ior, King, in man-sions bright, I shall wear a crown some day.
Thro' a long and blest e-ter-ni-ty I shall wear a vic-tor's crown.
CHORUS.
f
1
And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown, We shall wear a
D.S.—And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a (Omit)
2
FINE.
crown, we shall wear a crown; crown, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem;
crown, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
D. S.
Wear a crown, wear a crown, When we en-ter Ca-naan's land;
Wear a crown, wear a crown, hap-py land;

No. 11. Keep the Heart Singing.

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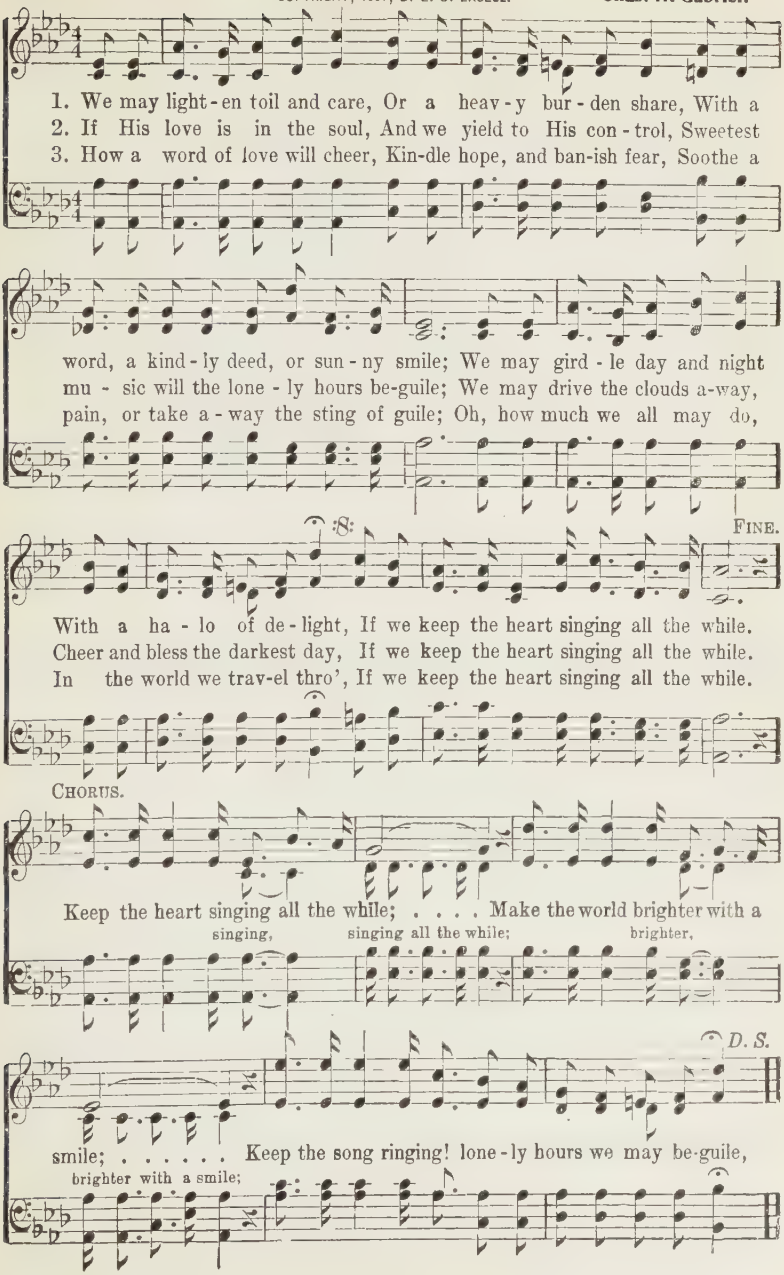
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
singing,
singing all the while;
brighter,
D. S.
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

No. 12. I Will Pay the Price.

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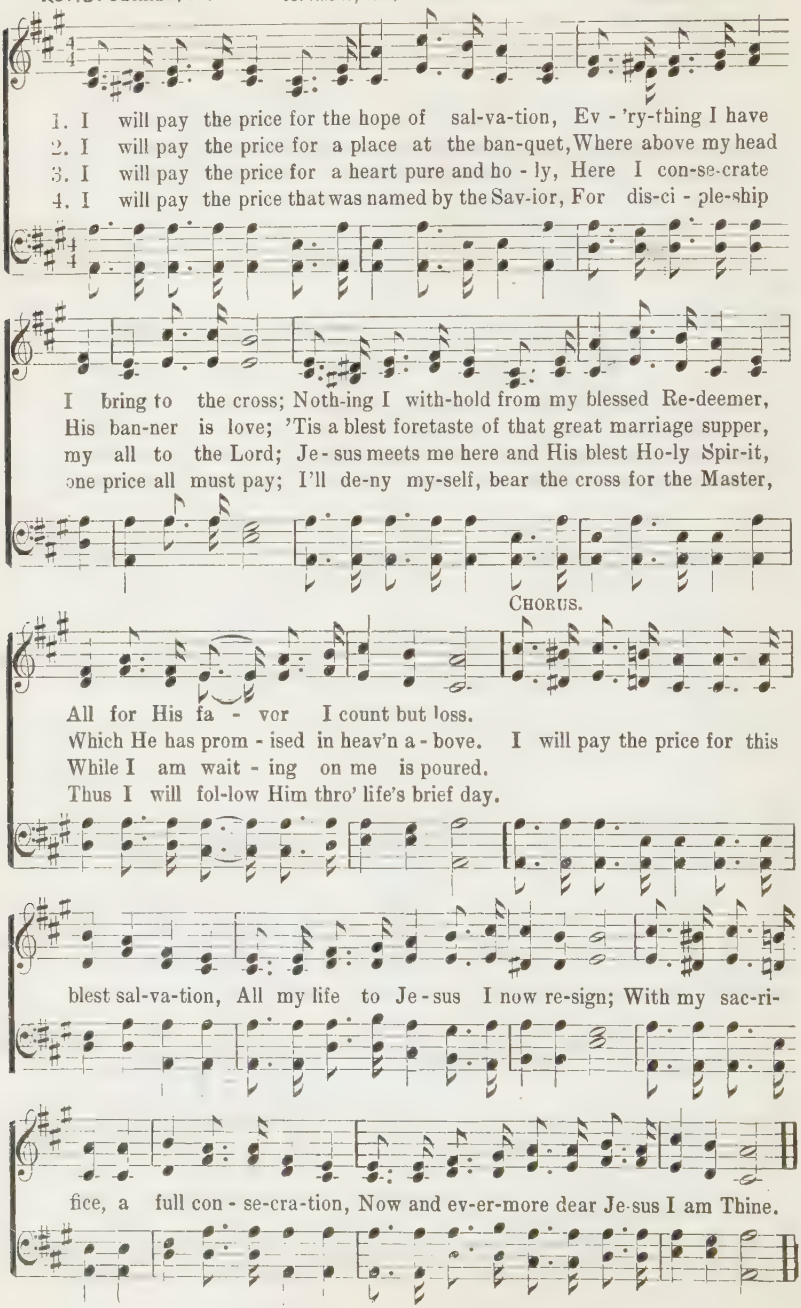
1. I will pay the price for the hope of sal-va-tion, Ev - 'ry-thing I have
2. I will pay the price for a place at the ban-quet, Where above my head
3. I will pay the price for a heart pure and ho - ly, Here I con-se-crate
4. I will pay the price that was named by the Sav-ior, For dis-ci - ple-ship
I bring to the cross; Noth-ing I with-hold from my blessed Re-deemer,
His ban-ner is love; 'Tis a blest foretaste of that great marriage supper,
my all to the Lord; Je - sus meets me here and His blest Ho-ly Spir-it,
one price all must pay; I'll de-ny my-self, bear the cross for the Master,
CHORUS.
All for His fa - vor I count but loss.
Which He has prom - ised in heav'n a - bove. I will pay the price for this
While I am wait - ing on me is poured.
Thus I will fol-low Him thro' life's brief day.
blest sal-va-tion, All my life to Je - sus I now re-sign; With my sac-ri-
fice, a full con - se-cra-tion, Now and ev-er-more dear Je-sus I am Thine.

No. 13. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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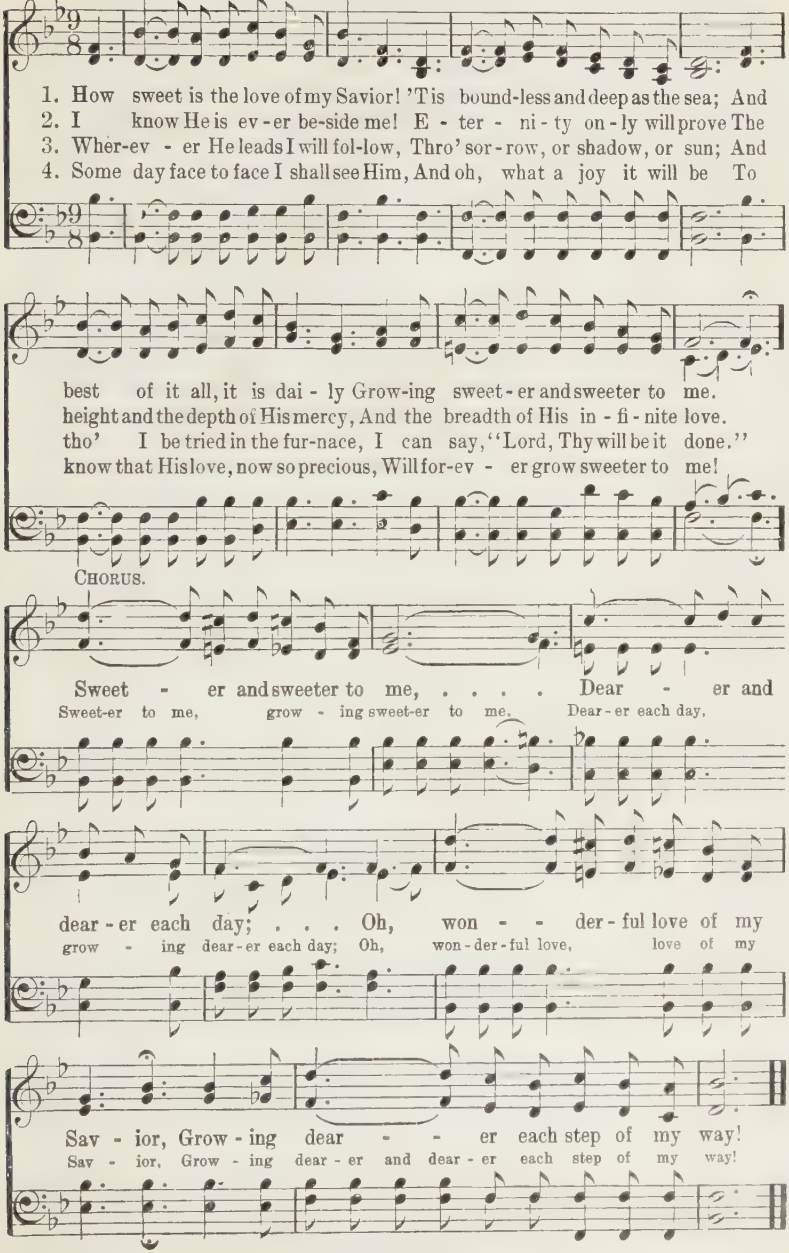
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 14. Trusting in the Promise of Jesus.

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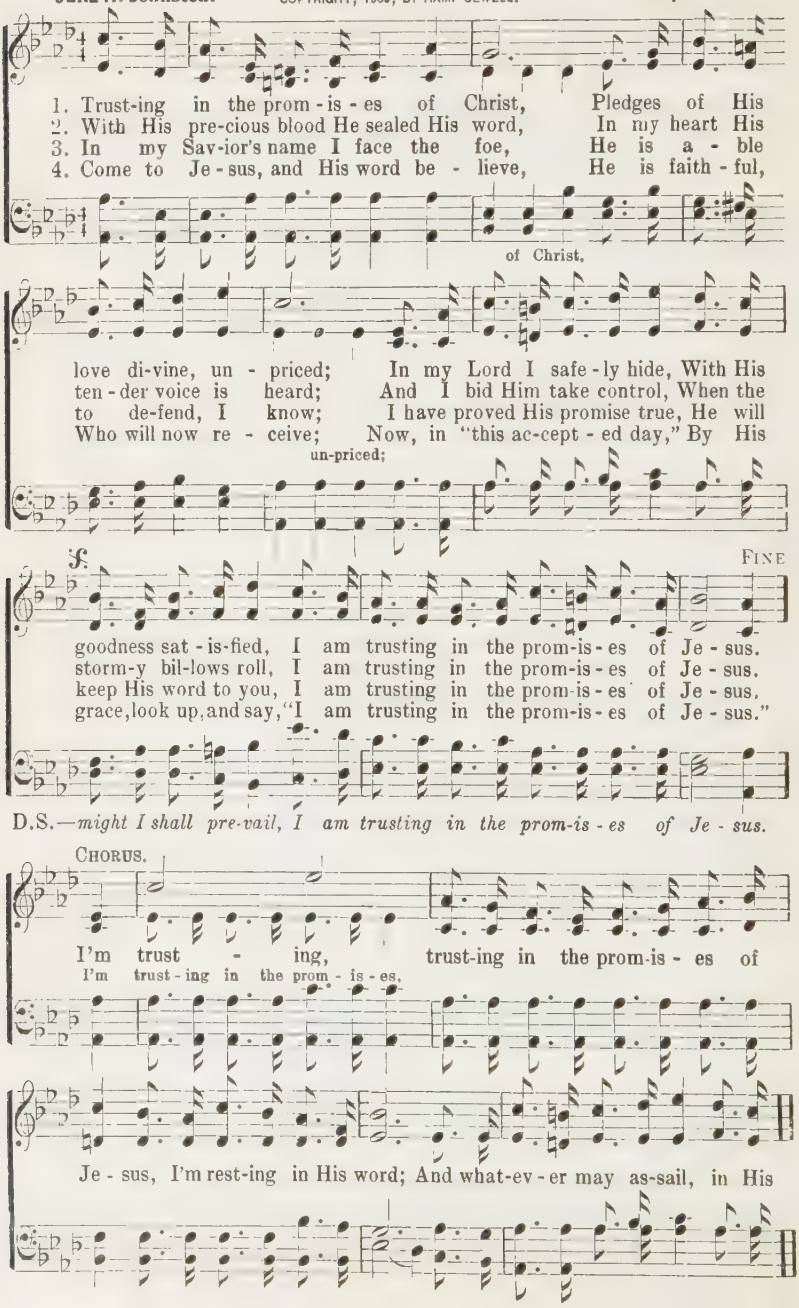
1. Trust-ing in the prom-is-es of Christ, Pledges of His
2. With His pre-cious blood He sealed His word, In my heart His
3. In my Sav-ior's name I face the foe, He is a-ble
4. Come to Je-sus, and His word be-lieve, He is faith-ful,
of Christ,
love di-vine, un-priced; In my Lord I safe-ly hide, With His
ten-der voice is heard; And I bid Him take control, When the
to de-fend, I know; I have proved His promise true, He will
Who will now re-ceive; Now, in "this ac-cept-ed day," By His
un-priced;
FINE
goodness sat-is-fied, I am trusting in the prom-is-es of Je-sus.
storm-y bil-lows roll, I am trusting in the prom-is-es of Je-sus.
keep His word to you, I am trusting in the prom-is-es of Je-sus.
grace, look up, and say, "I am trusting in the prom-is-es of Je-sus."
D.S.—might I shall pre-vail, I am trusting in the prom-is-es of Je-sus.
CHORUS.
I'm trust-ing, trust-ing in the prom-is-es of
I'm trust-ing in the prom-is-es.
Je-sus, I'm rest-ing in His word; And what-ev-er may as-sail, in His

No. 15. Have You Received the Blessing.

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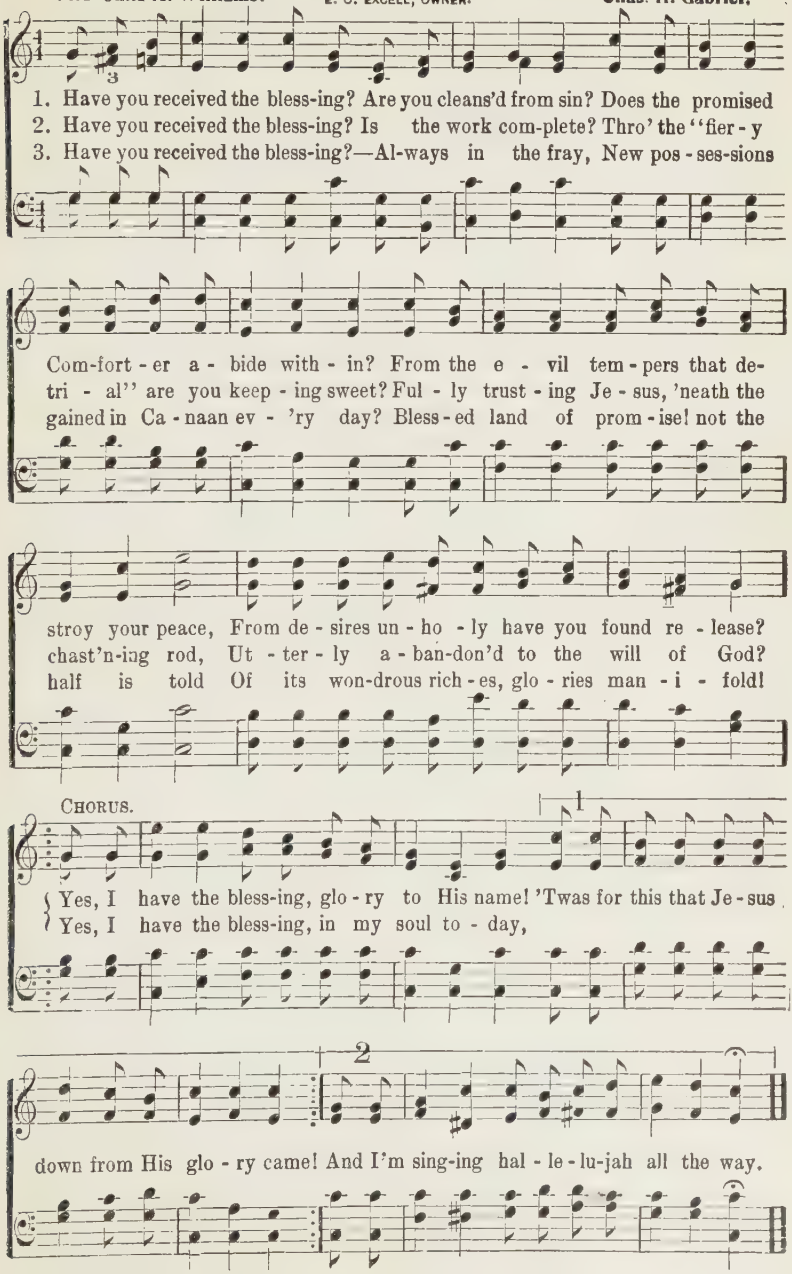
Mrs. Julia A. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Have you received the bless-ing? Are you cleans'd from sin? Does the promised
2. Have you received the bless-ing? Is the work com-plete? Thro' the "fier-y
3. Have you received the bless-ing?—Al-ways in the fray, New pos-ses-sions
Com-fort-er a-bide with-in? From the e-vil tem-pers that de-
tri-al" are you keep-ing sweet? Ful-ly trust-ing Je-sus, 'neath the
gained in Ca-naan ev-'ry day? Bless-ed land of prom-ise! not the
stroy your peace, From de-sires un-ho-ly have you found re-lease?
chast'n-ing rod, Ut-ter-ly a-ban-don'd to the will of God?
half is told Of its won-drous rich-es, glo-ries man-i-fold!
CHORUS.
1
Yes, I have the bless-ing, glo-ry to His name! 'Twas for this that Je-sus
Yes, I have the bless-ing, in my soul to-day,
2
down from His glo-ry came! And I'm sing-ing hal-le-lu-jah all the way.

No. 16. The Hope of the World is the Cross.

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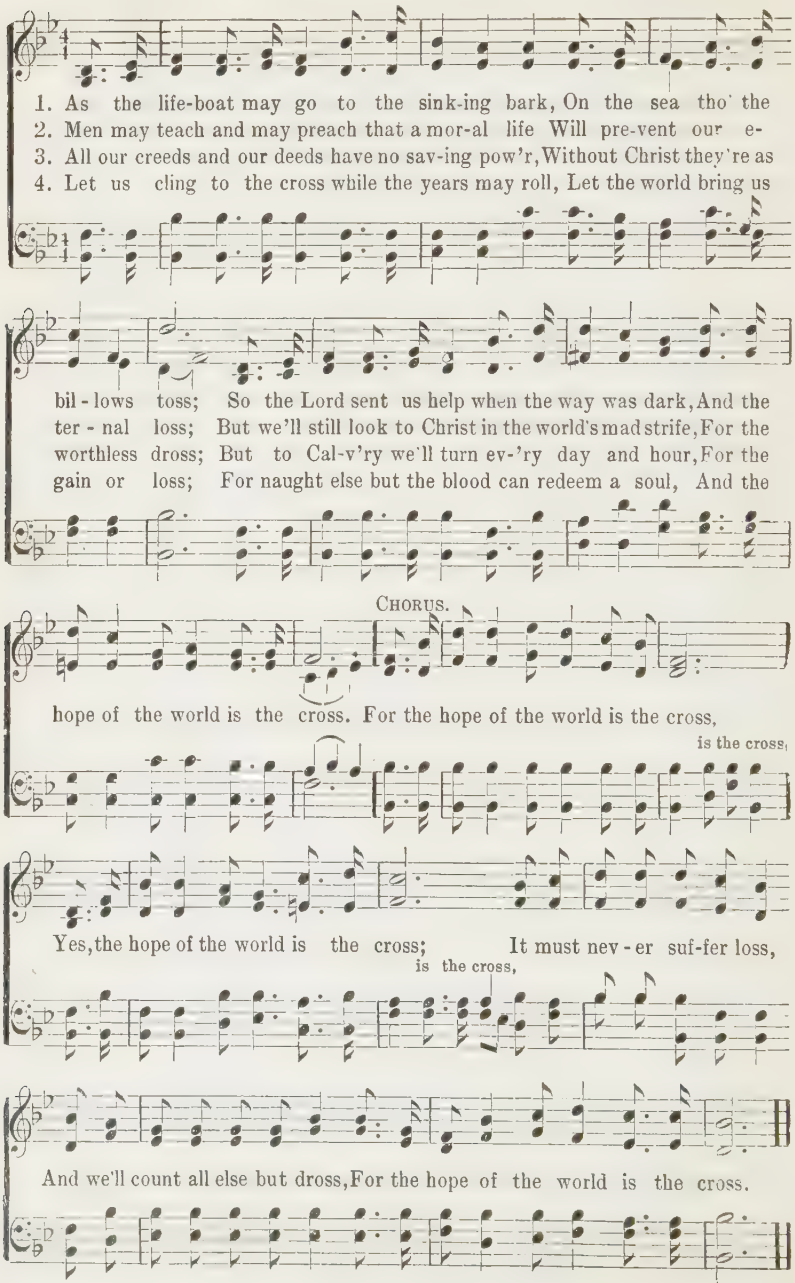
1. As the life-boat may go to the sink-ing bark, On the sea tho' the
2. Men may teach and may preach that a mor-al life Will pre-vent our e-
3. All our creeds and our deeds have no sav-ing pow'r, Without Christ they're as
4. Let us cling to the cross while the years may roll, Let the world bring us
bil - lows toss; So the Lord sent us help when the way was dark, And the
ter - nal loss; But we'll still look to Christ in the world's mad strife, For the
worthless dross; But to Cal-v'ry we'll turn ev-'ry day and hour, For the
gain or loss; For naught else but the blood can redeem a soul, And the
CHORUS.
hope of the world is the cross. For the hope of the world is the cross,
is the cross,
Yes, the hope of the world is the cross; It must nev - er suf-fer loss,
is the cross,
And we'll count all else but dross, For the hope of the world is the cross.

No. 17. There is Glory in My Soul.

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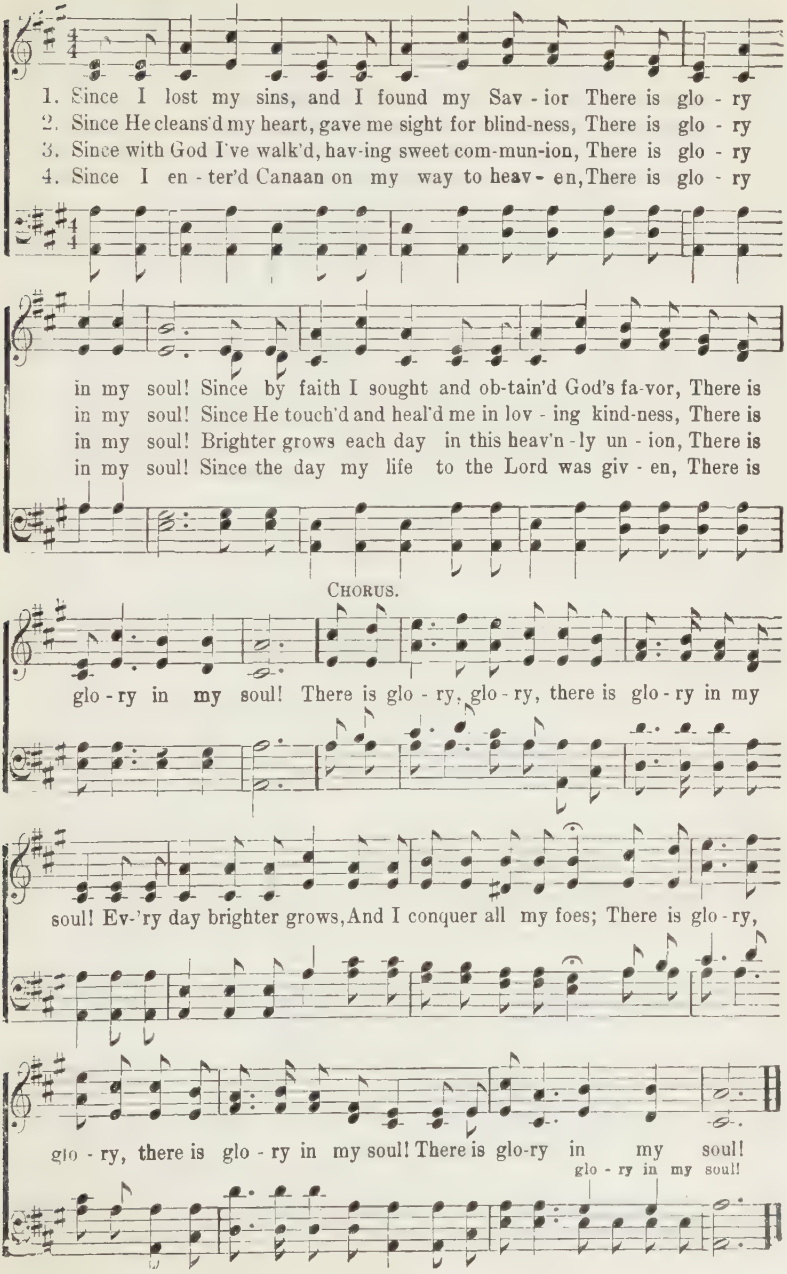
Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry
in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is
CHORUS.
glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my
soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo - ry in my soul!

No. 18. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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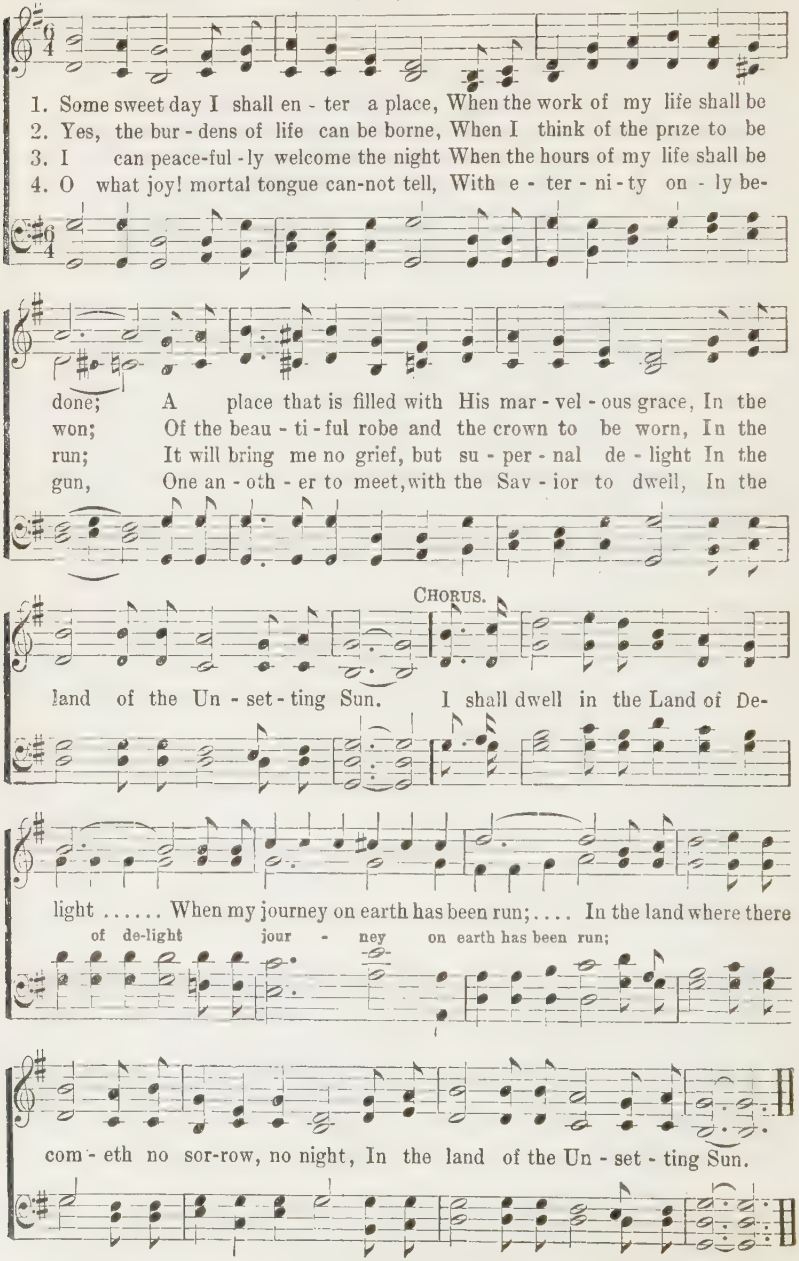
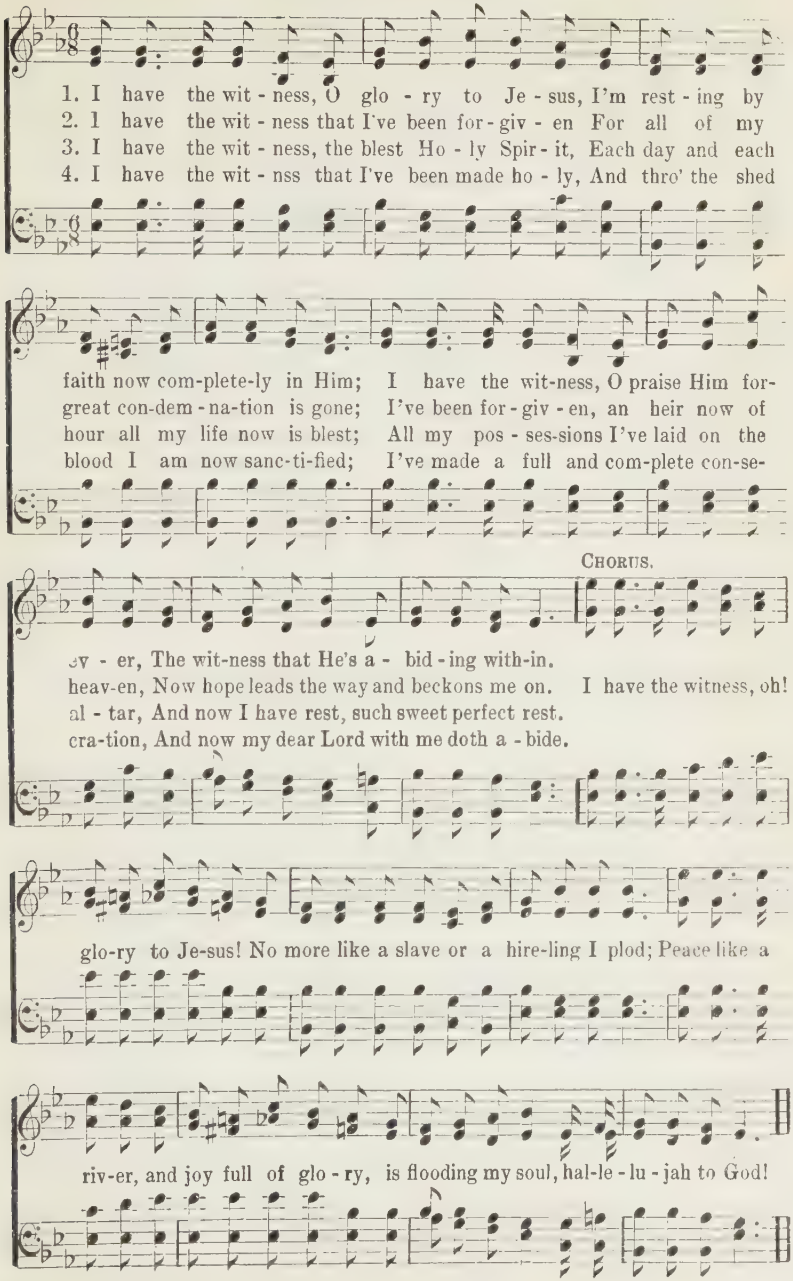
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mortal tongue can-not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-
done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the
CHORUS.
land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-
light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; .... In the land where there
of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;
com - eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 19. I Have the Witness.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. I have the wit - ness, O glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm rest - ing by
2. I have the wit - ness that I've been for - giv - en For all of my
3. I have the wit - ness, the blest Ho - ly Spir - it, Each day and each
4. I have the wit - nss that I've been made ho - ly, And thro' the shed
faith now com-plete-ly in Him; I have the wit-ness, O praise Him for-
great con-dem - na-tion is gone; I've been for - giv - en, an heir now of
hour all my life now is blest; All my pos - ses-sions I've laid on the
blood I am now sanc-ti-fied; I've made a full and com-plete con-se-
CHORUS.
ev - er, The wit-ness that He's a - bid - ing with-in.
heav-en, Now hope leads the way and beckons me on. I have the witness, oh!
al - tar, And now I have rest, such sweet perfect rest.
cra-tion, And now my dear Lord with me doth a - bide.
glo-ry to Je-sus! No more like a slave or a hire-ling I plod; Peace like a
riv-er, and joy full of glo - ry, is flooding my soul, hal-le - lu - jah to God!

No. 20. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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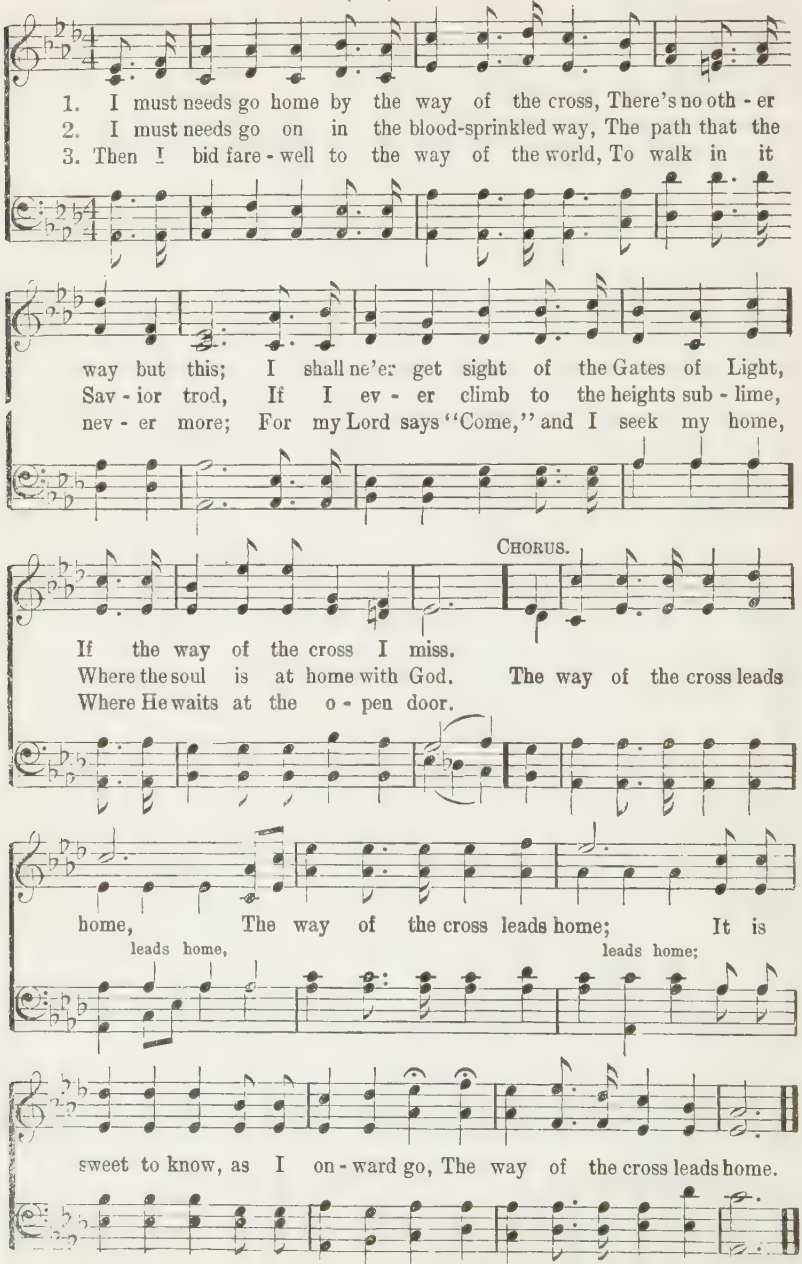
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 21. Sweeping Over the World.

E. D. Elliott.

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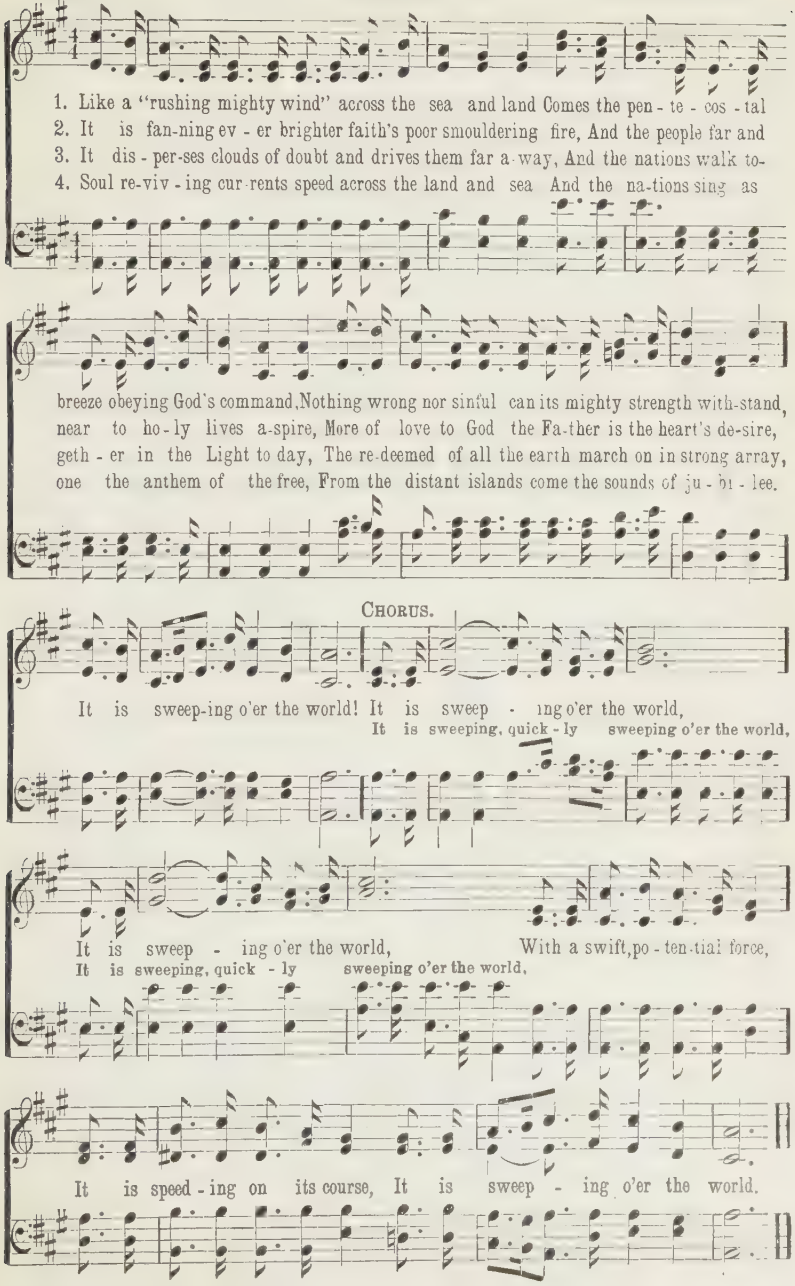
Wm. Eddie Marks.

1. Like a "rushing mighty wind" across the sea and land Comes the pen - te - cos - tal
2. It is fan-ning ev - er brighter faith's poor smouldering fire, And the people far and
3. It dis - per-ses clouds of doubt and drives them far a-way, And the nations walk to-
4. Soul re-viv - ing cur-rents speed across the land and sea And the na-tions sing as
breeze obeying God's command, Nothing wrong nor sinful can its mighty strength with-stand,
near to ho - ly lives a-spire, More of love to God the Fa-ther is the heart's de-sire,
geth - er in the Light to day, The re-deemed of all the earth march on in strong array,
one the anthem of the free, From the distant islands come the sounds of ju - bi - lee.
CHORUS.
It is sweep-ing o'er the world! It is sweep - ing o'er the world,
It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,
It is sweep - ing o'er the world, With a swift, po - ten-tial force,
It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,
It is speed - ing on its course, It is sweep - ing o'er the world.

No. 22. The Man of Galilee.

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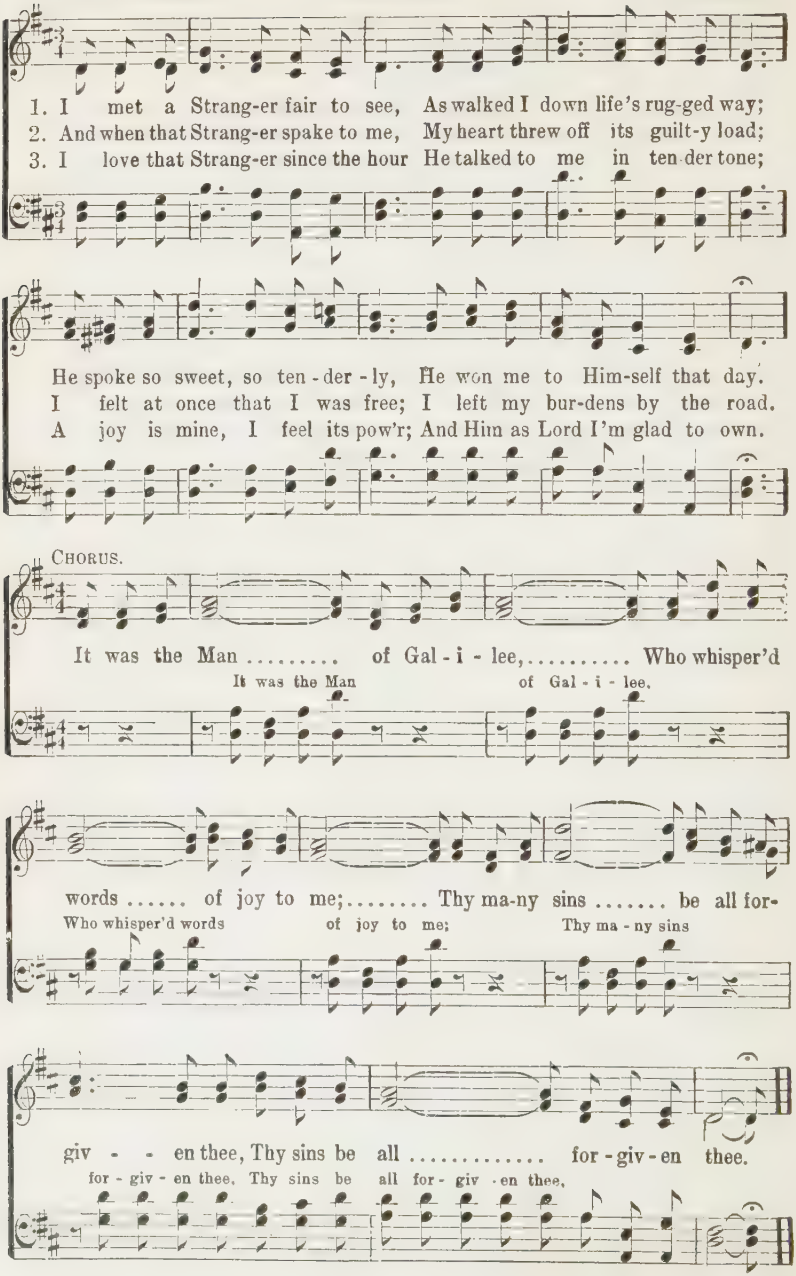
John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. Danks.

1. I met a Strang-er fair to see, As walked I down life's rug-ged way;
2. And when that Strang-er spake to me, My heart threw off its guilt-y load;
3. I love that Strang-er since the hour He talked to me in ten-der tone;
He spoke so sweet, so ten-der-ly, He won me to Him-self that day.
I felt at once that I was free; I left my bur-dens by the road.
A joy is mine, I feel its pow'r; And Him as Lord I'm glad to own.
CHORUS.
It was the Man ..... of Gal-i-lee,..... Who whisper'd
It was the Man of Gal-i-lee.
words ..... of joy to me;..... Thy ma-ny sins ..... be all for-
Who whisper'd words of joy to me; Thy ma-ny sins
giv - - en thee, Thy sins be all ..... for-giv-en thee.
for-giv-en thee. Thy sins be all for-giv-en thee.

No. 23. Whom Having Not Seen, I Love.

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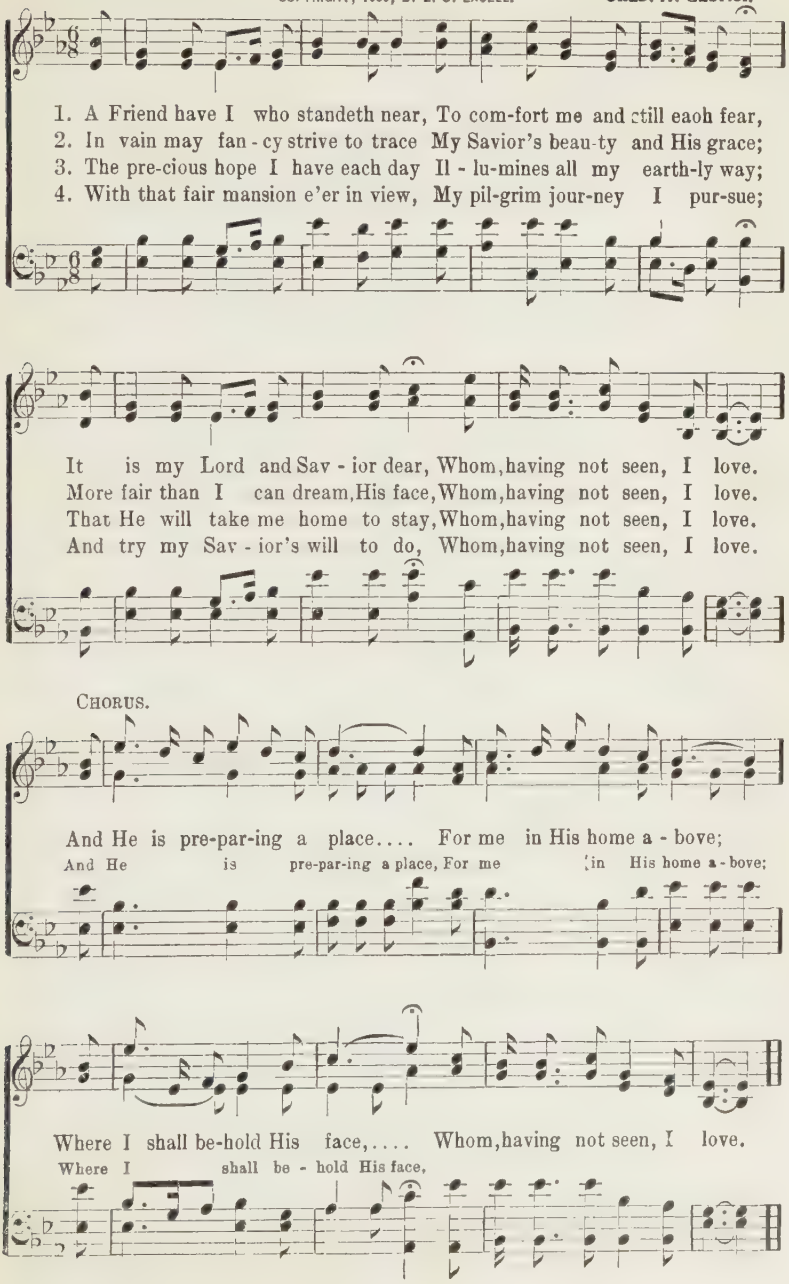
Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Savior's beau-ty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair mansion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue;
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, having not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, having not seen, I love.
CHORUS.
And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;
And He is pre-par-ing a place, For me in His home a-bove;
Where I shall be-hold His face,.... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be-hold His face,

No. 24. His Way With Thee.

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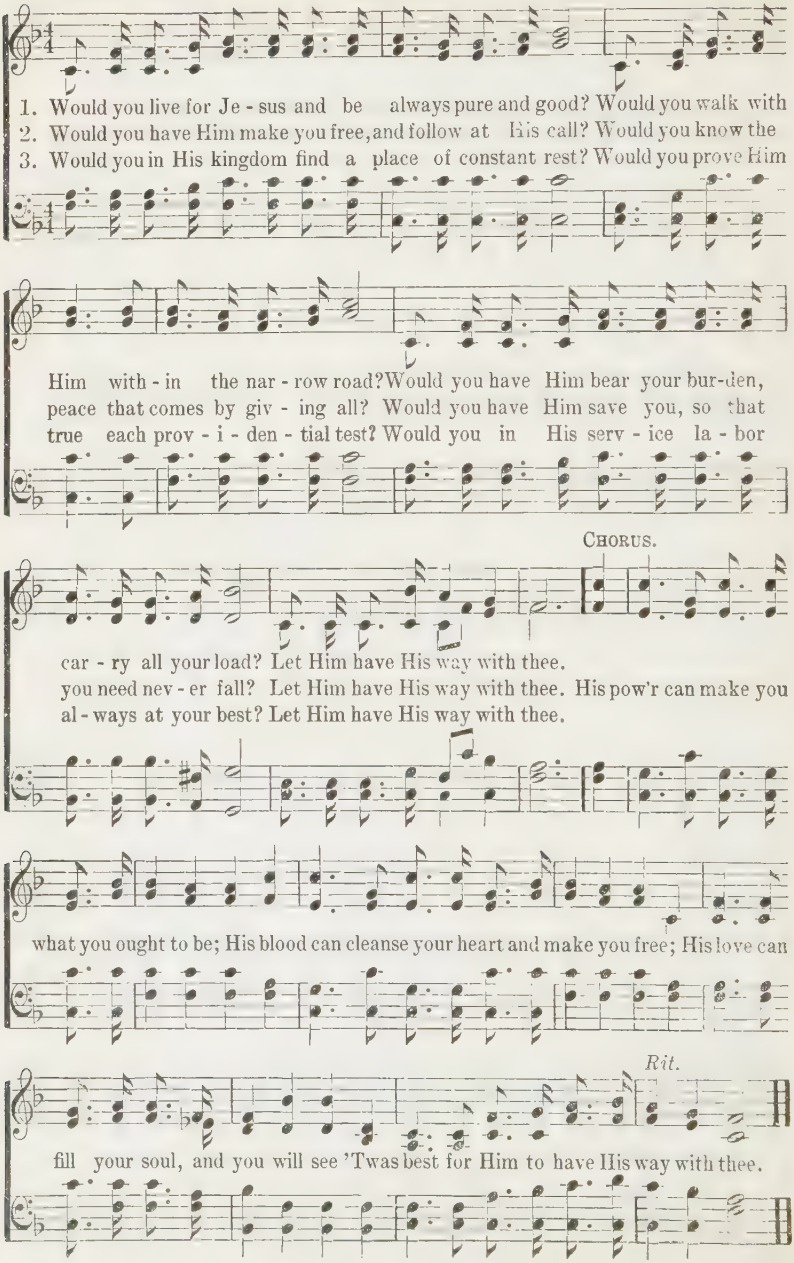
C. S. N. USED BY PER. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor
CHORUS.
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
Rit.
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 25. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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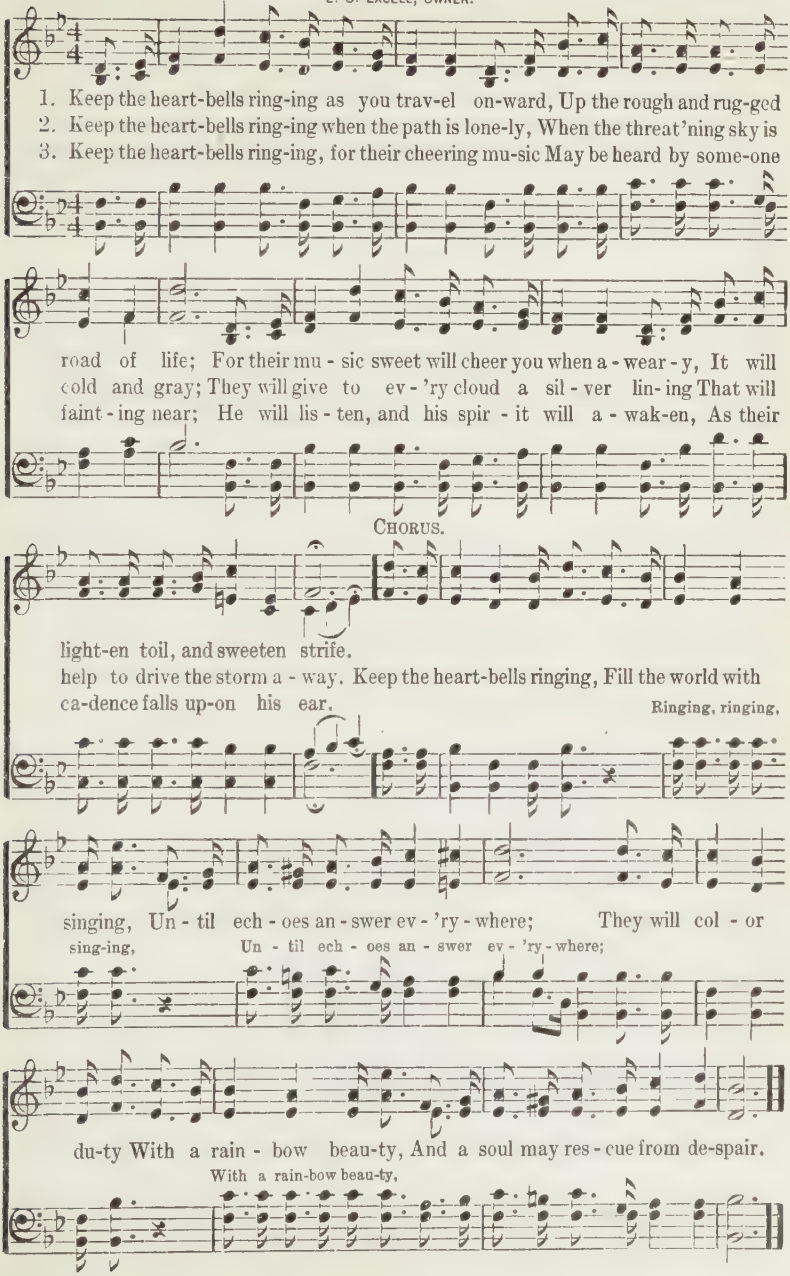
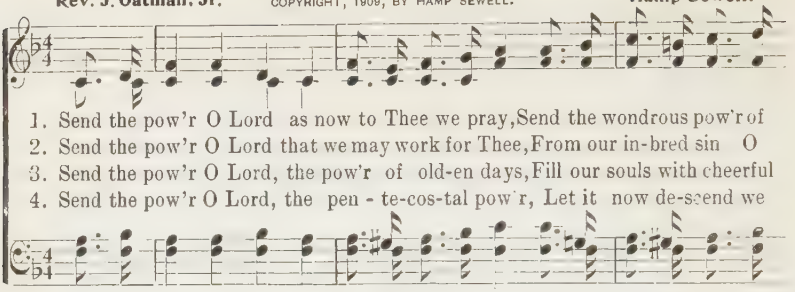
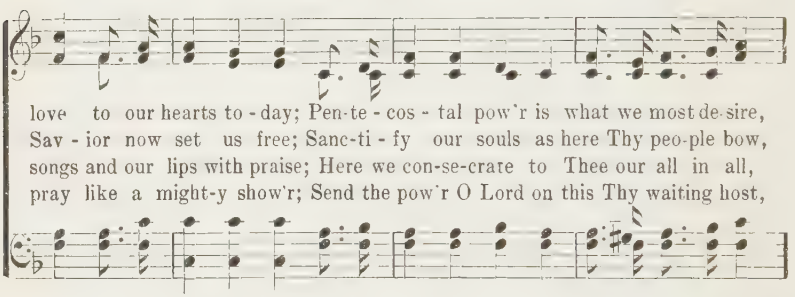
Chas. H. Gabriel.

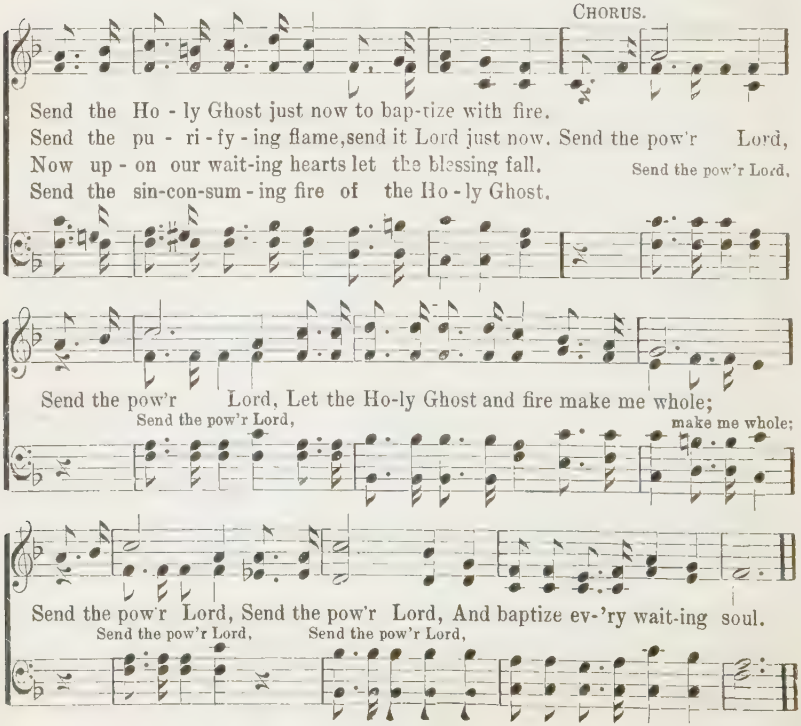

1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one
road of life; For their mu - sic sweet will cheer you when a - wear - y, It will
cold and gray; They will give to ev - 'ry cloud a sil - ver lin-ing That will
faint - ing near; He will lis - ten, and his spir - it will a - wak-en, As their
CHORUS.
light-en toil, and sweeten strife.
help to drive the storm a - way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with
ca-dence falls up-on his ear.
Ringing, ringing,
singing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where;
They will col - or
sing-ing,
Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where;
du-ty With a rain - bow beau-ty, And a soul may res - cue from de-spair.
With a rain-bow beau-ty,

No. 26. Send the Power Lord.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. Send the pow'r O Lord as now to Thee we pray, Send the wondrous pow'r of
2. Send the pow'r O Lord that we may work for Thee, From our in-bred sin O
3. Send the pow'r O Lord, the pow'r of old-en days, Fill our souls with cheerful
4. Send the pow'r O Lord, the pen - te-cos-tal pow'r, Let it now de-scend we


love to our hearts to - day; Pen-te - cos - tal pow'r is what we most de-sire,
Sav - ior now set us free; Sanc-ti - fy our souls as here Thy peo-ple bow,
songs and our lips with praise; Here we con-se-crate to Thee our all in all,
pray like a might-y show'r; Send the pow'r O Lord on this Thy waiting host,


CHORUS.
Send the Ho - ly Ghost just now to bap-tize with fire.
Send the pu - ri - fy - ing flame, send it Lord just now. Send the pow'r Lord,
Now up - on our wait-ing hearts let the blessing fall.
Send the pow'r Lord,
Send the sin-con-sum - ing fire of the Ho - ly Ghost.
Send the pow'r Lord, Let the Ho-ly Ghost and fire make me whole;
Send the pow'r Lord,
make me whole;
Send the pow'r Lord, Send the pow'r Lord, And baptize ev-'ry wait-ing soul.
Send the pow'r Lord,
Send the pow'r Lord,

No. 27. To Calv'ry I will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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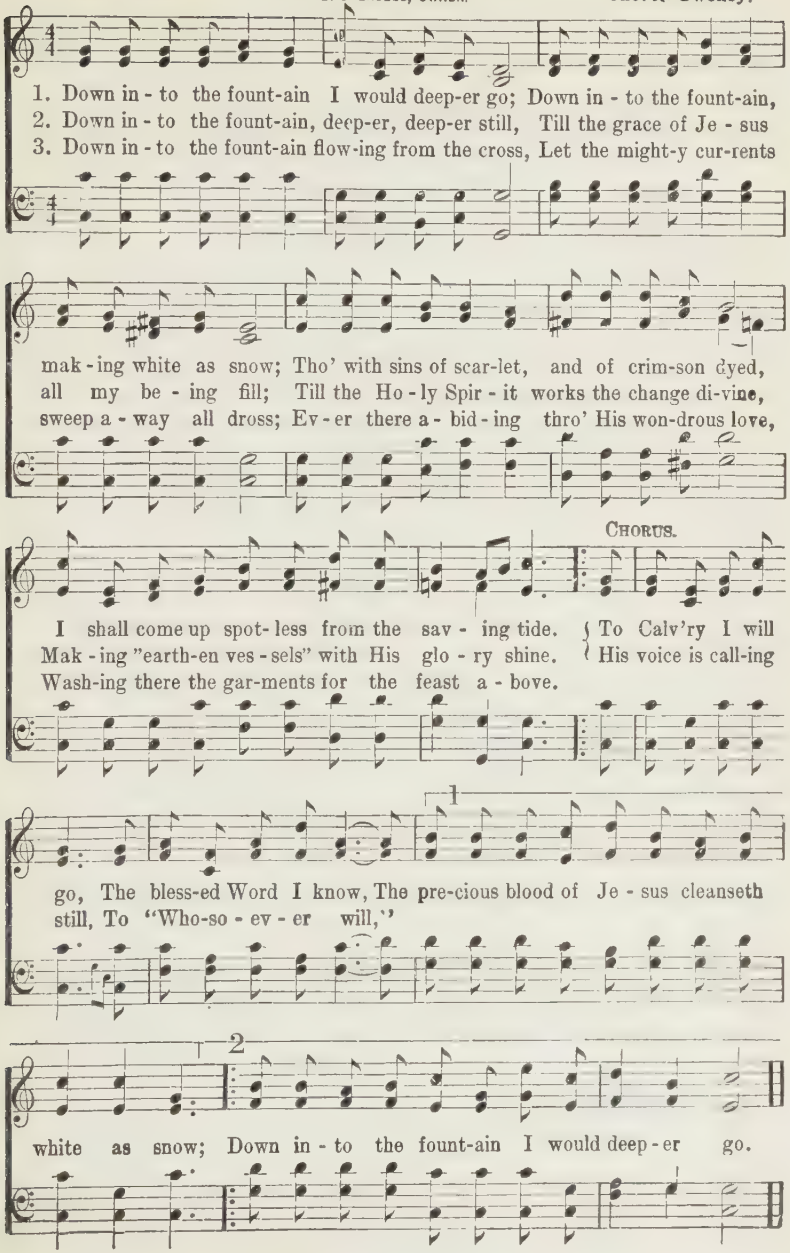
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the fount-ain,
2. Down in - to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in - to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur-rents
mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His won-drous love,
CHORUS.
I shall come up spot- less from the sav - ing tide.
Mak - ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.
To Calv'ry I will
His voice is call-ing
1
go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth
still, To "Who-so - ev - er will,"
2
white as snow; Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep - er go.

No. 28. He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

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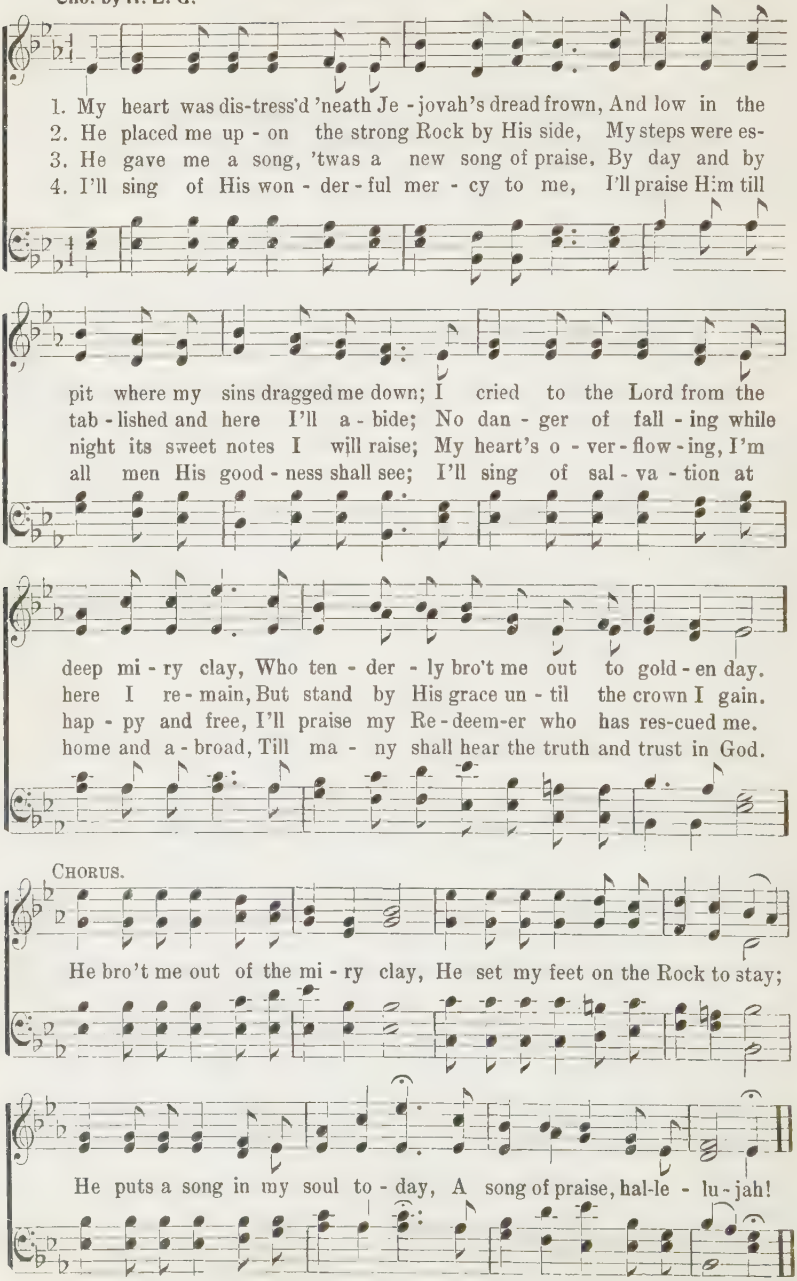
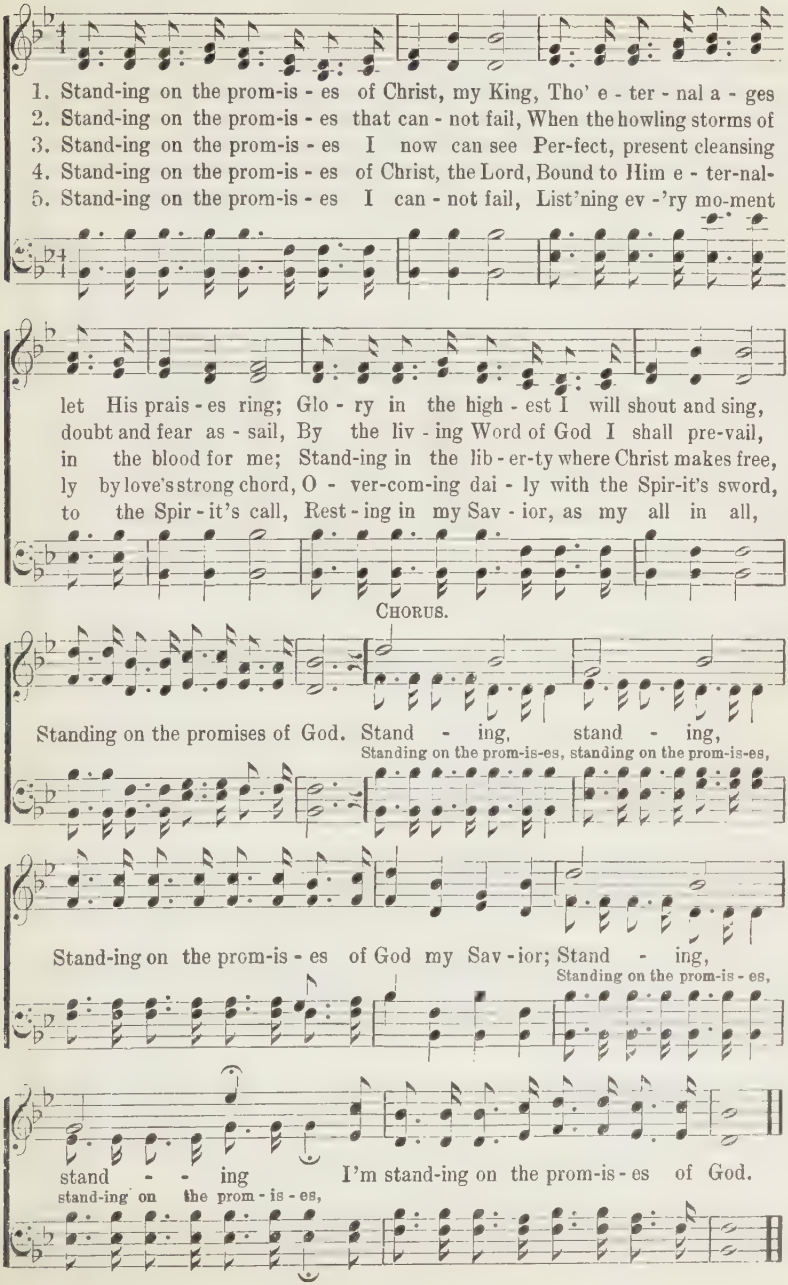

1. My heart was dis-tress'd 'neath Je - jovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were es- tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem-er who has res-cued me.
home and a - broad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
CHORUS.
He bro't me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal-le - lu - jah!

No. 29. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ, my King, Tho' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per-fect, present cleansing
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ, the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter-nal-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fail, List'ning ev -'ry mo-ment
let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is - es,
stand - - ing I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom - is - es,

No. 30.

His Love is All I Need.

To my friend, Rev. Parley E. Zartman.

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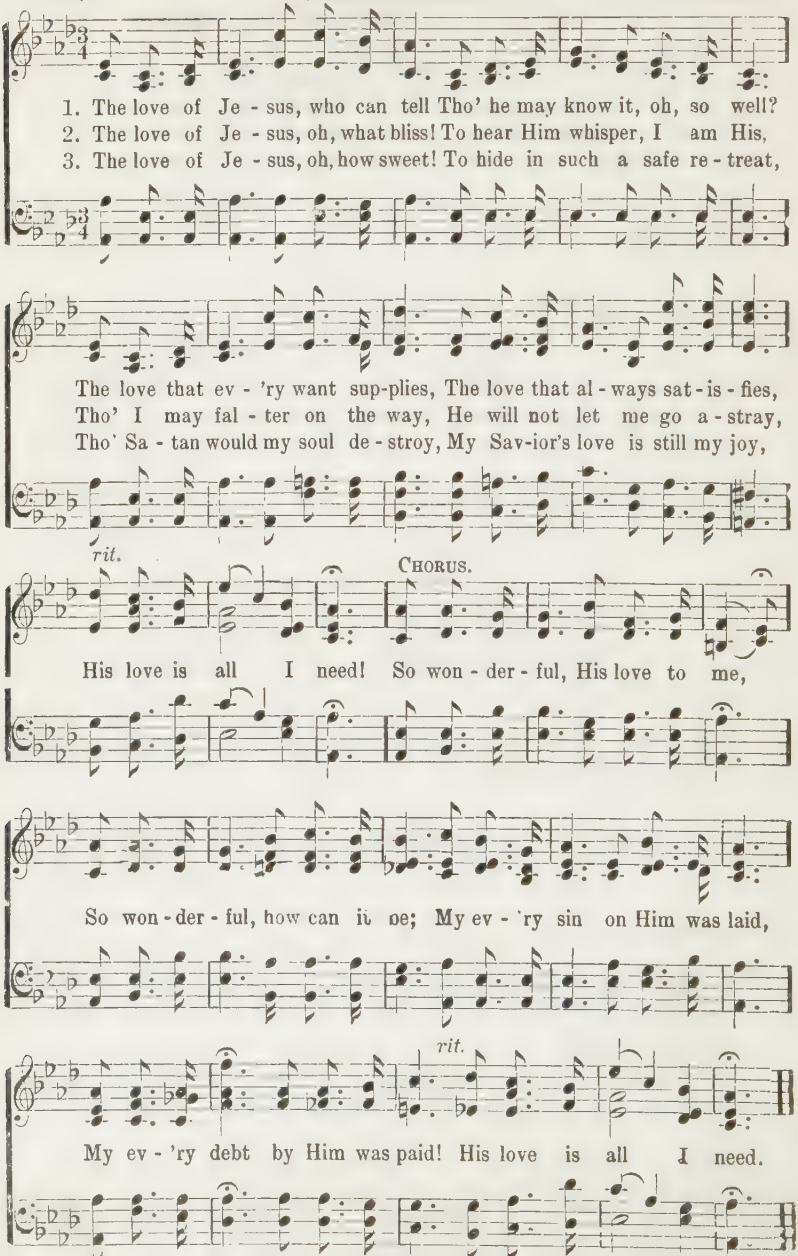
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,
The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my soul de - stroy, My Sav-ior's love is still my joy,
rit.
CHORUS.
His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,
So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,
rit.
My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid! His love is all I need.

No. 31. He Pardoned All My Sin.

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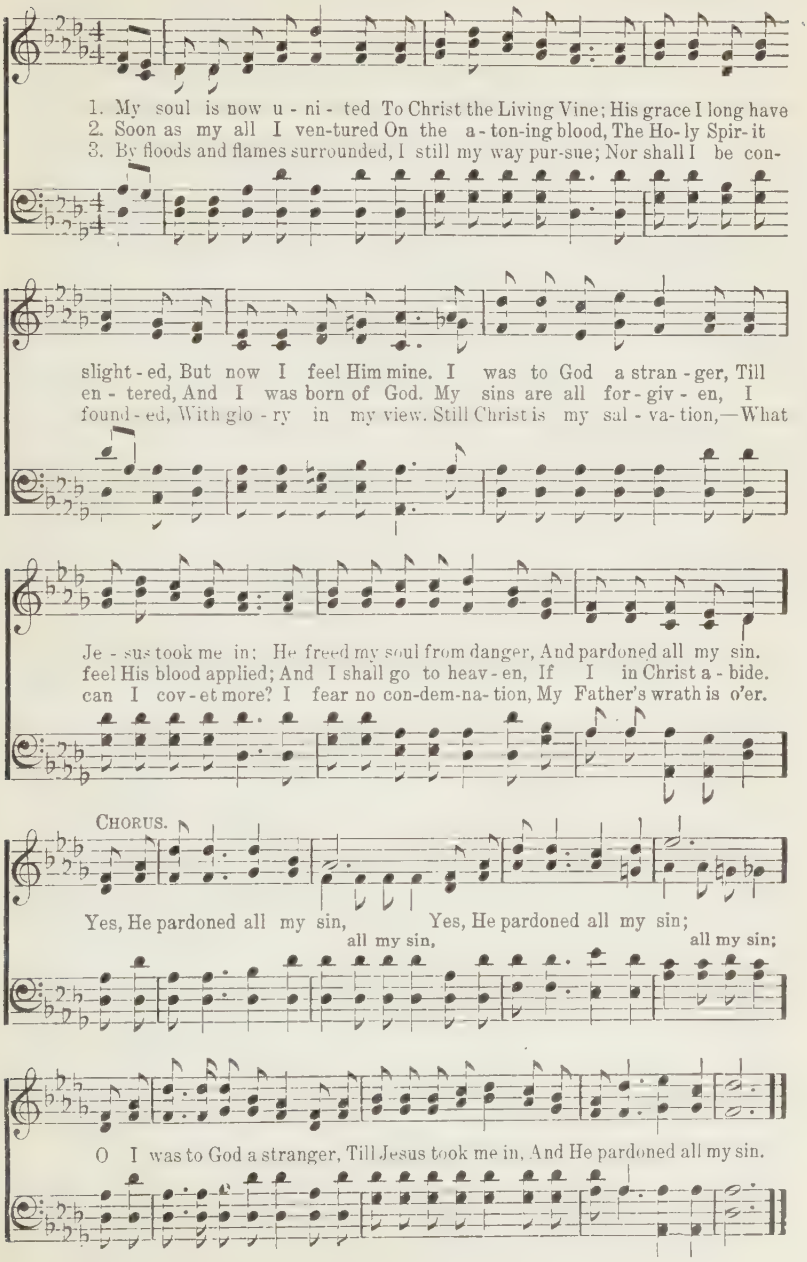
H. S. Arr. HAMP SEWELL.

1. My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ the Living Vine; His grace I long have
2. Soon as my all I ven-tured On the a - ton-ing blood, The Ho- ly Spir- it
3. By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way pur-sue; Nor shall I be con-
slight - ed, But now I feel Him mine. I was to God a stran - ger, Till
en - tered, And I was born of God. My sins are all for - giv - en, I
found - ed, With glo - ry in my view. Still Christ is my sal - va- tion,—What
Je - sus took me in; He freed my soul from danger, And pardoned all my sin.
feel His blood applied; And I shall go to heav - en, If I in Christ a - bide.
can I cov - et more? I fear no con-dem-na- tion, My Father's wrath is o'er.
CHORUS.
Yes, He pardoned all my sin, Yes, He pardoned all my sin;
all my sin, all my sin;
O I was to God a stranger, Till Jesus took me in, And He pardoned all my sin.

No. 32. Rescue Them.

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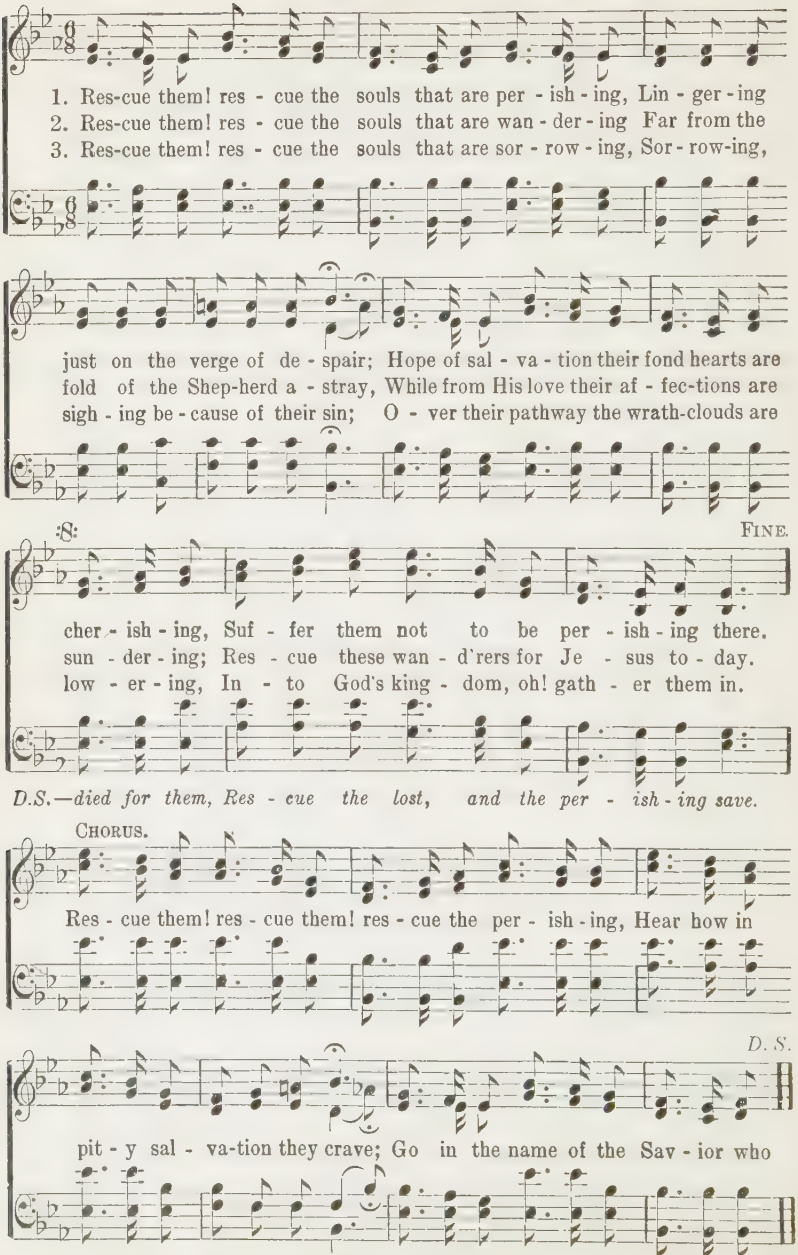
E. A. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are per - ish - ing, Lin - ger - ing
2. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are wan - der - ing Far from the
3. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are sor - row - ing, Sor - row-ing,
just on the verge of de - spair; Hope of sal - va - tion their fond hearts are
fold of the Shep-herd a - stray, While from His love their af - fec-tions are
sigh - ing be - cause of their sin; O - ver their pathway the wrath-clouds are
:S:
FINE.
cher - ish - ing, Suf - fer them not to be per - ish - ing there.
sun - der - ing; Res - cue these wan - d'rers for Je - sus to - day.
low - er - ing, In - to God's king - dom, oh! gath - er them in.
D.S.—died for them, Res - cue the lost, and the per - ish - ing save.
CHORUS.
Res - cue them! res - cue them! res - cue the per - ish - ing, Hear how in
D. S.
pit - y sal - va-tion they crave; Go in the name of the Sav - ior who

No. 33. Eternity.

F. A. S.

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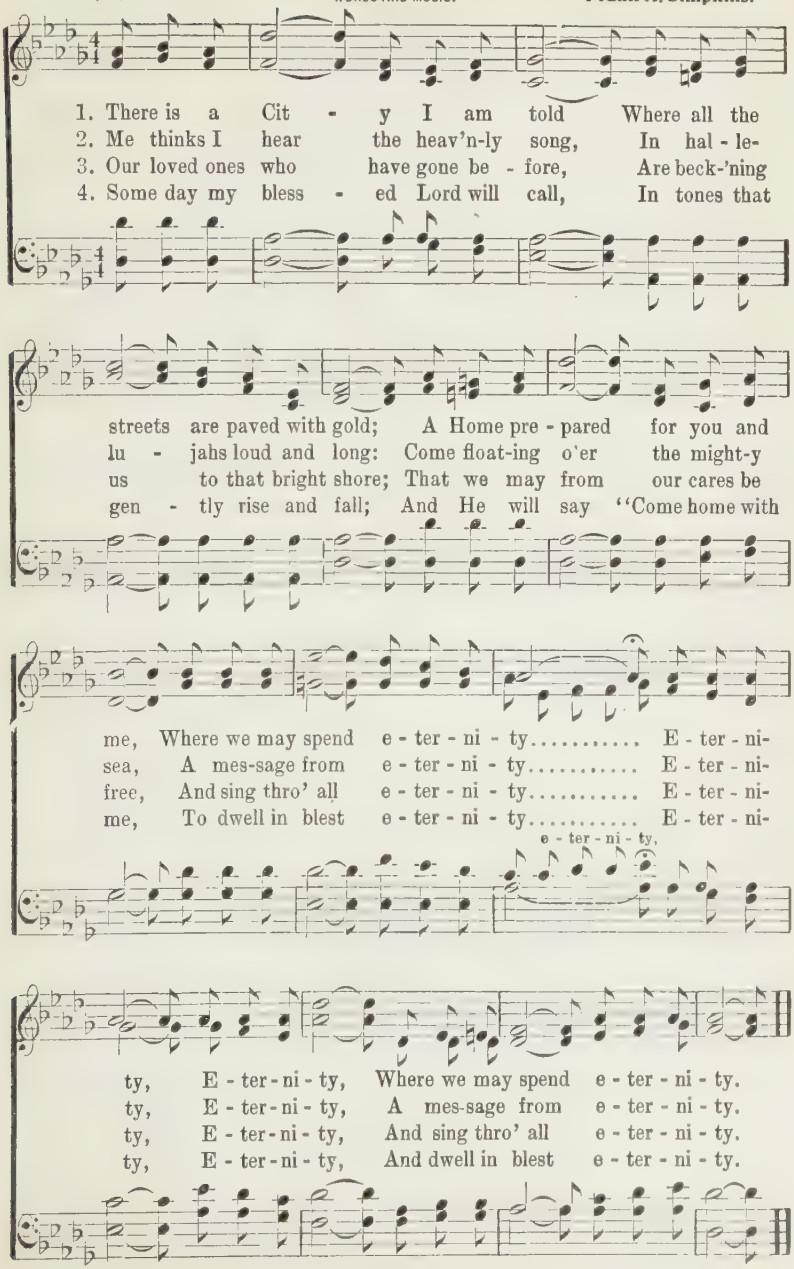
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. There is a Cit - y I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that
streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with
me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 34. When I Shall Fall Asleep.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Moses Gage Shirley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep, And, leaving
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep, And, passing
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep, But O what

all that I hold dear, will find the silence deep:—That mys-ter-y which, still un-
from you, I shall see a - far the gold-en street, And saint-ed forms of those who
joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep! For where I go we know that

solved, God and His an-gels know, (And those who walk by crystal streams where
dwell up - on the oth - er shore, Be-hold the lov'd ones who from us a
God has promised per - fect rest And peace for ev - 'ry ach-ing heart, and

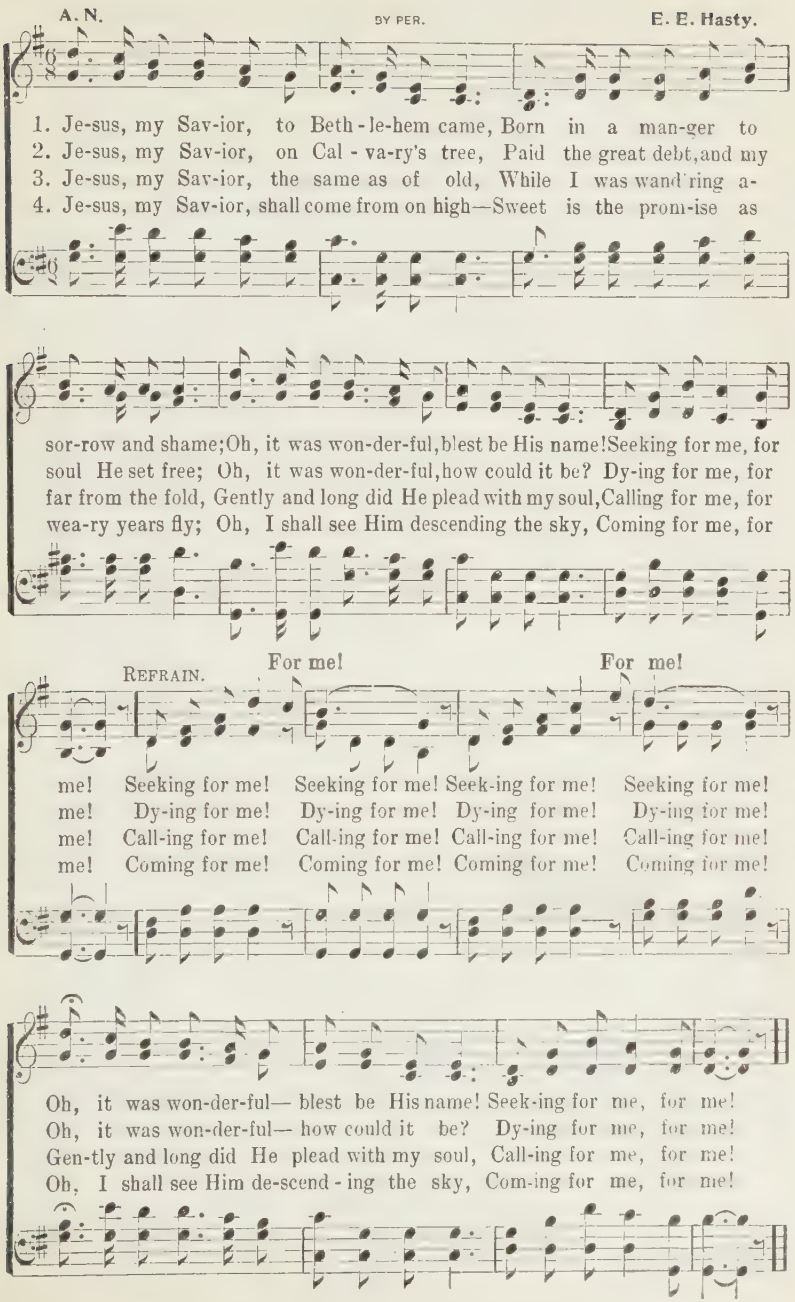
heav'nly breez-es blow,) Where grief nor sor-row ev - er come, nor trouble's
while have gone be-fore; Where soft and cool-ing path-ways lie, where none shall
ev - 'ry troub-led breast; And love more last-ing than our own He'll give to

rit.

bil-lows sweep; Some day the Reap-er will ap-pear, and I shall fall a - sleep.
ev - er weep—Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a - sleep.
me to keep, When all my bur-dens are laid down, and I have gone to sleep.

No. 35. Seeking for Me.

A. N. BY PER. E. E. Hasty.


1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as
sor-row and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for
REFRAIN.
For me! For me!
me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seek-ing for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful— blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful— how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

No. 36. One More Sinner Saved by Grace.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I was a sin - ner but I know Je - sus saves me, Trusting in Him
2. I was in sor - row o'er my sin - ful con-di - tion, Tears from my eyes
3. Just as the sun-light can dis-perse all the shadows, So I've been blessed
4. My Lord and Sav-ior has pre-pared man-y mansions, And He'll ac-cord

I will run well my race; This is the song that I will sing on my journey,
one an - oth-er would chase; But Je-sus spake, "Soul, all thy sins are forgiven,
with a smile from His face; And I can shout since my dear Lord sought and found me,
me in heav - en a place; An - gels will shout, when I shall reach that fair city,

CHORUS. by H. Sewell.

"One more sin - ner saved by grace." All glo - ry to the
glo - ry to the Lamb!

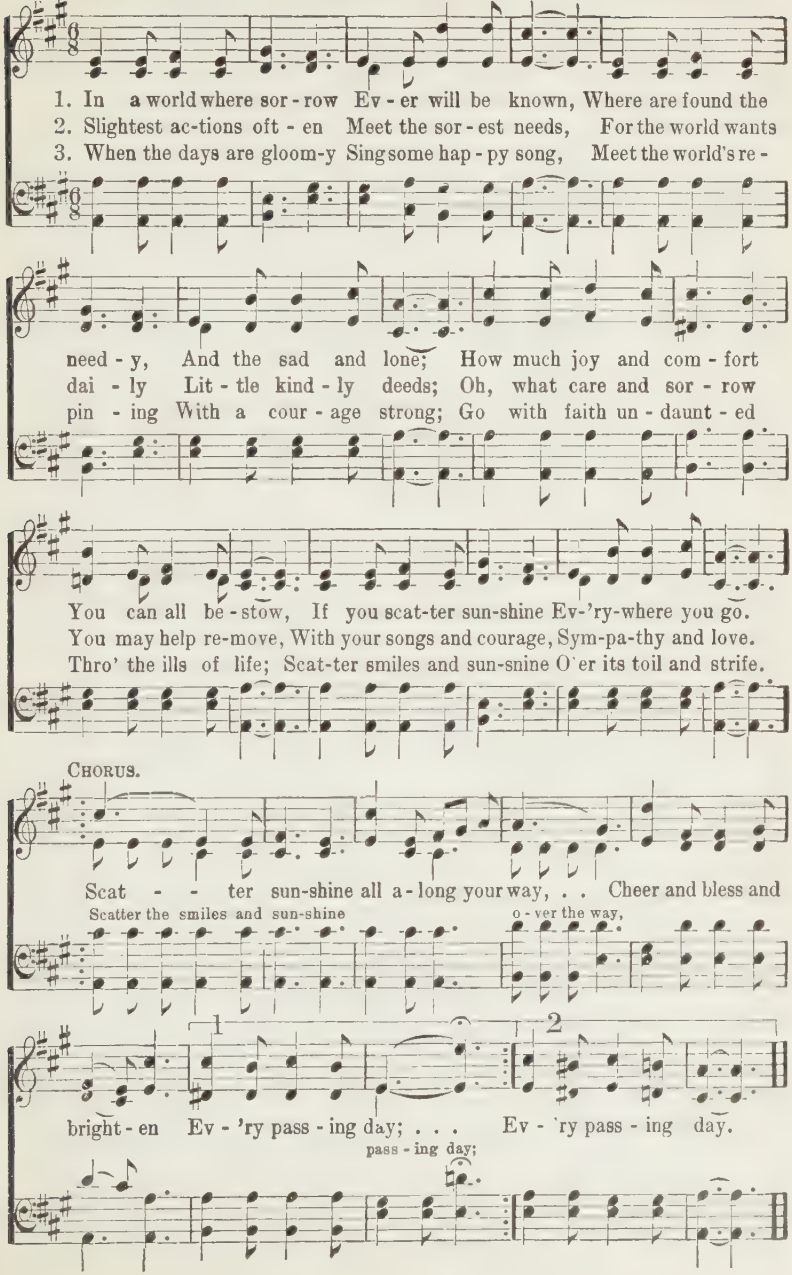
Savior, whose I am, In heav - en I shall see His blessed face; I'll
In heav'n's e - ter - nal home

praise . . . Him, hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb! For one more sinner saved by grace.
praise Him and adore Him,

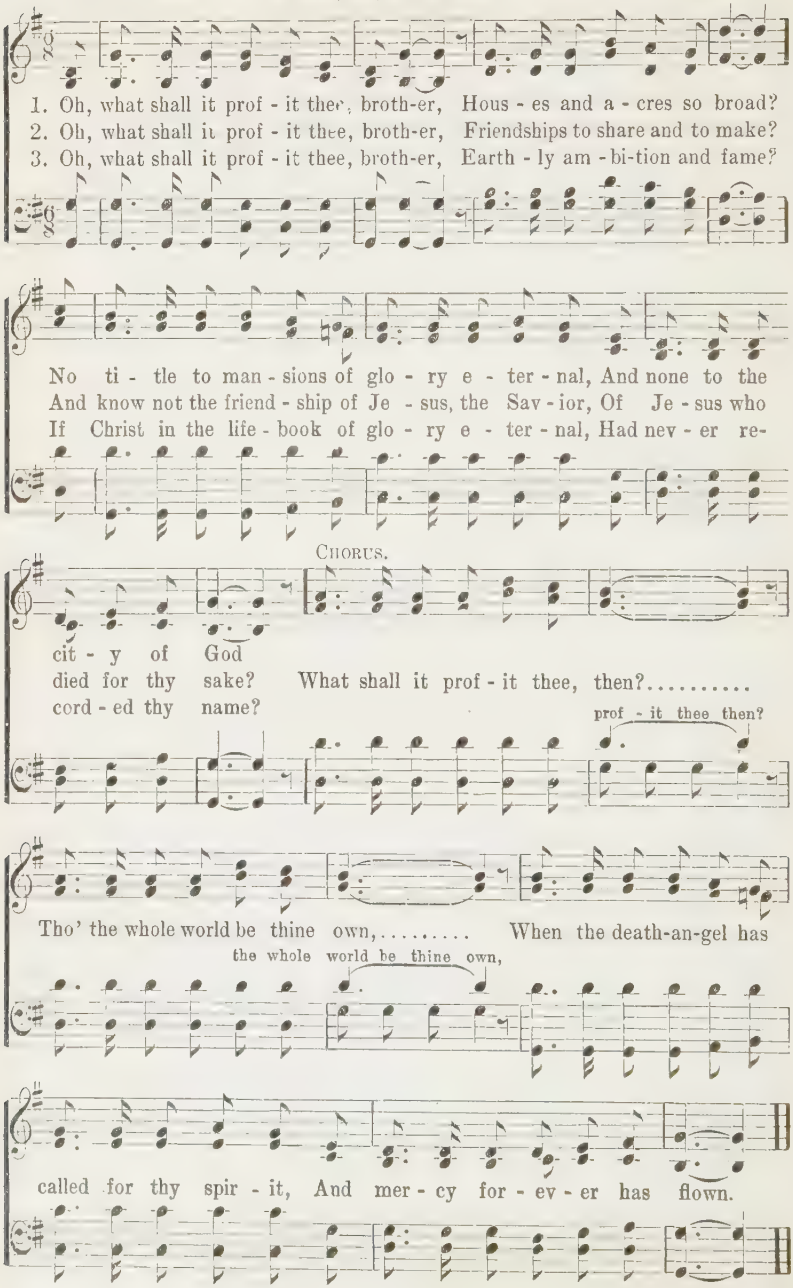
No. 37. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re -
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine
o - ver the way,
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 38. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A Ogden..

1. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Hous - es and a - cres so broad?
2. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
3. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Earth - ly am - bi-tion and fame?
No ti - tle to man - sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, And none to the
And know not the friend - ship of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of Je - sus who
If Christ in the life - book of glo - ry e - ter - nal, Had nev - er re-
Chorus.
cit - y of God
died for thy sake? What shall it prof - it thee, then?.....
cord - ed thy name?
prof - it thee then?
Tho' the whole world be thine own,..... When the death-an-gel has
the whole world be thine own,
called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has flown.

No. 39. His Love for Me.

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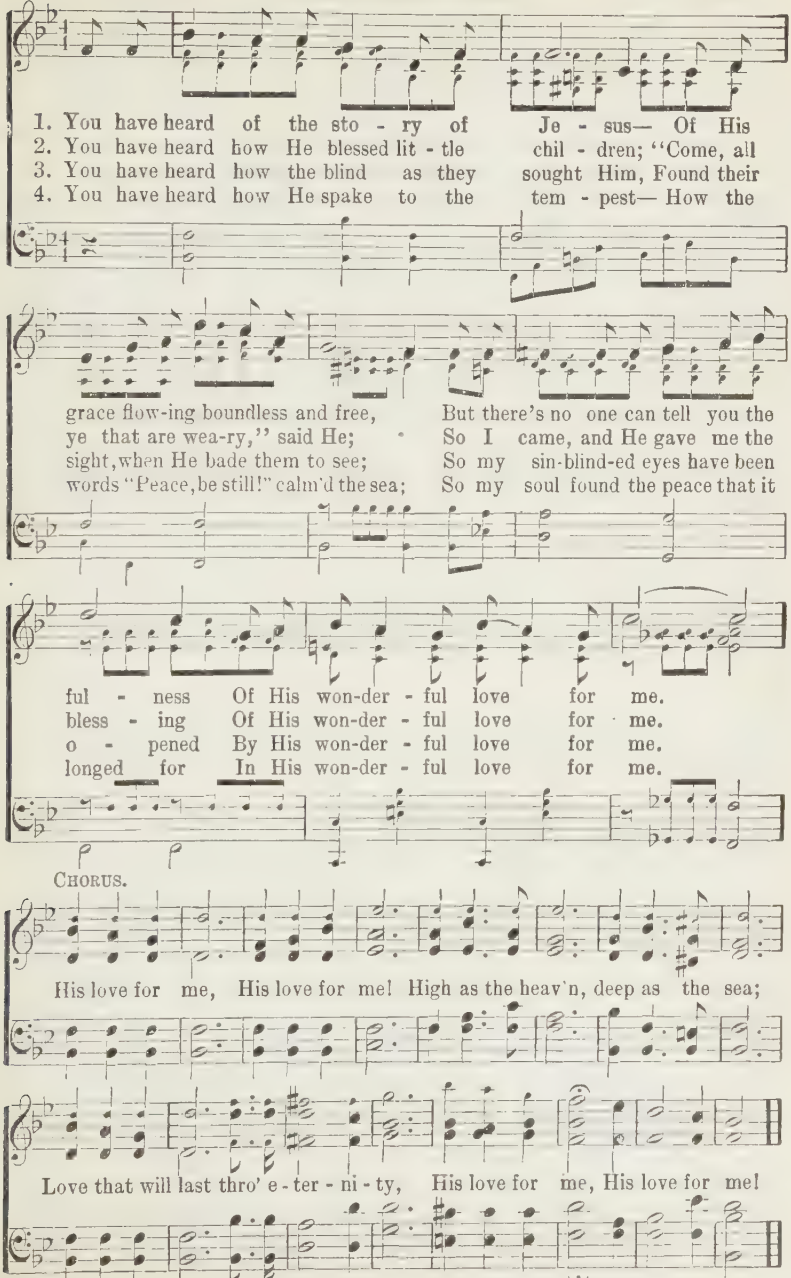
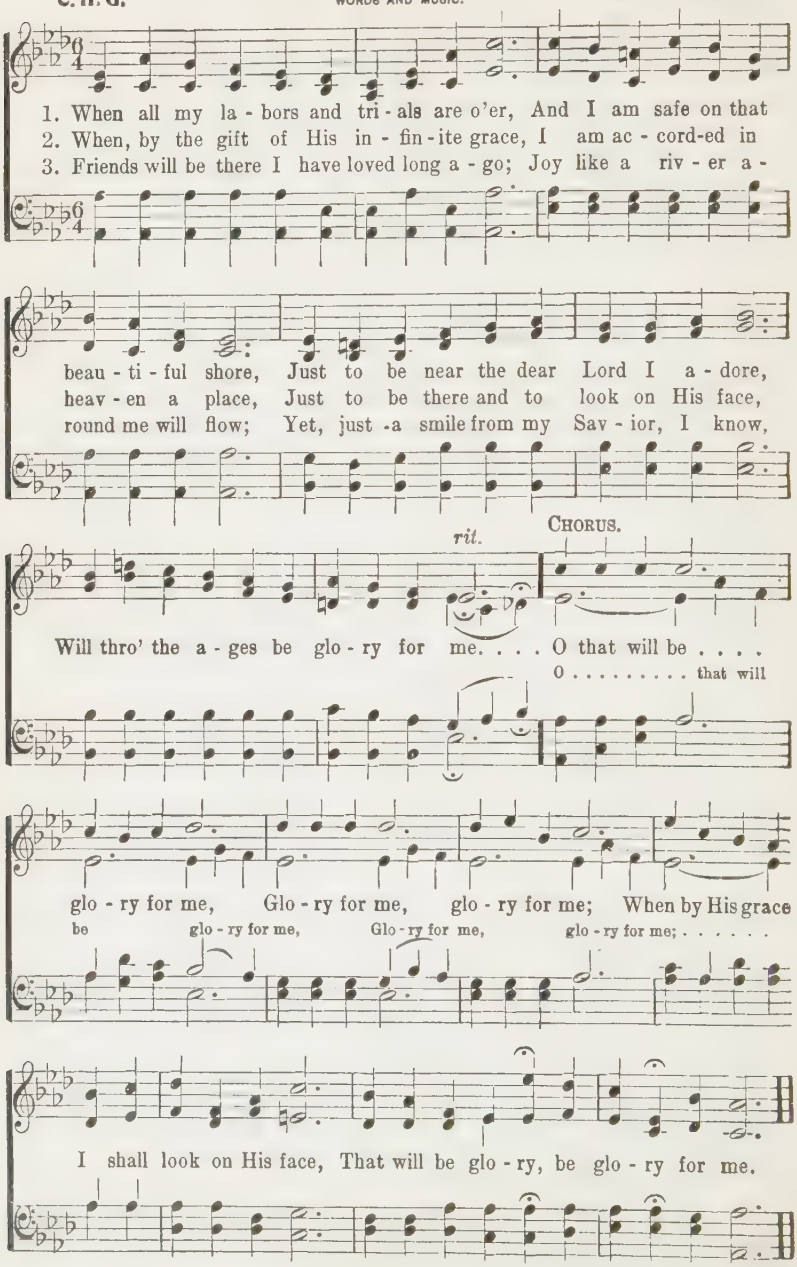
F. M. Eastwood. Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus— Of His grace flow-ing boundless and free, But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won-der - ful love for me.
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren; "Come, all ye that are wea-ry," said He; So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won-der - ful love for me.
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won-der - ful love for me.
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest— How the words "Peace, be still!" calm'd the sea; So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won-der - ful love for me.
Chorus.
His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 40. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord-ed in
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . . O that will be . . . .
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . . . .
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 41. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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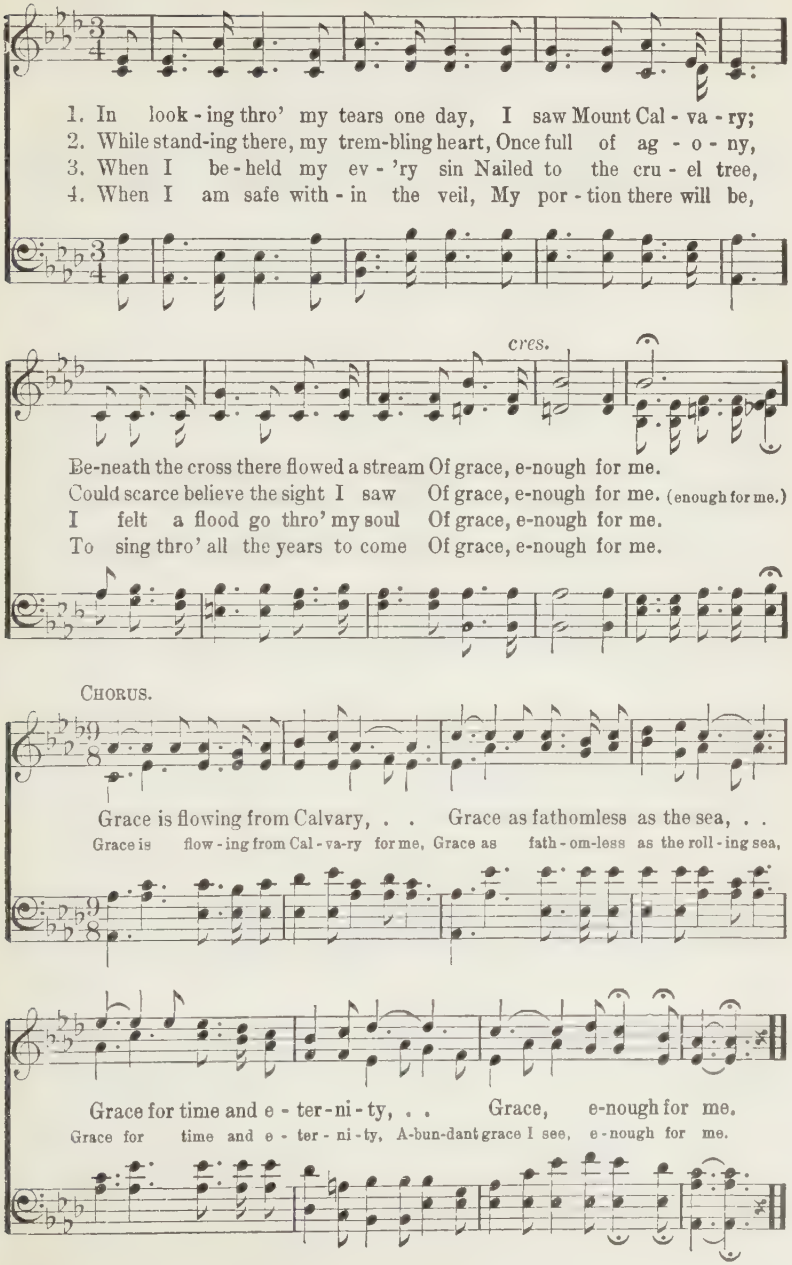
E. O. Excell.


1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,
cres.
Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.
CHORUS.
Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va-ry for me, Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter-ni - ty, . . Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 42. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.

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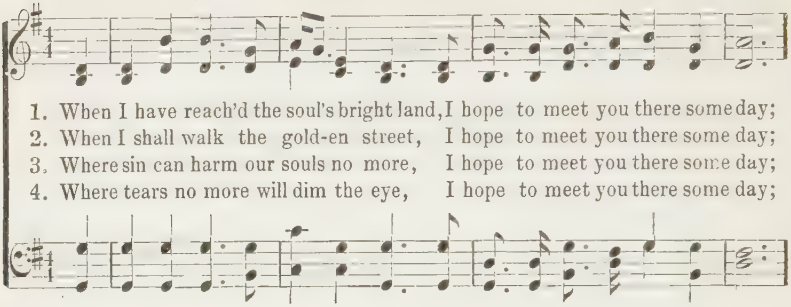
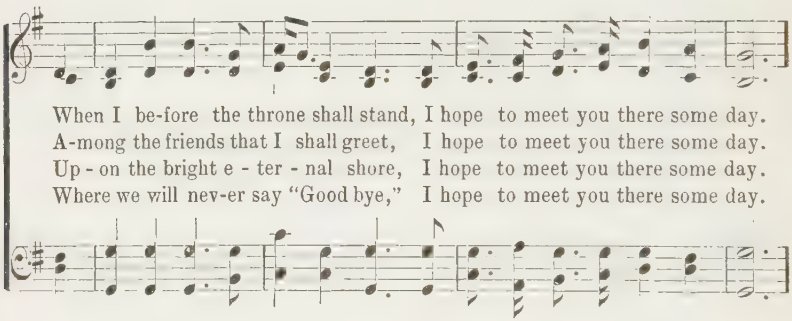
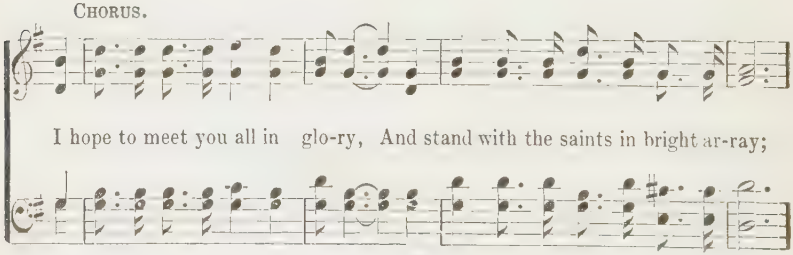
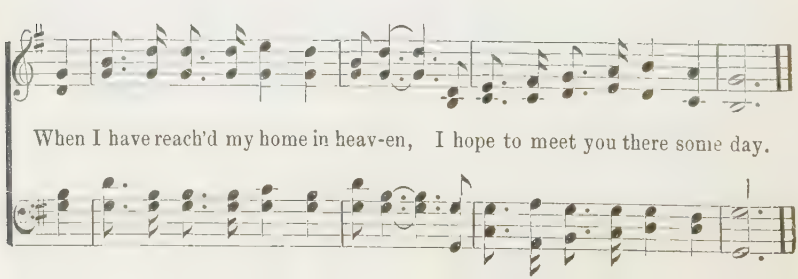
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. R. D. Burleson.


1. When I have reach'd the soul's bright land, I hope to meet you there some day;
2. When I shall walk the gold-en street, I hope to meet you there some day;
3. Where sin can harm our souls no more, I hope to meet you there some day;
4. Where tears no more will dim the eye, I hope to meet you there some day;


When I be-fore the throne shall stand, I hope to meet you there some day.
A-mong the friends that I shall greet, I hope to meet you there some day.
Up - on the bright e - ter - nal shore, I hope to meet you there some day.
Where we will nev-er say "Good bye," I hope to meet you there some day.

CHORUS.

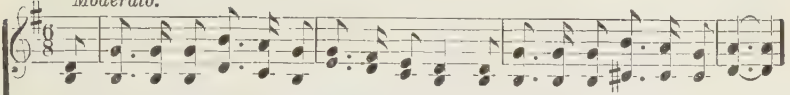
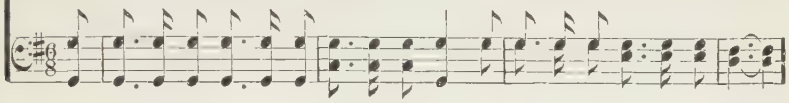
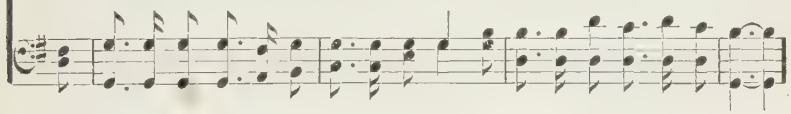
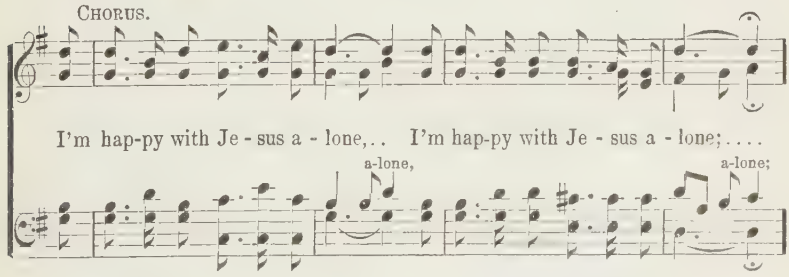
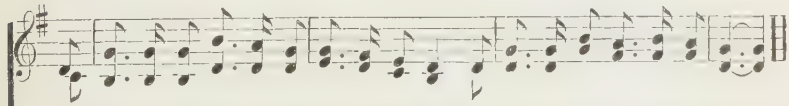
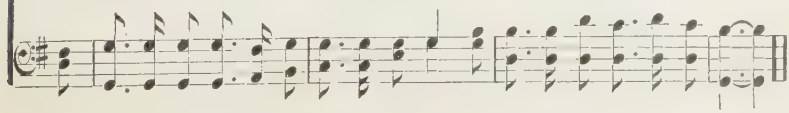


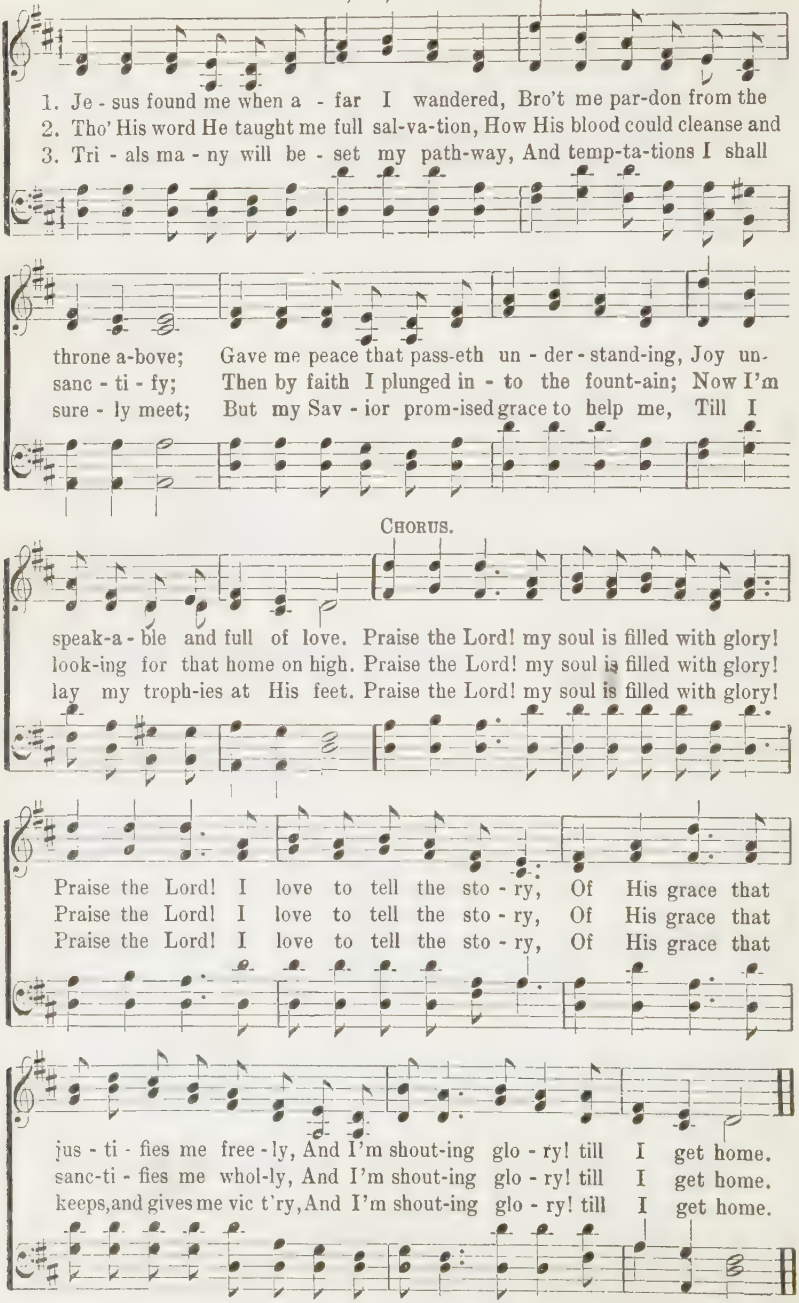


No. 43. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J.
Moderato.

USED BY PERMISSION OF C. P. JONES.

C. P. Jones.

1. There's nothing so precious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with her treasures be-gone;
2. When sin-ful, and doom'd to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine;
3. 'Twas Jesus who call'd me and show'd me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
4. Should fa-ther and mother for-sake me be-low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,

I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.
'Tis Je-sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Sav-ior, He loves me I know, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone,.. I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone;....
a-lone, a-lone;

Tho' friends all forsake me, thank God I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

No. 44. My Soul is Filled With Glory.

J. M. H. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. M. HARRIS. J. M. Harris.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wandered, Bro't me par-don from the
2. Tho' His word He taught me full sal-va-tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall
throne a-bove; Gave me peace that pass-eth un - der - stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I
CHORUS.
speak-a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
look-ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my troph-ies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol-ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vic t'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.

No. 45. He Promised Me.

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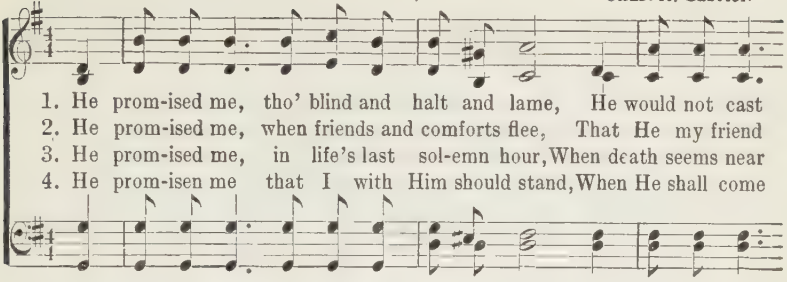
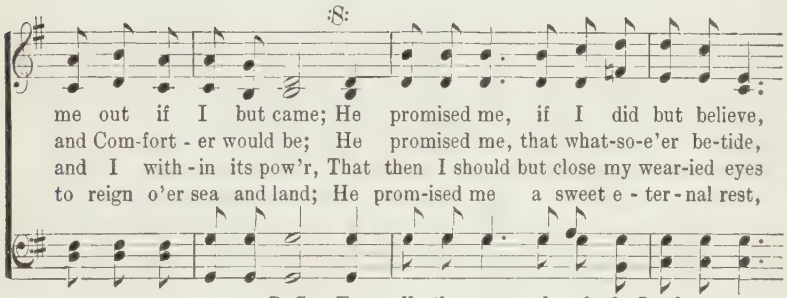
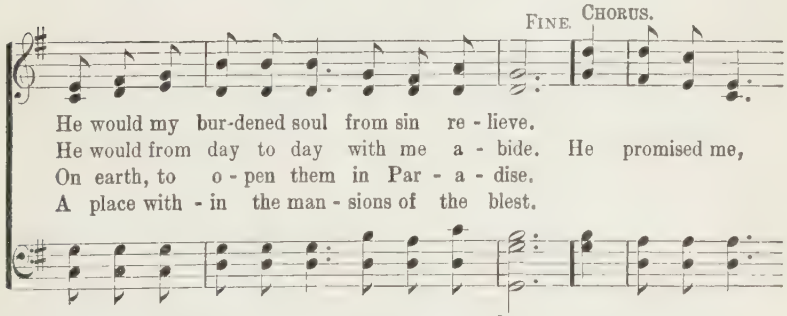
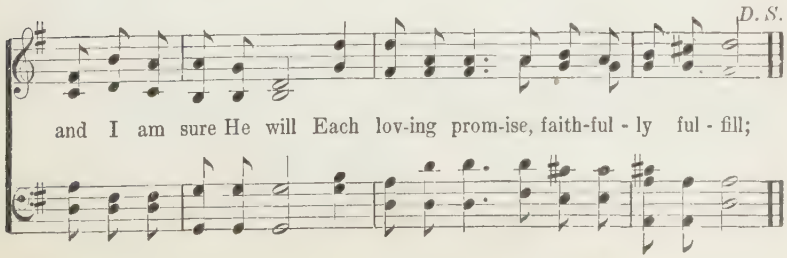
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

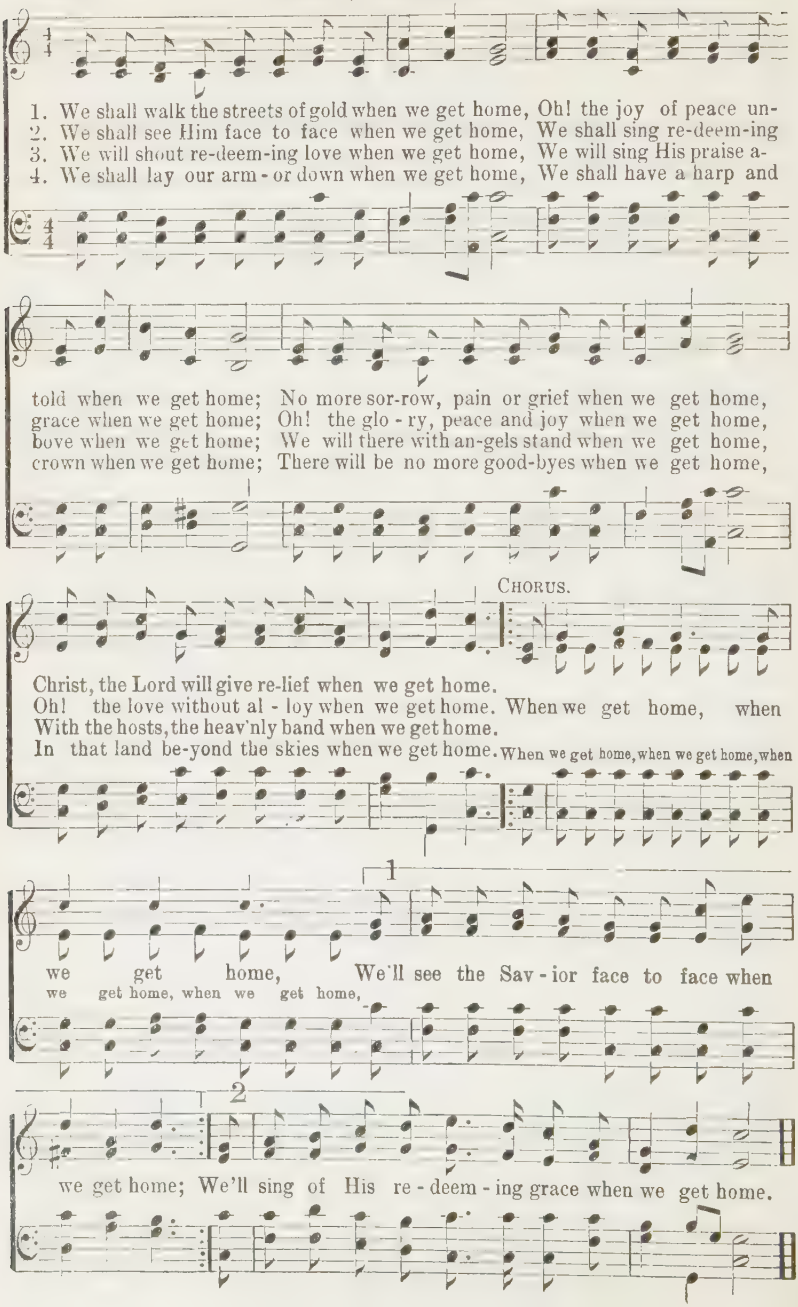
John Crombie White. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come


:S:
me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
and I with - in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,
D. S.—For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,

FINE. CHORUS.
He would my bur-dened soul from sin re - lieve.
He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.
His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

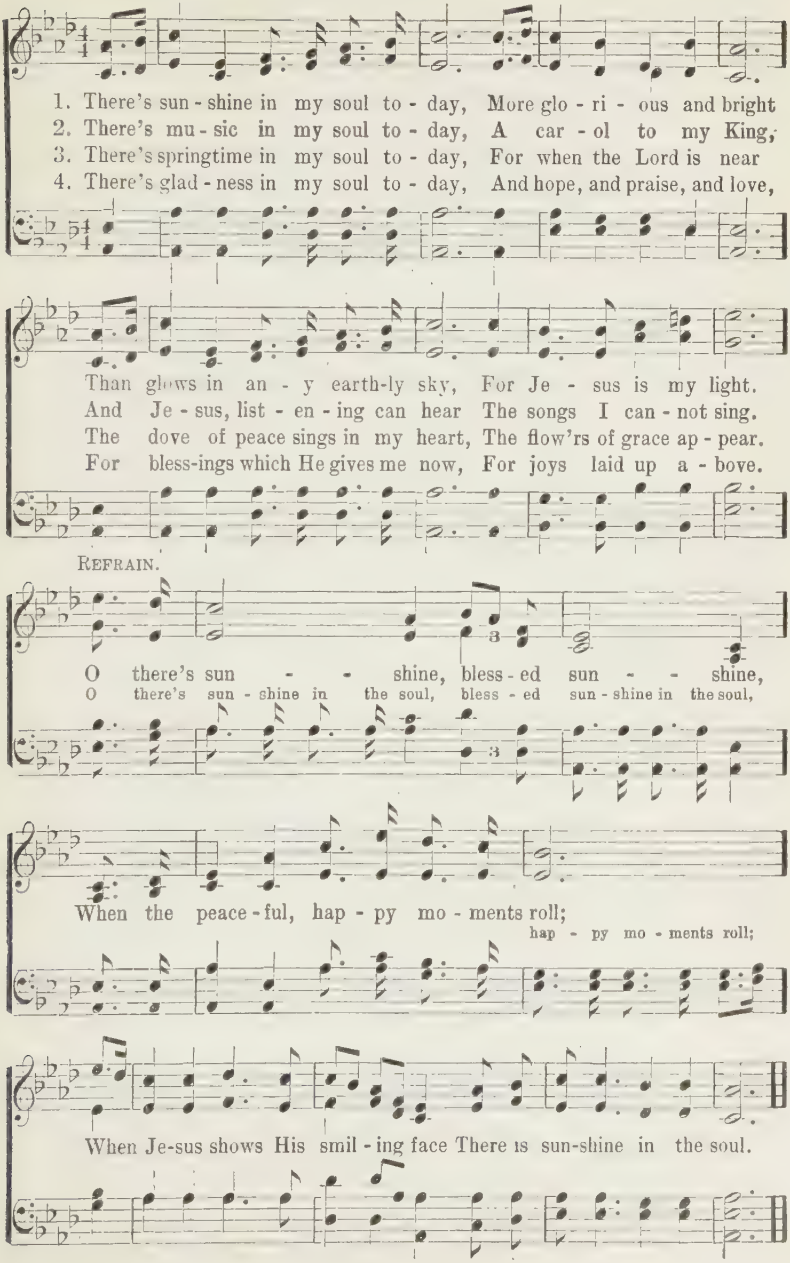


No. 46. When We Get Home.

H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. We shall walk the streets of gold when we get home, Oh! the joy of peace un-
2. We shall see Him face to face when we get home, We shall sing re-deem-ing
3. We will shout re-deem-ing love when we get home, We will sing His praise a-
4. We shall lay our arm - or down when we get home, We shall have a harp and
told when we get home; No more sor-row, pain or grief when we get home,
grace when we get home; Oh! the glo - ry, peace and joy when we get home,
bove when we get home; We will there with an-gels stand when we get home,
crown when we get home; There will be no more good-byes when we get home,
CHORUS.
Christ, the Lord will give re-lief when we get home.
Oh! the love without al - loy when we get home. When we get home, when
With the hosts, the heav'nly band when we get home.
In that land be-yond the skies when we get home. When we get home, when we get home, when
1
we get home, We'll see the Sav - ior face to face when
we get home, when we get home,
2
we get home; We'll sing of His re - deem - ing grace when we get home.

No. 47. Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil - ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 48. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
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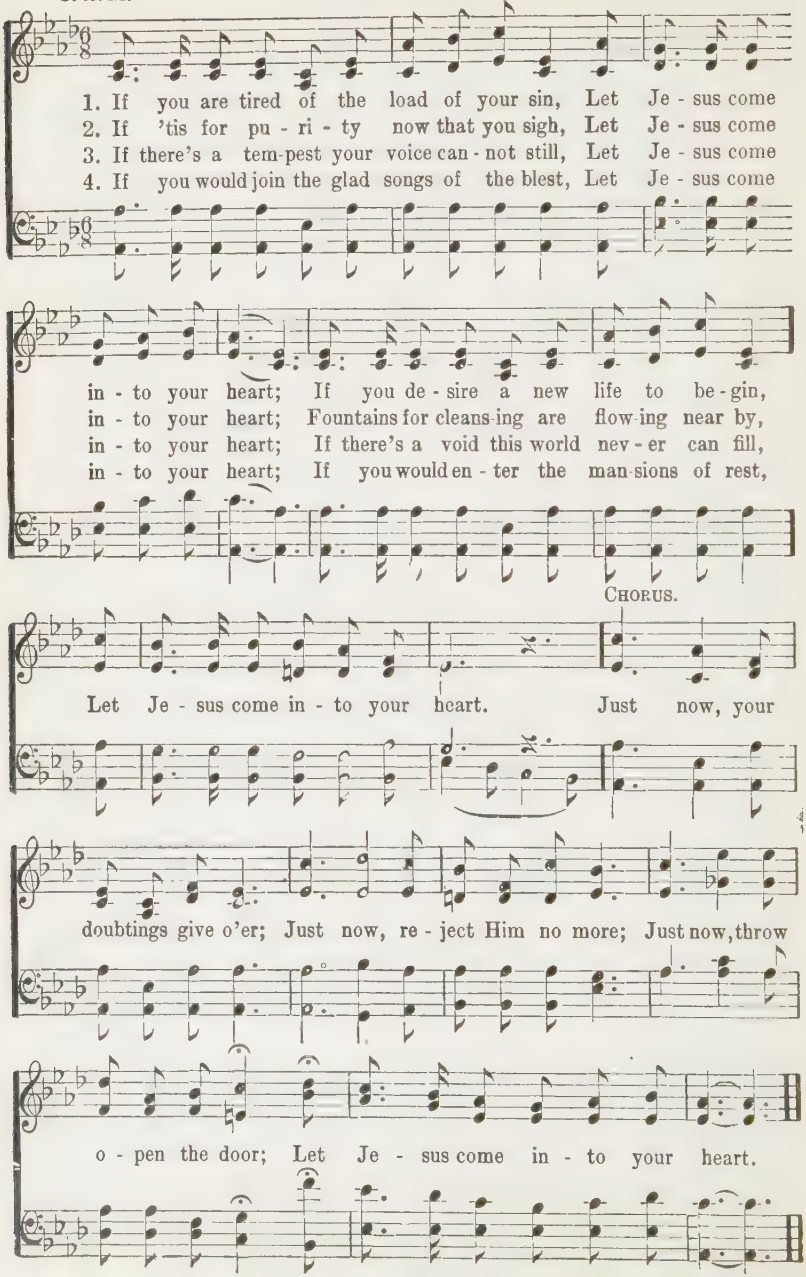
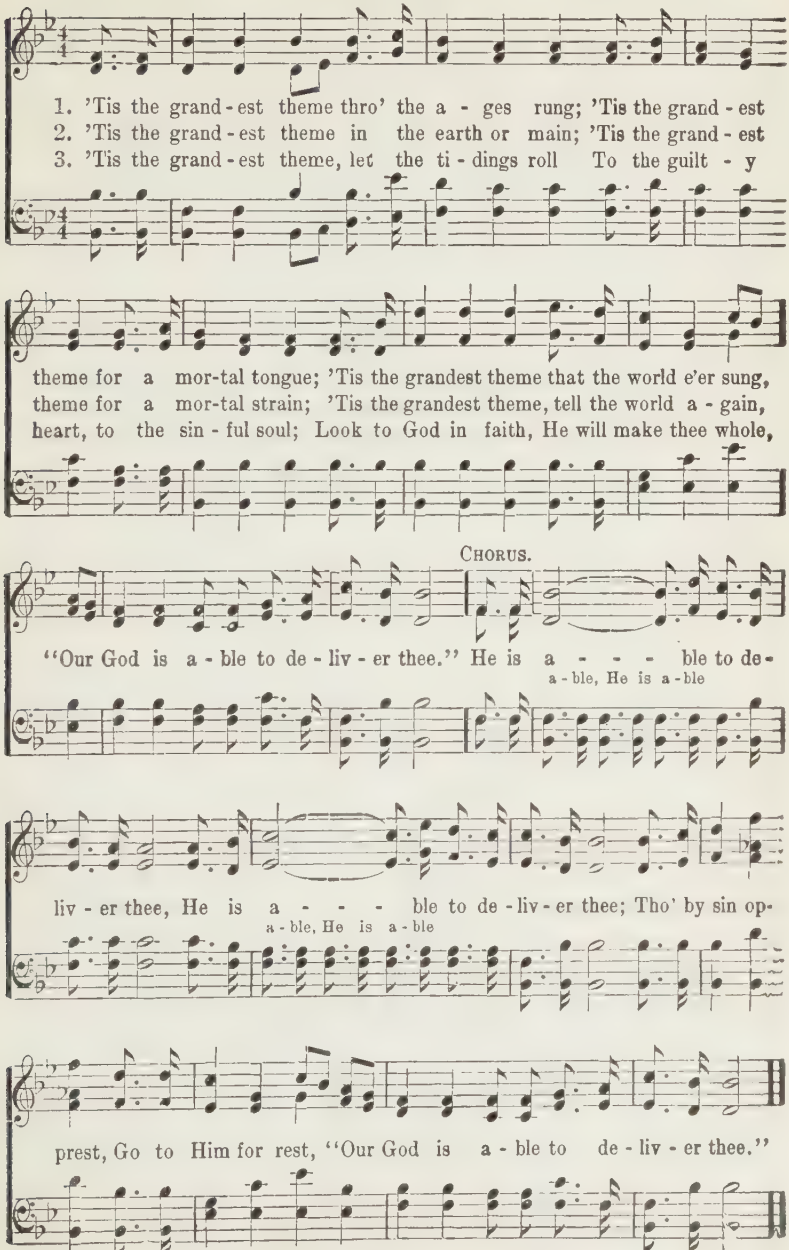
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

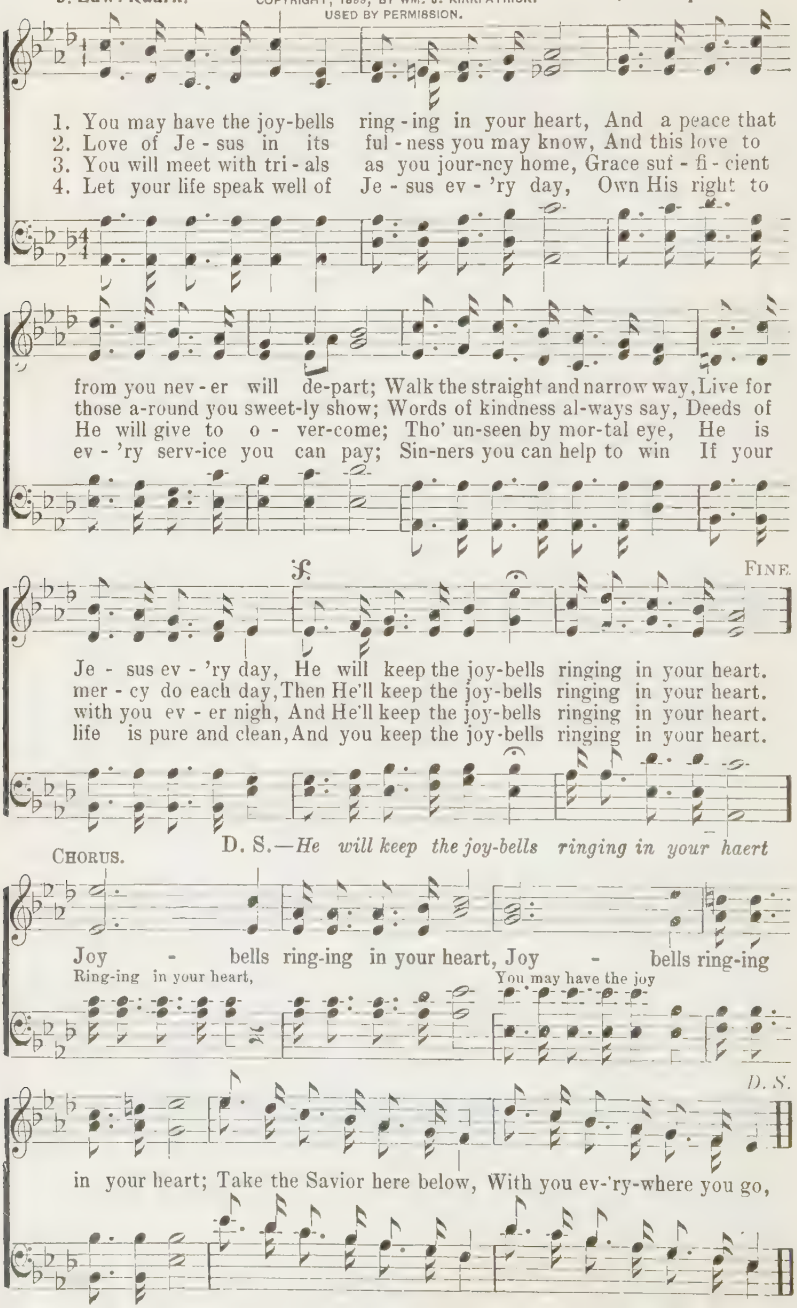
No. 49. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y
theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble
liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 50. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your
f
FINE.
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert
CHORUS.
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart,
You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 51. May I be Faithful.

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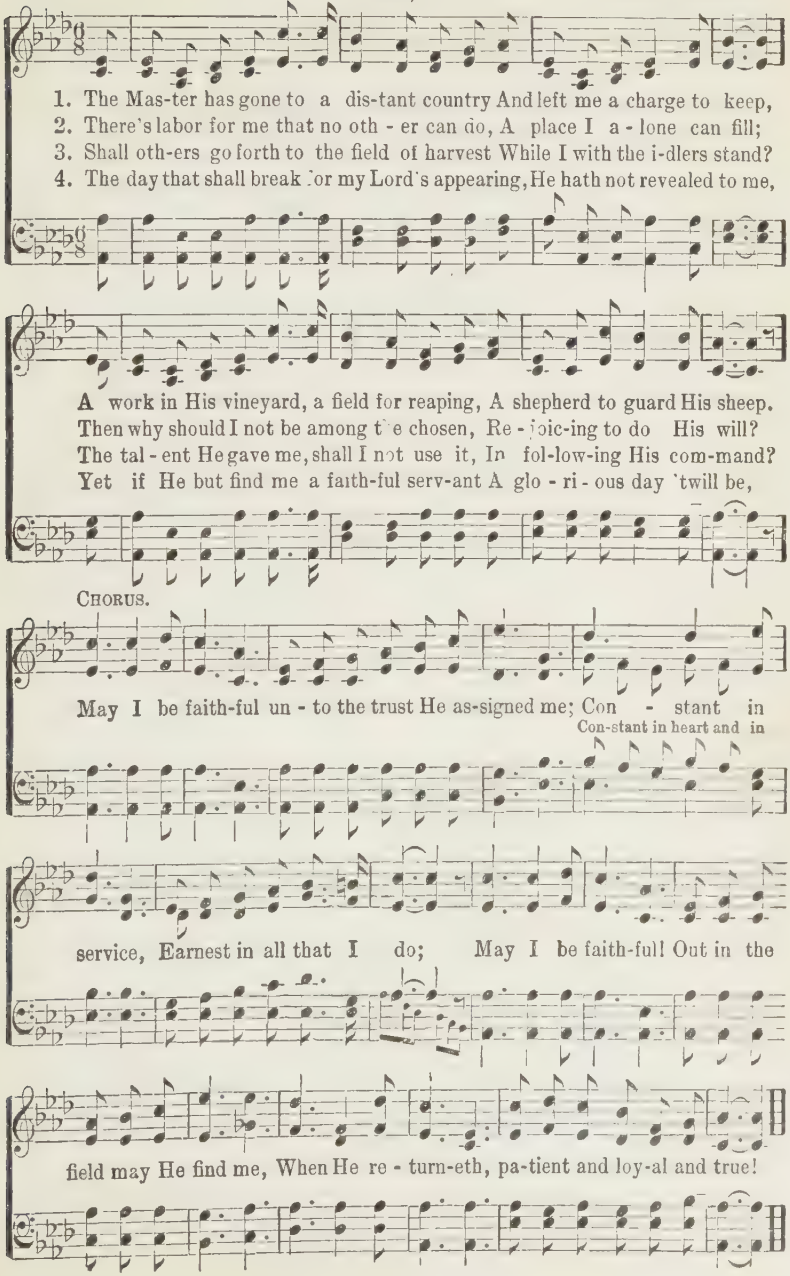
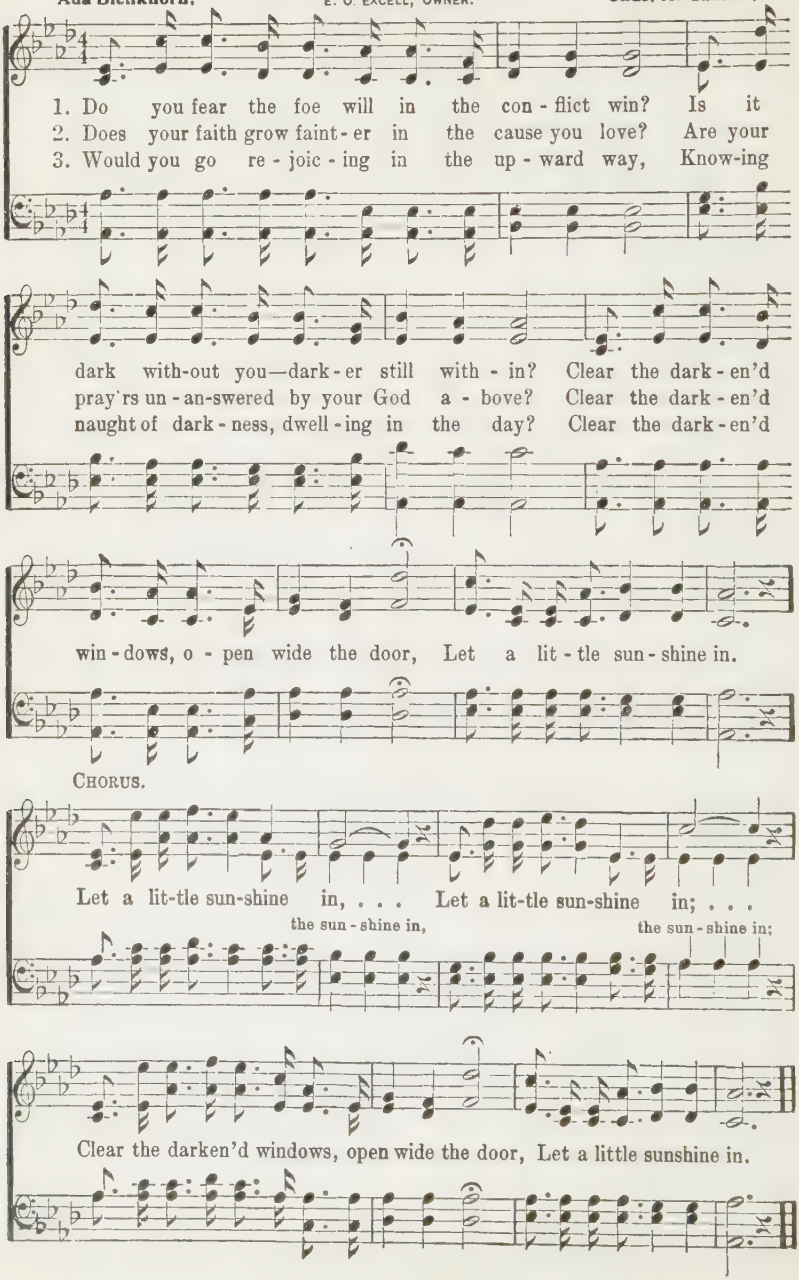
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,
CHORUS.
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

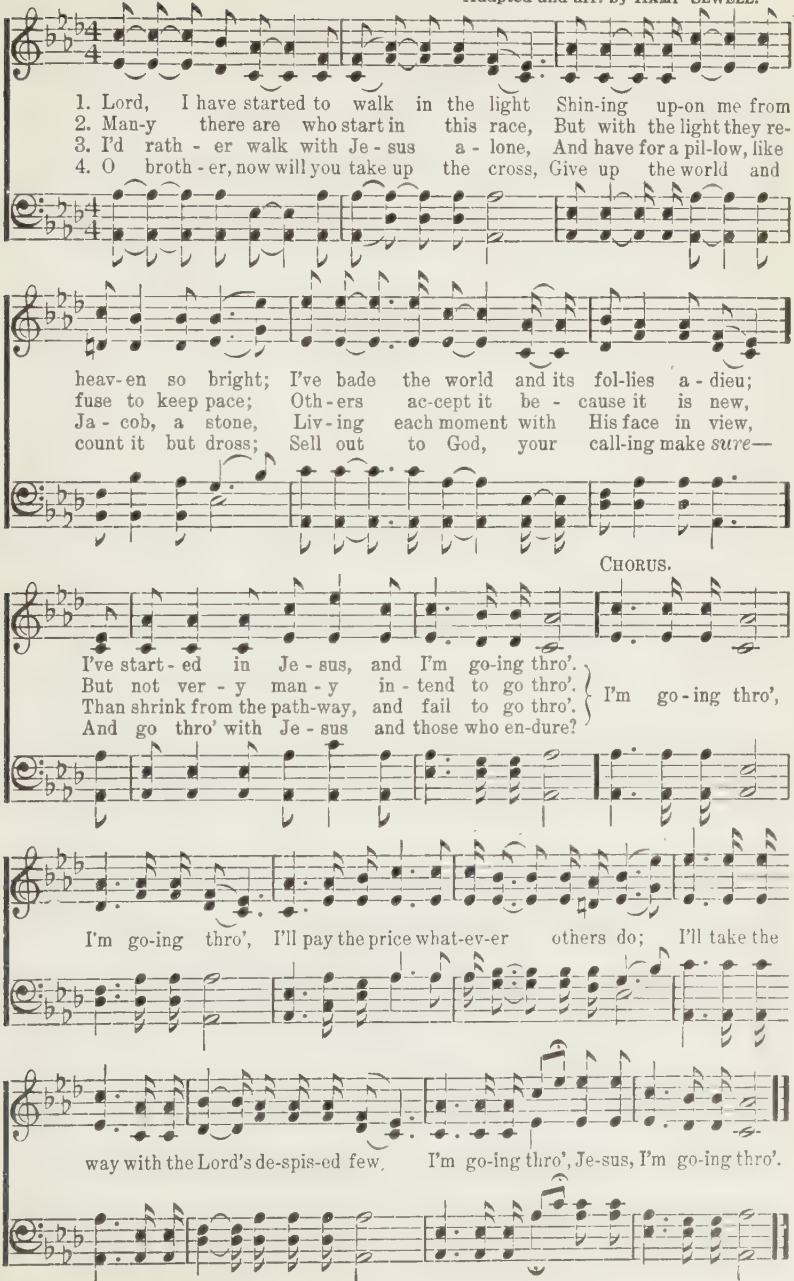
No. 52. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing
dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
CHORUS.
Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in,
the sun - shine in;
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 53. I'm Going Through.

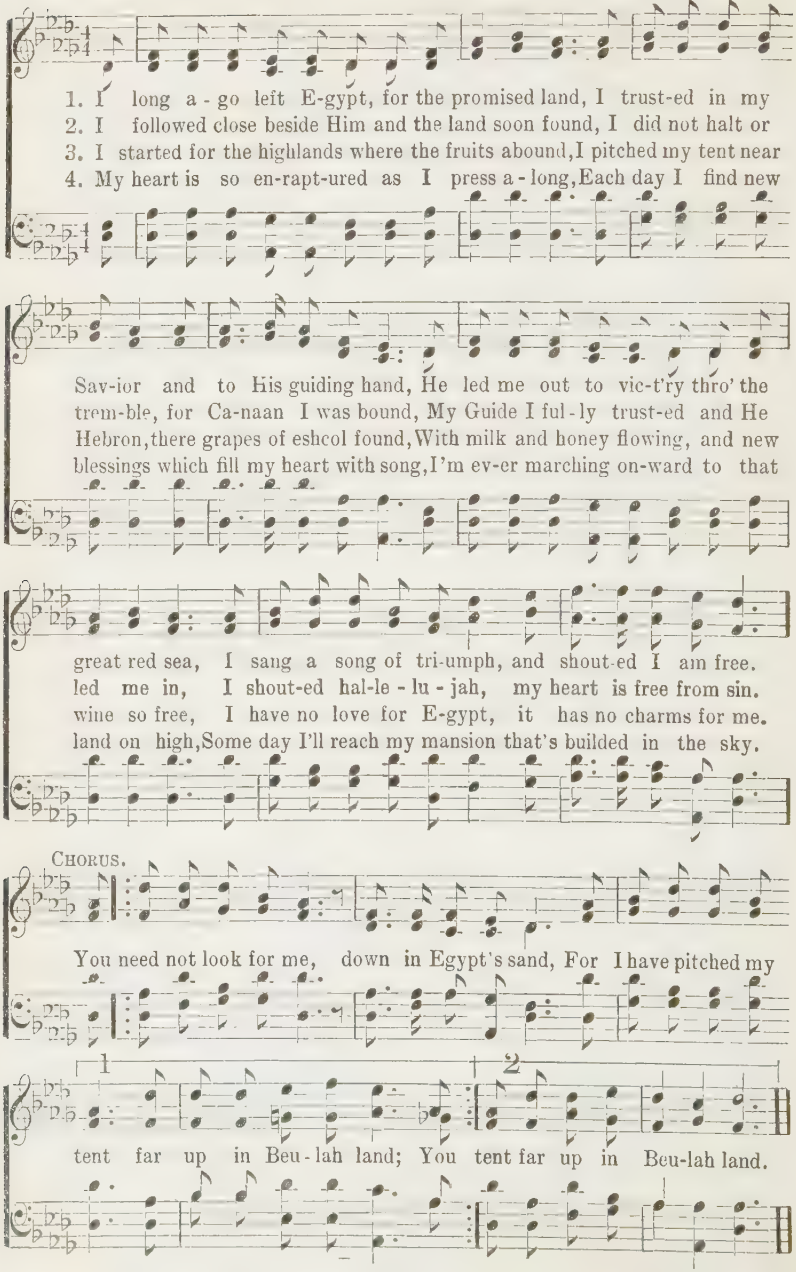
Copyright, 1908, by Hamp Sewell.

Adapted and arr. by HAMP SEWELL.

1. Lord, I have started to walk in the light Shin-ing up-on me from
2. Man-y there are who start in this race, But with the light they re-
3. I'd rath - er walk with Je - sus a - lone, And have for a pil-low, like
4. O broth - er, now will you take up the cross, Give up the world and
heav-en so bright; I've bade the world and its fol-lies a - dieu;
fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be - cause it is new,
Ja - cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in view,
count it but dross; Sell out to God, your call-ing make sure—
CHORUS.
I've start - ed in Je - sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
But not ver - y man - y in - tend to go thro'.
Than shrink from the path-way, and fail to go thro'.
And go thro' with Je - sus and those who en-dure?
I'm go - ing thro',
I'm go-ing thro', I'll pay the price what-ev-er others do; I'll take the
way with the Lord's de-spis-ed few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'.

No. 54. I've Pitched my Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

M. J. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MRS. M. J. HARRIS. Mrs. M. J. Harris.


1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my
2. I followed close beside Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or
3. I started for the highlands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new
Sav-ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vic-t'ry thro' the
trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful-ly trust-ed and He
Hebron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and honey flowing, and new
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev-er marching on-ward to that
great red sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout-ed I am free.
led me in, I shout-ed hal-le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
wine so free, I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's builded in the sky.
CHORUS.
You need not look for me, down in Egypt's sand, For I have pitched my
1
2
tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu-lah land.

No. 55. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

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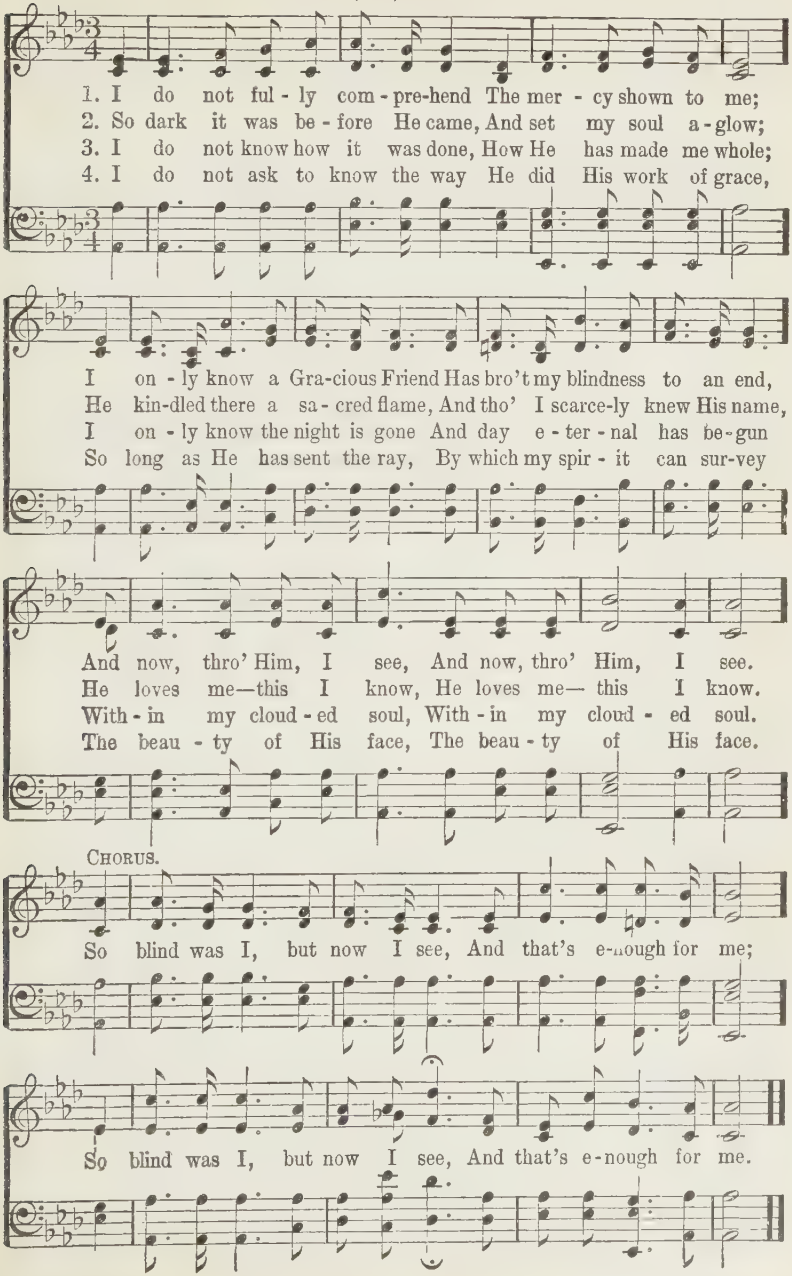
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,
I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey
And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.
Chorus.
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 56. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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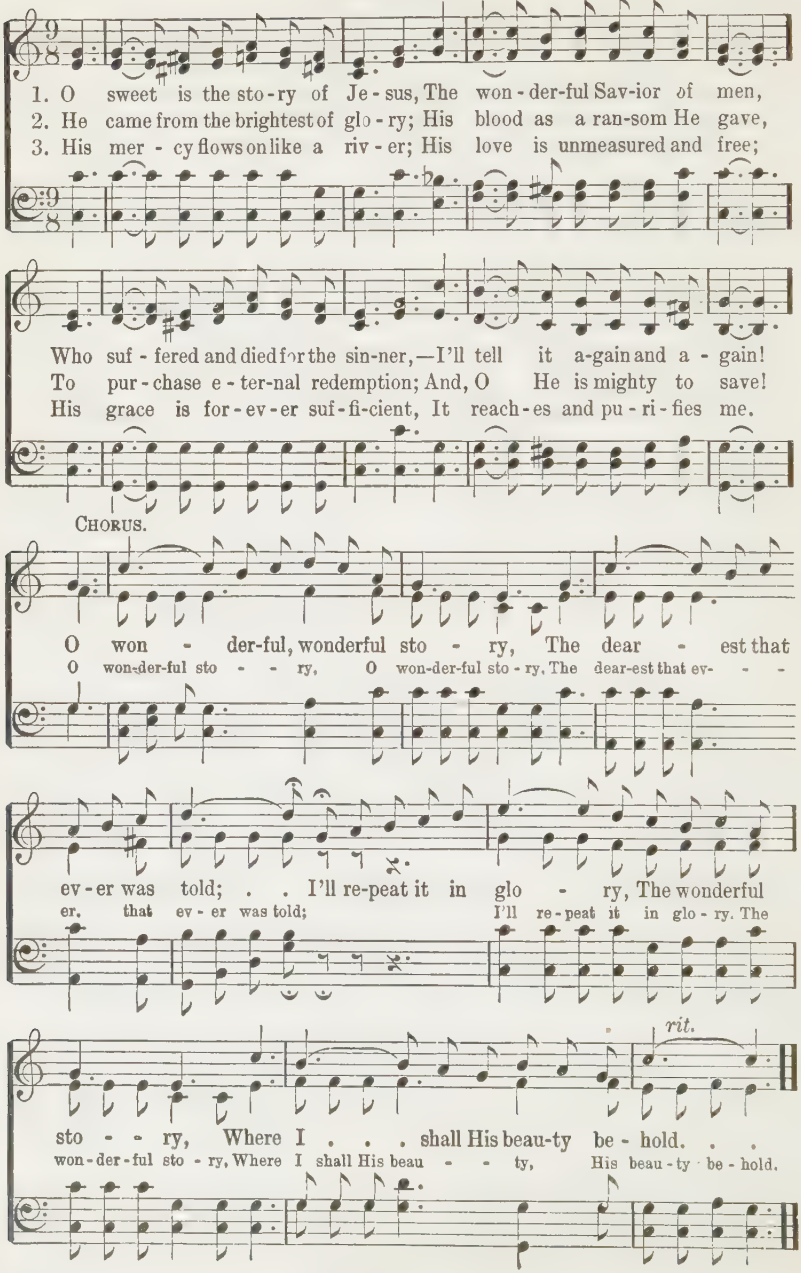
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;
Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.
CHORUS.
O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-
ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er. that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The
rit.
sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty be-hold.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 57. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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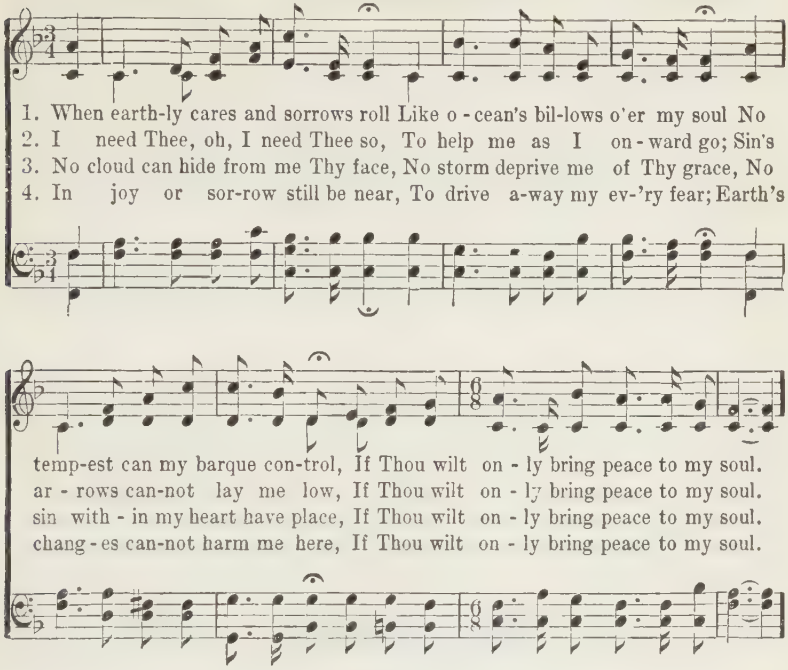
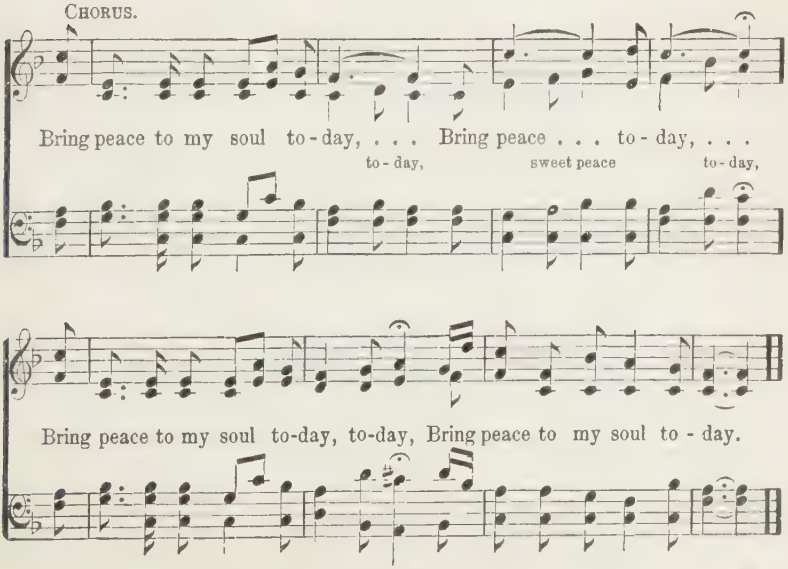

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's
temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.


CHORUS.
Bring peace to my soul to - day, . . . Bring peace . . . to - day, . . .
to - day, sweet peace to - day,
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.

No. 58. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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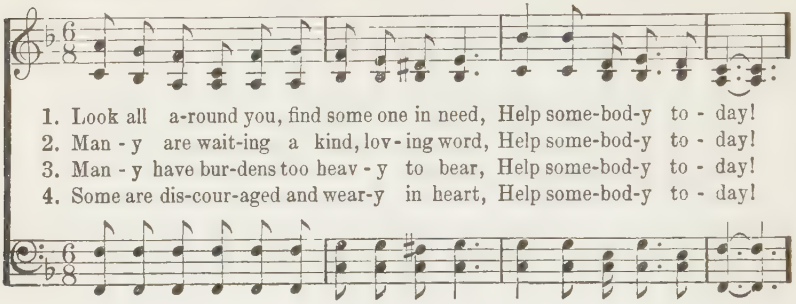
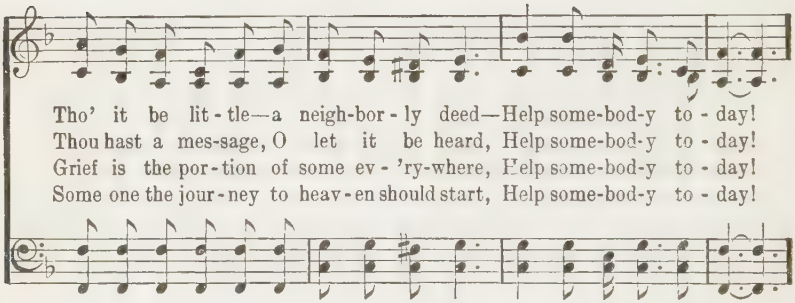
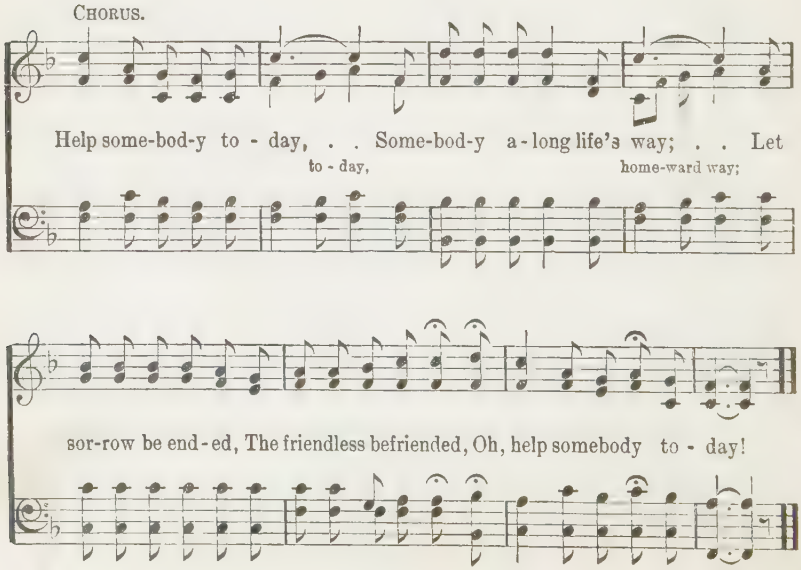

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!


Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!


CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 59. Wonderful Jesus.

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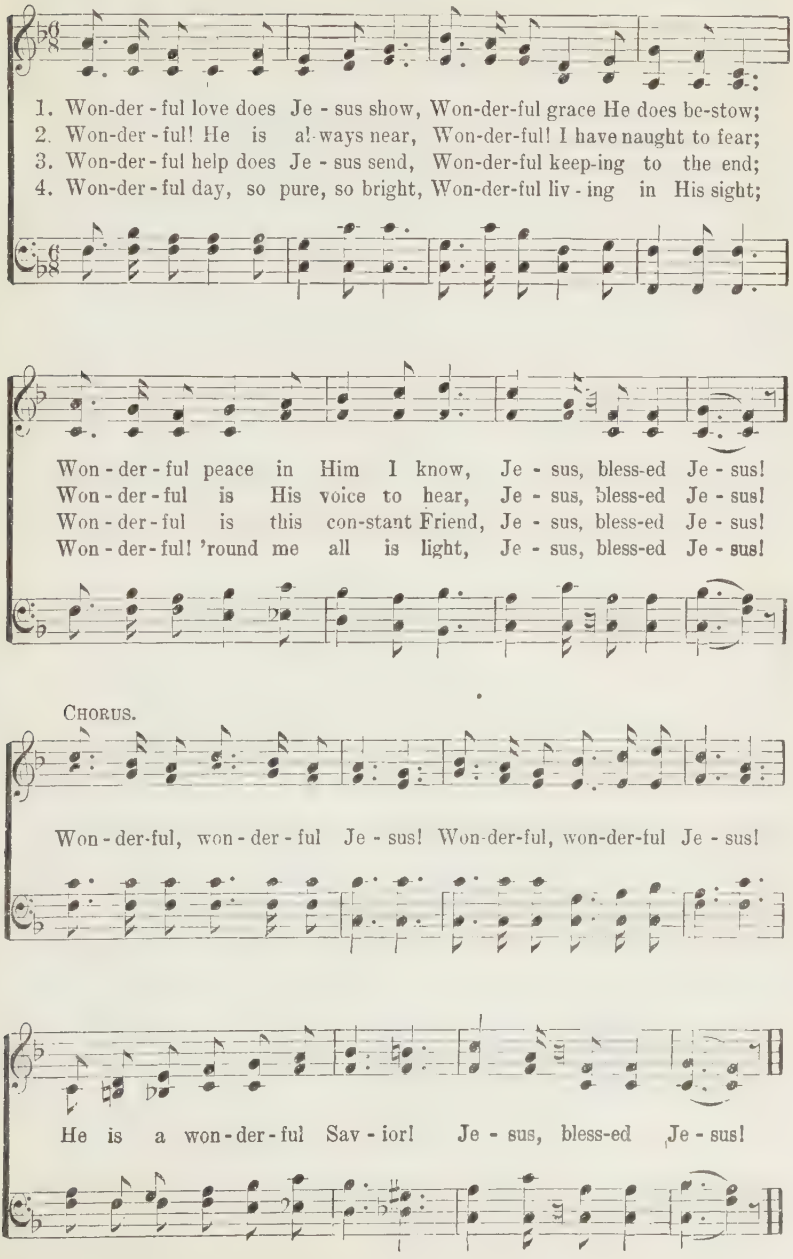
Rev. W. J. Stuart. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Won-der-ful love does Je-sus show, Won-der-ful grace He does be-stow;
2. Won-der-ful! He is al-ways near, Won-der-ful! I have naught to fear;
3. Won-der-ful help does Je-sus send, Won-der-ful keep-ing to the end;
4. Won-der-ful day, so pure, so bright, Won-der-ful liv-ing in His sight;
Won-der-ful peace in Him I know, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful is His voice to hear, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful is this con-stant Friend, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful! 'round me all is light, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
CHORUS.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je-sus! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je-sus!
He is a won-der-ful Sav-ior! Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!

No. 60. Jesus is Calling Today.

C. F. W.

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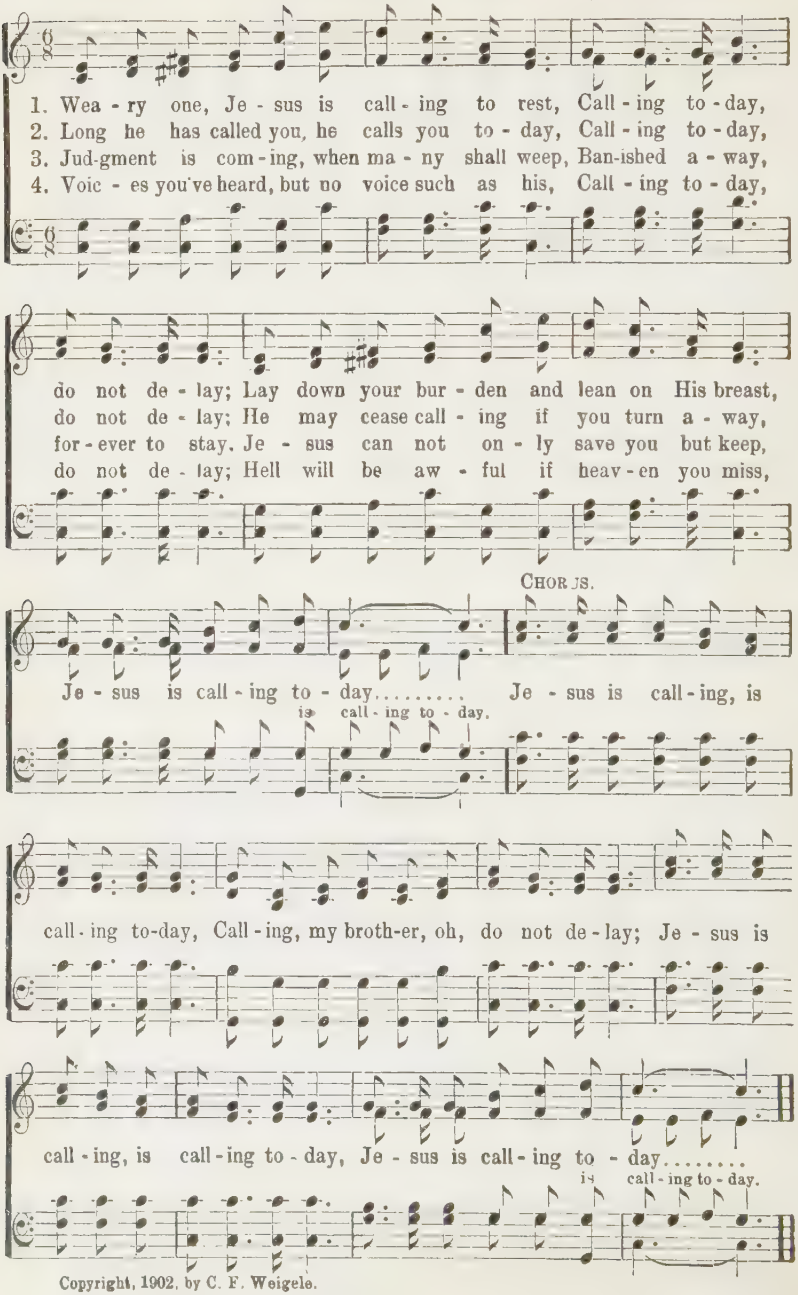
C. F. Weigele.

1. Wea - ry one, Je - sus is call - ing to rest, Call - ing to - day,
2. Long he has called you, he calls you to - day, Call - ing to - day,
3. Jud-gment is com - ing, when ma - ny shall weep, Ban-ished a - way,
4. Voic - es you've heard, but no voice such as his, Call - ing to - day,
do not de - lay; Lay down your bur - den and lean on His breast,
do not de - lay; He may cease call - ing if you turn a - way,
for - ever to stay. Je - sus can not on - ly save you but keep,
do not de - lay; Hell will be aw - ful if heav - en you miss,
CHORUS.
Je - sus is call - ing to - day..... Je - sus is call - ing, is
is call - ing to - day.
call - ing to-day, Call - ing, my broth-er, oh, do not de - lay; Je - sus is
call - ing, is call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call - ing to - day.....
is call - ing to - day.

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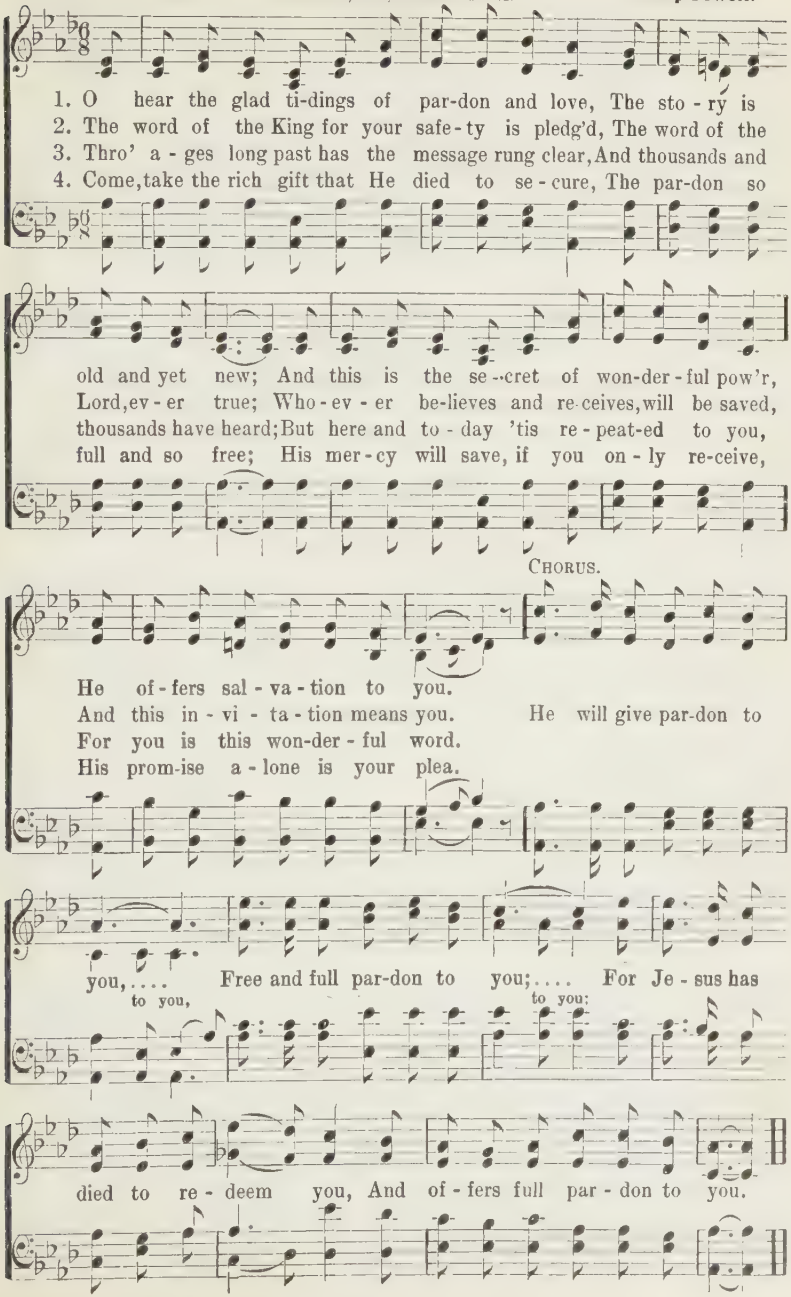
No. 61. He Will Give Pardon to You.

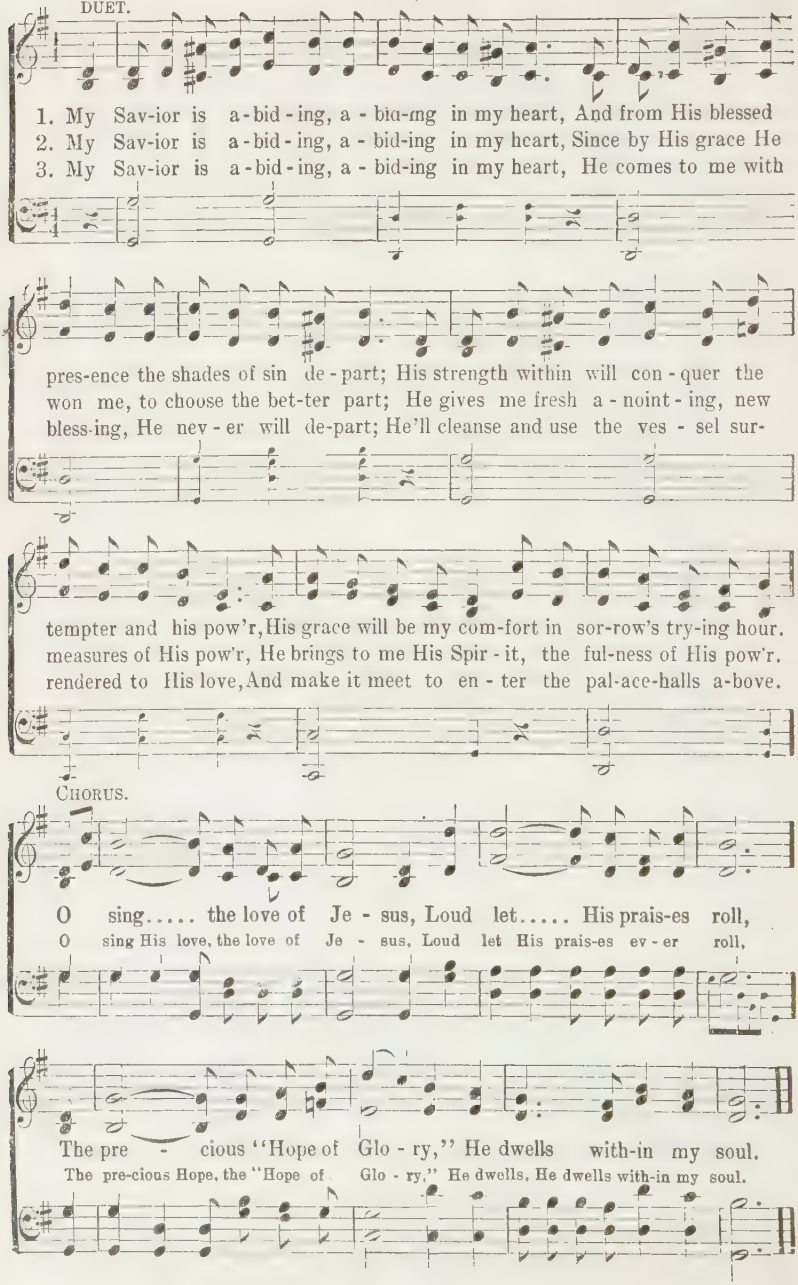
Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. O hear the glad ti-dings of par-don and love, The sto - ry is
2. The word of the King for your safe-ty is pledg'd, The word of the
3. Thro' a - ges long past has the message rung clear, And thousands and
4. Come, take the rich gift that He died to se - cure, The par-don so
old and yet new; And this is the se - cret of won-der-ful pow'r,
Lord, ev - er true; Who - ev - er be-lieves and re-ceives, will be saved,
thousands have heard; But here and to - day 'tis re - peat-ed to you,
full and so free; His mer-cy will save, if you on - ly re-ceive,
CHORUS.
He of - fers sal - va - tion to you.
And this in - vi - ta - tion means you. He will give par-don to
For you is this won-der - ful word.
His prom-ise a - lone is your plea.
you, ... Free and full par-don to you; .... For Je - sus has
to you,
to you;
died to re - deem you, And of - fers full par - don to you.

No. 62. My Savior is Abiding.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, And from His blessed
2. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, Since by His grace He
3. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, He comes to me with
pres-ence the shades of sin de-part; His strength within will con-quer the
won me, to choose the bet-ter part; He gives me fresh a-noint-ing, new
bless-ing, He nev-er will de-part; He'll cleanse and use the ves-sel sur-
tempter and his pow'r, His grace will be my com-fort in sor-row's try-ing hour.
measures of His pow'r, He brings to me His Spir-it, the ful-ness of His pow'r.
rendered to His love, And make it meet to en-ter the pal-ace-halls a-bove.

CHORUS.

O sing..... the love of Je-sus, Loud let..... His prais-es roll,
O sing His love, the love of Je-sus, Loud let His prais-es ev-er roll,
The pre-cious "Hope of Glo-ry," He dwells with-in my soul.
The pre-cious Hope, the "Hope of Glo-ry," He dwells, He dwells with-in my soul.

No. 63. Despised and Rejected.

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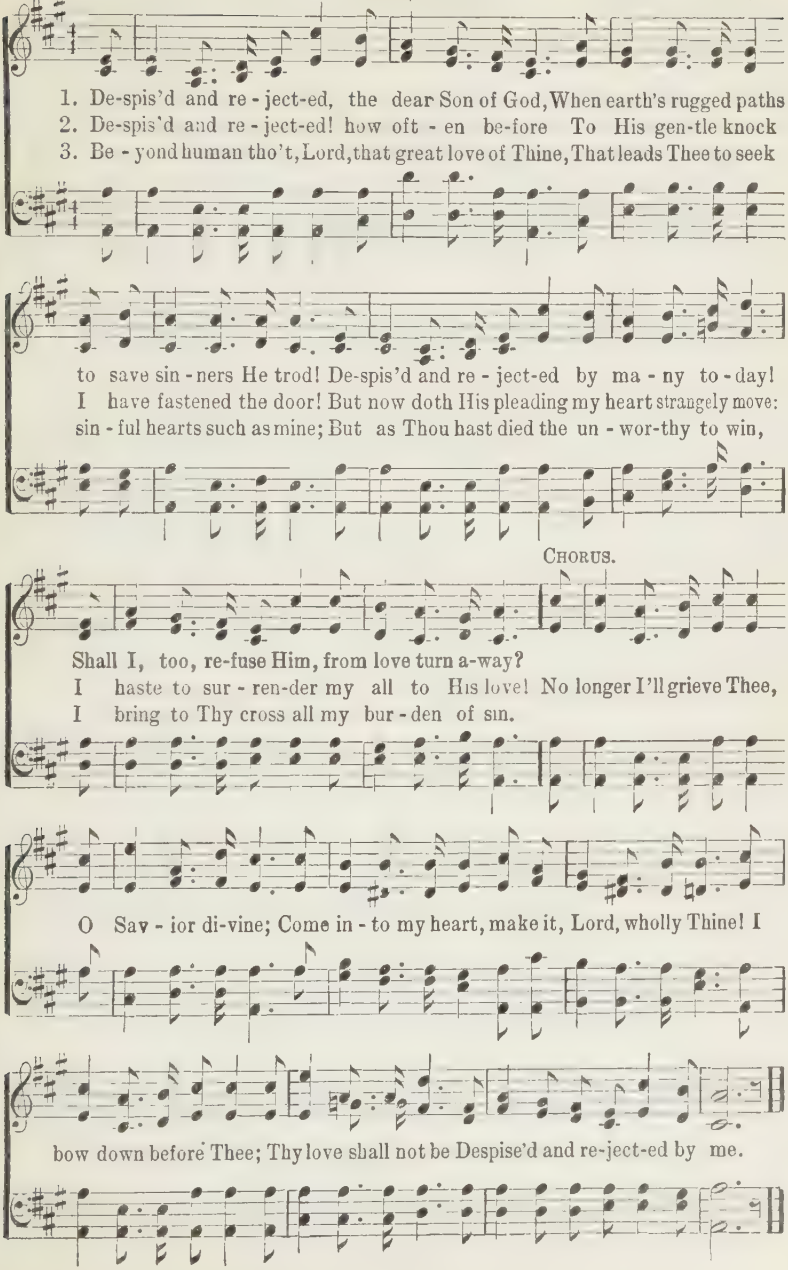
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed, the dear Son of God, When earth's rugged paths
2. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed! how oft-en be-fore To His gen-tle knock
3. Be-yond human tho't, Lord, that great love of Thine, That leads Thee to seek
to save sin-ners He trod! De-spis'd and re-ject-ed by ma-ny to-day!
I have fastened the door! But now doth His pleading my heart strangely move:
sin-ful hearts such as mine; But as Thou hast died the un-wor-thy to win,
CHORUS.
Shall I, too, re-fuse Him, from love turn a-way?
I haste to sur-ren-der my all to His love! No longer I'll grieve Thee,
I bring to Thy cross all my bur-den of sin.
O Sav-ior di-vine; Come in-to my heart, make it, Lord, wholly Thine! I
bow down before Thee; Thy love shall not be Despise'd and re-ject-ed by me.

No. 64. Saved By the Blood.

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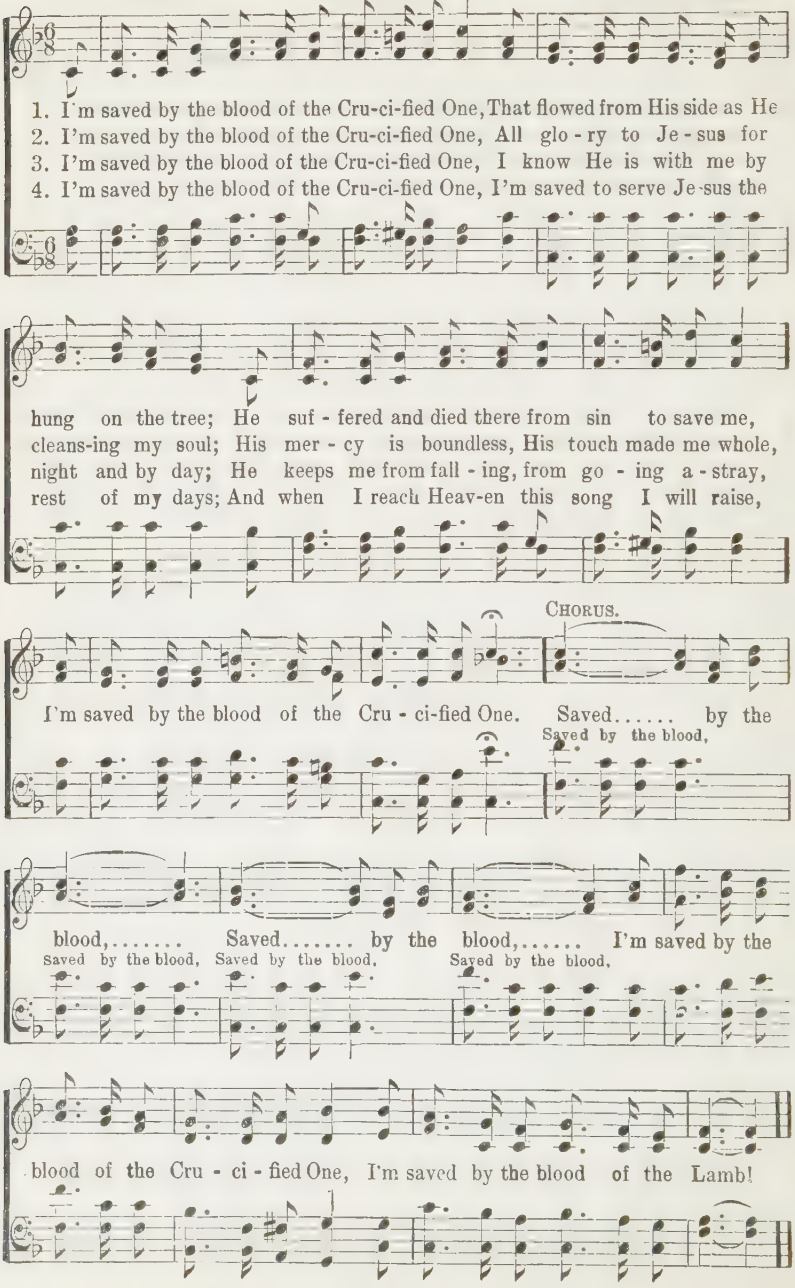
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Daniel W. Milan.

1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, That flowed from His side as He hung on the tree; He suf-fered and died there from sin to save me,
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, All glo-ry to Je-sus for cleans-ing my soul; His mer-cy is boundless, His touch made me whole,
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I know He is with me by night and by day; He keeps me from fall-ing, from go-ing a-stray,
4. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved to serve Je-sus the rest of my days; And when I reach Heav-en this song I will raise,
CHORUS.
I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One. Saved..... by the blood,..... Saved..... by the blood,..... I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb!
Saved by the blood,
Saved by the blood,
Saved by the blood,
Saved by the blood,

No. 65. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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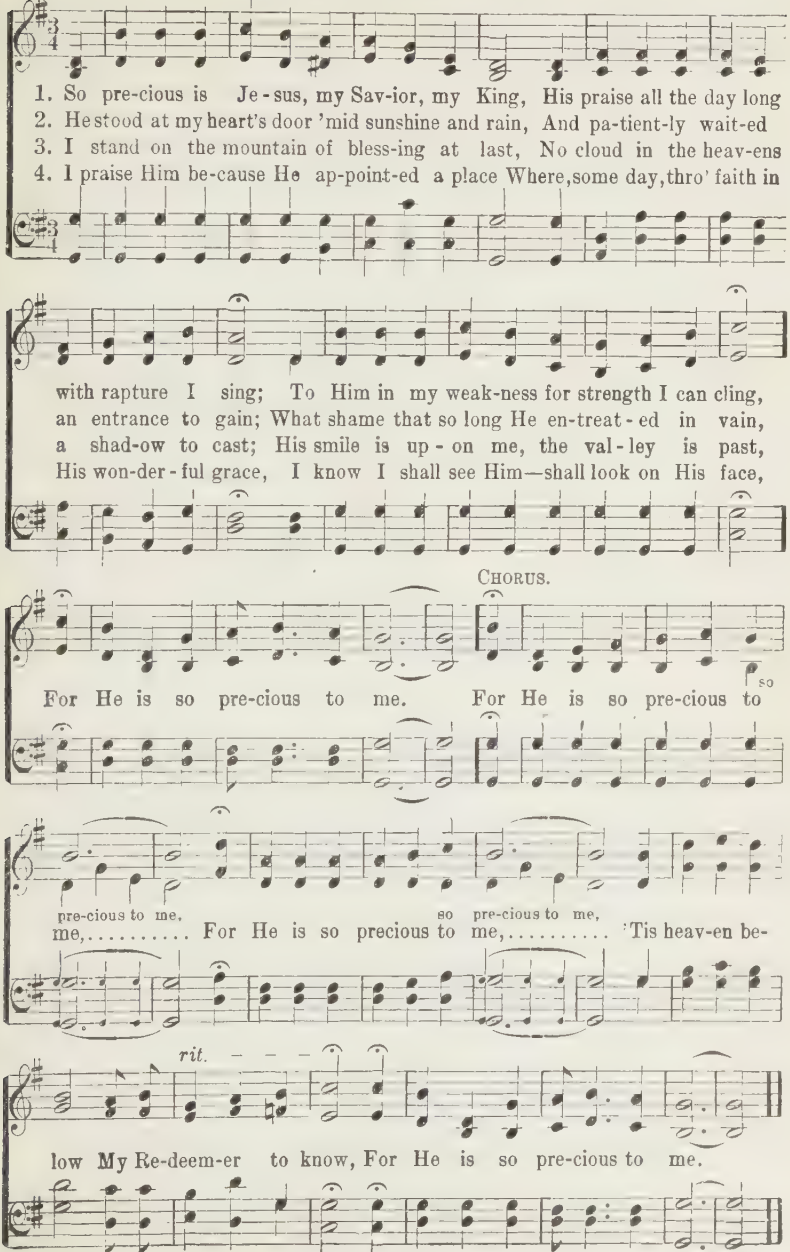
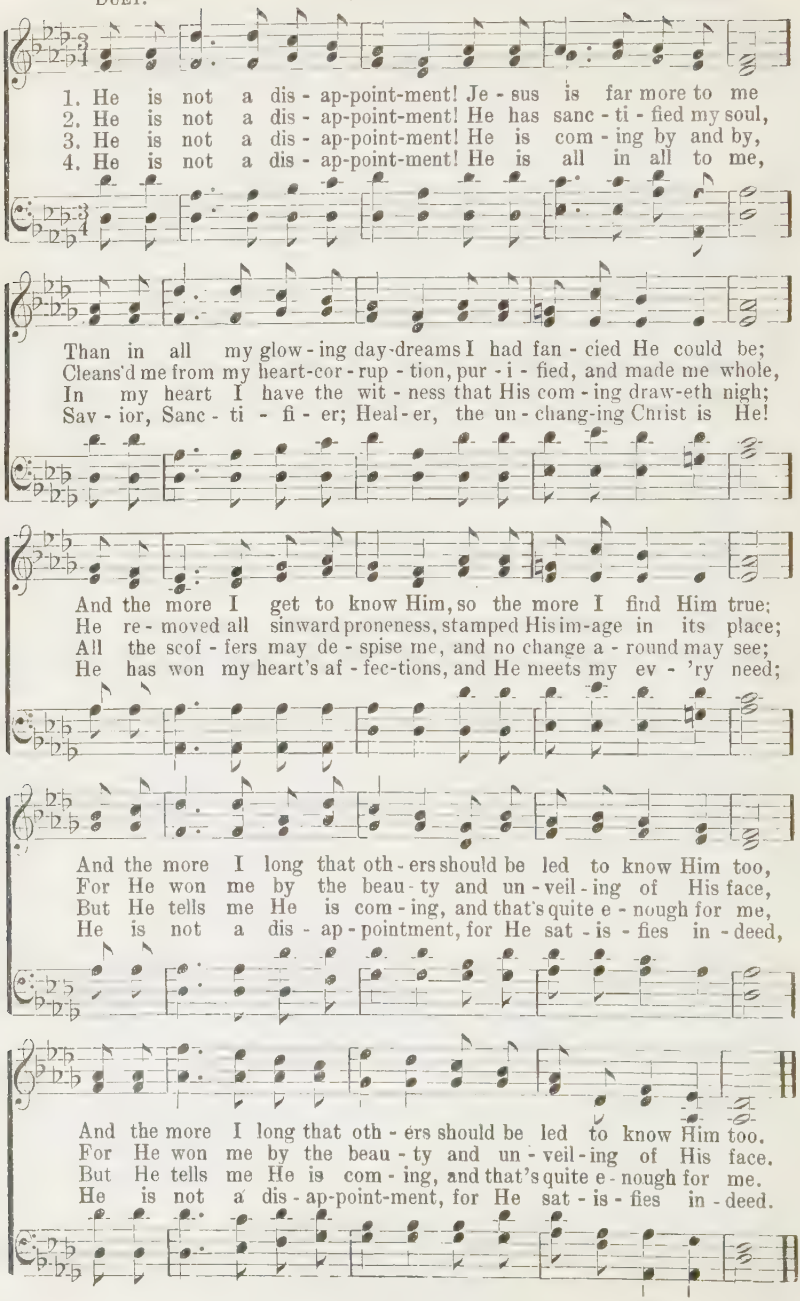
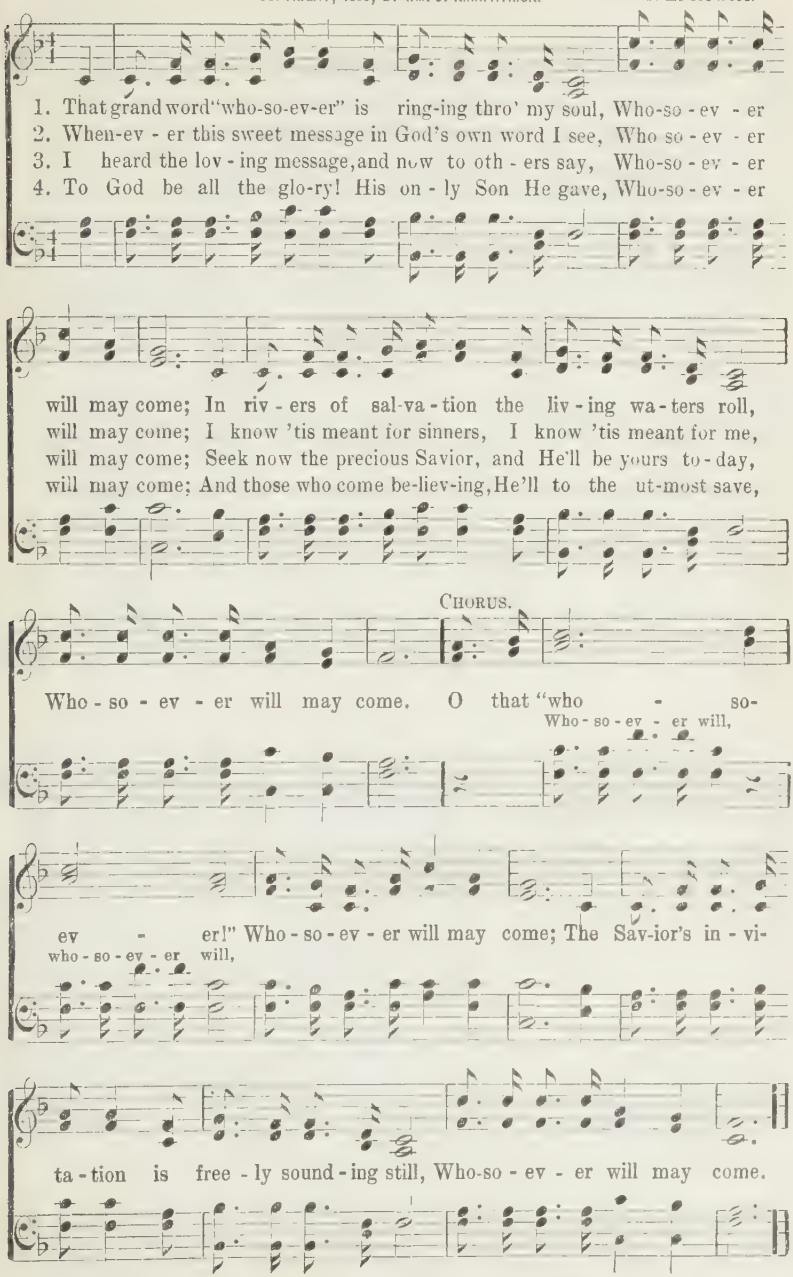
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me,
me,..... For He is so precious to
so pre-cious to me,
me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-
rit.
low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 66. Not a Disappointment.

* * * DUET. USED BY PER. H. Green.

1. He is not a dis - ap-point-ment! Je - sus is far more to me
2. He is not a dis - ap-point-ment! He has sanc - ti - fied my soul,
3. He is not a dis - ap-point-ment! He is com - ing by and by,
4. He is not a dis - ap-point-ment! He is all in all to me,
Than in all my glow - ing day-dreams I had fan - cied He could be;
Cleans'd me from my heart-cor - rup - tion, pur - i - fied, and made me whole,
In my heart I have the wit - ness that His com - ing draw-eth nigh;
Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fi - er; Heal - er, the un - chang-ing Christ is He!
And the more I get to know Him, so the more I find Him true;
He re - moved all sinward proneness, stamped His im-age in its place;
All the scof - fers may de - spise me, and no change a - round may see;
He has won my heart's af - fec-tions, and He meets my ev - 'ry need;
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too,
For He won me by the beau - ty and un - veil - ing of His face,
But He tells me He is com - ing, and that's quite e - nough for me,
He is not a dis - ap - pointment, for He sat - is - fies in - deed,
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too.
For He won me by the beau - ty and un - veil - ing of His face.
But He tells me He is com - ing, and that's quite e - nough for me.
He is not a dis - ap-point-ment, for He sat - is - fies in - deed.

No. 67. That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. E. E. Hewitt.


1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so - ev - er
2. When-ev - er this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on - ly Son He gave, Who-so - ev - er
will may come; In riv - ers of sal-va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Savior, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,
CHORUS.
Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - so-
Who - so - ev - er will,
ev - er!" Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav-ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,
ta - tion is free - ly sound - ing still, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

No. 68. Somebody Needs You.

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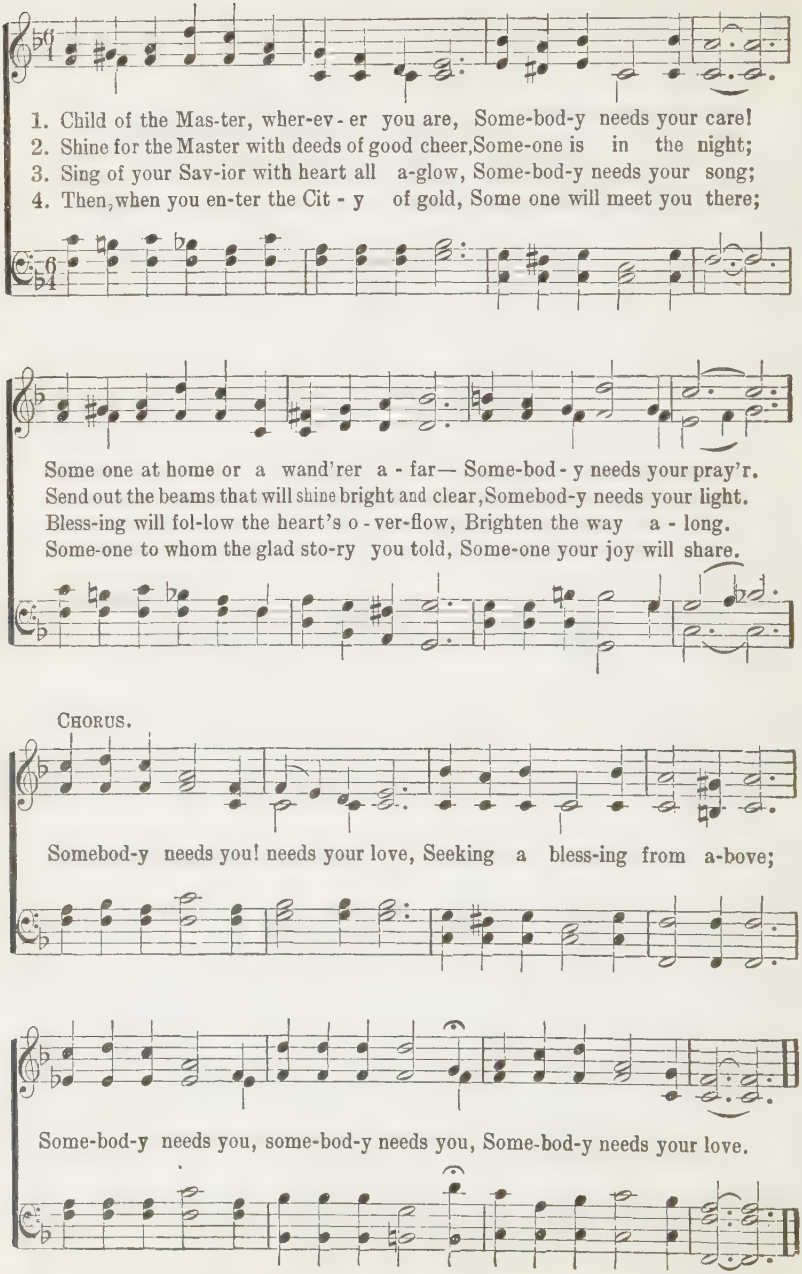
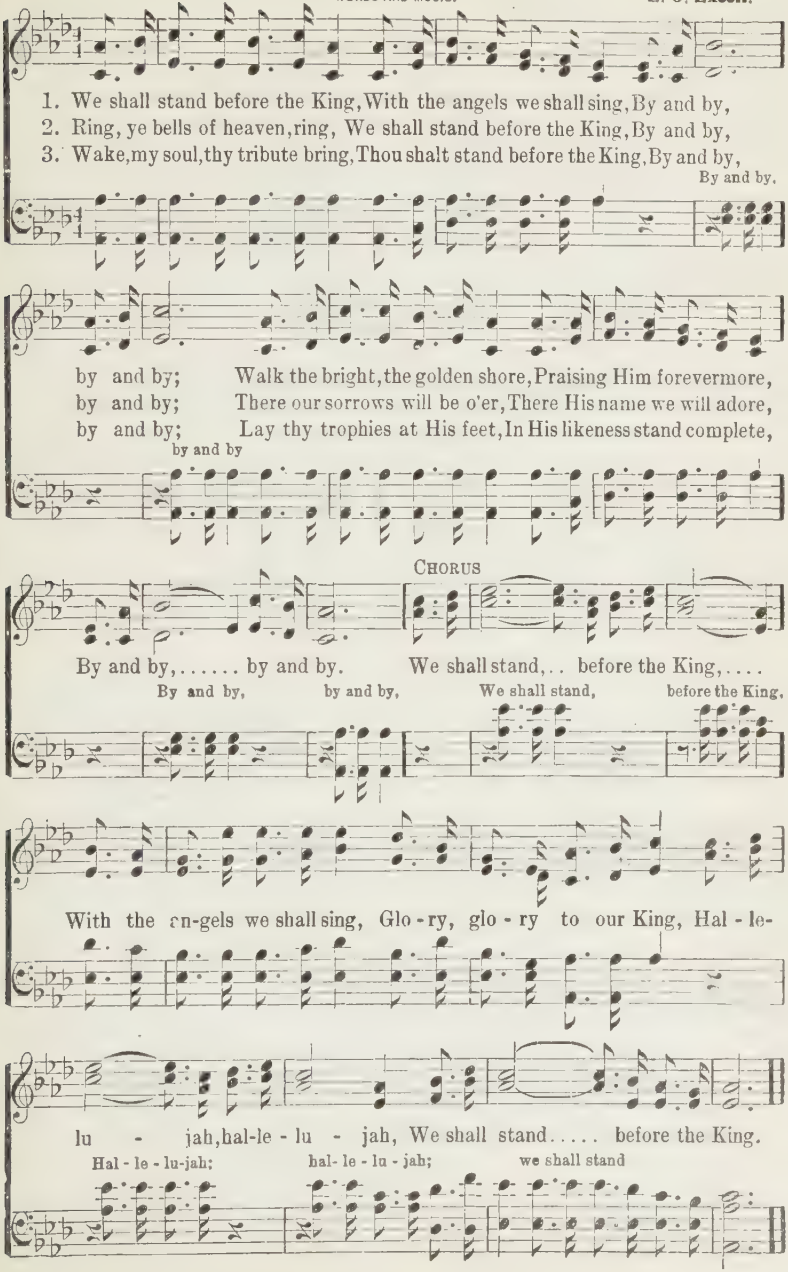
E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;
Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.
CHORUS.
Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;
Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 69. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,
By and by.
by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,
by and by
CHORUS
By and by, ... by and by. We shall stand, . . before the King, ...
By and by, by and by, We shall stand, before the King.
With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le-
lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand . . . . . before the King.
Hal - le - lu-jah; hal- le - lu - jah; we shall stand

No. 70. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

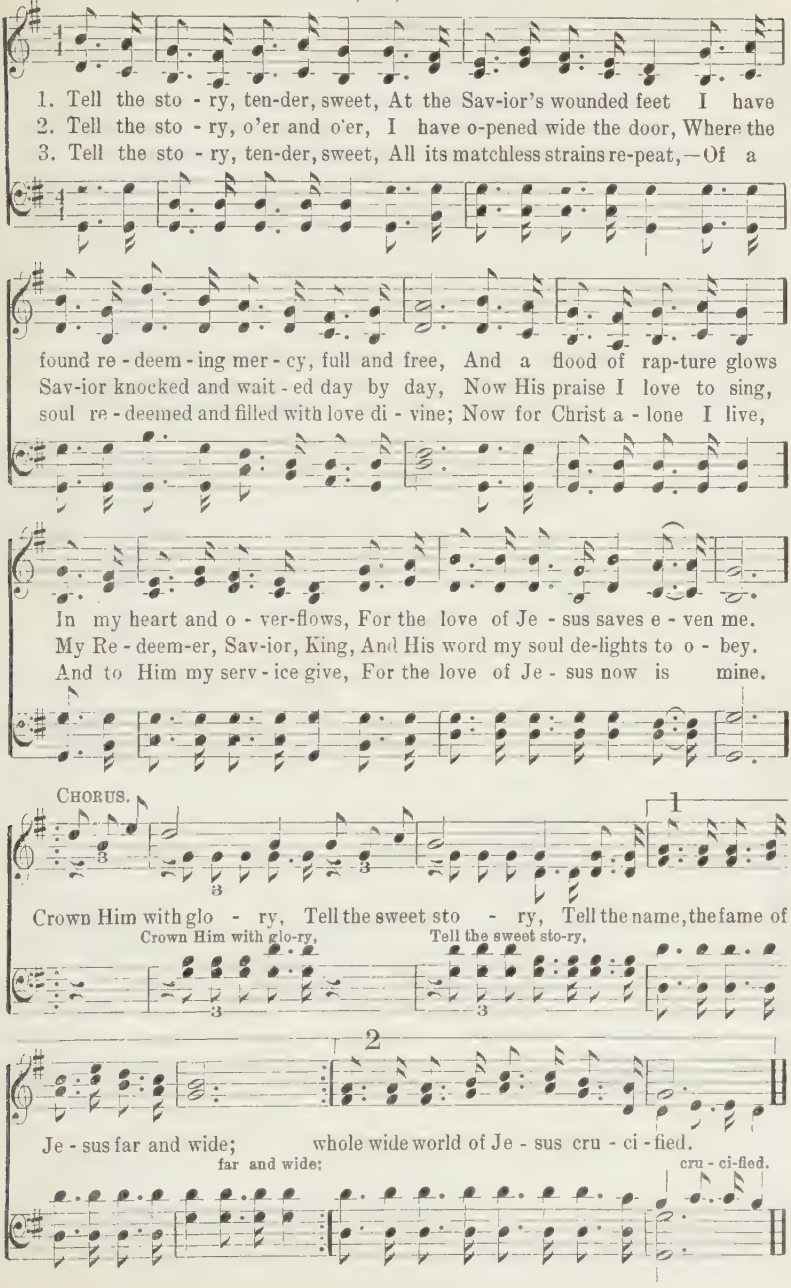
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

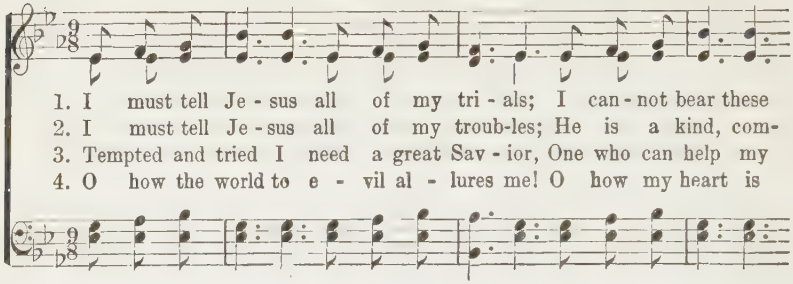
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

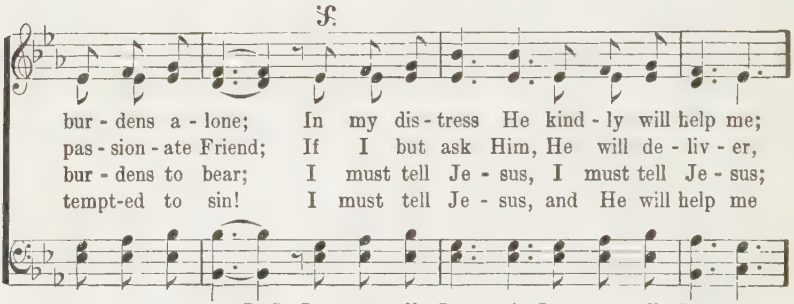
No. 71. Tell the Sweet Story.

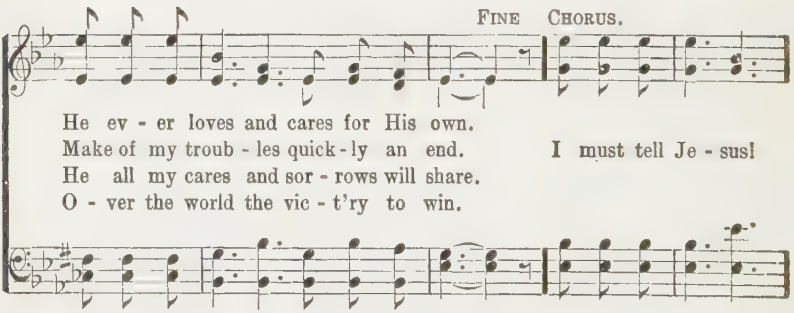
Rev. Alfred J. Hough. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. M. BLACK. J. M. Black.

1. Tell the sto - ry, ten-der, sweet, At the Sav-ior's wounded feet I have
2. Tell the sto - ry, o'er and o'er, I have o-pened wide the door, Where the
3. Tell the sto - ry, ten-der, sweet, All its matchless strains re-peat,—Of a
found re - deem - ing mer - cy, full and free, And a flood of rap-ture glows
Sav-ior knocked and wait - ed day by day, Now His praise I love to sing,
soul re - deemed and filled with love di - vine; Now for Christ a - lone I live,
In my heart and o - ver-flows, For the love of Je - sus saves e - ven me.
My Re - deem-er, Sav-ior, King, And His word my soul de-lights to o - bey.
And to Him my serv - ice give, For the love of Je - sus now is mine.
CHORUS.
1
Crown Him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto - ry, Tell the name, the fame of
Crown Him with glo-ry,
Tell the sweet sto-ry,
2
Je - sus far and wide; whole wide world of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
far and wide;
cru - ci-fied.

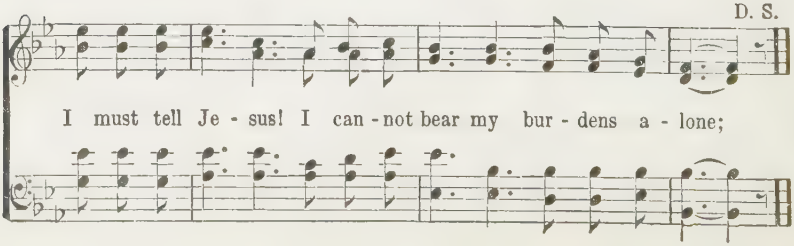
No. 72. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is


f.
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
D. S.–I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!


Fine Chorus.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



No. 73. Safe in the Ark.

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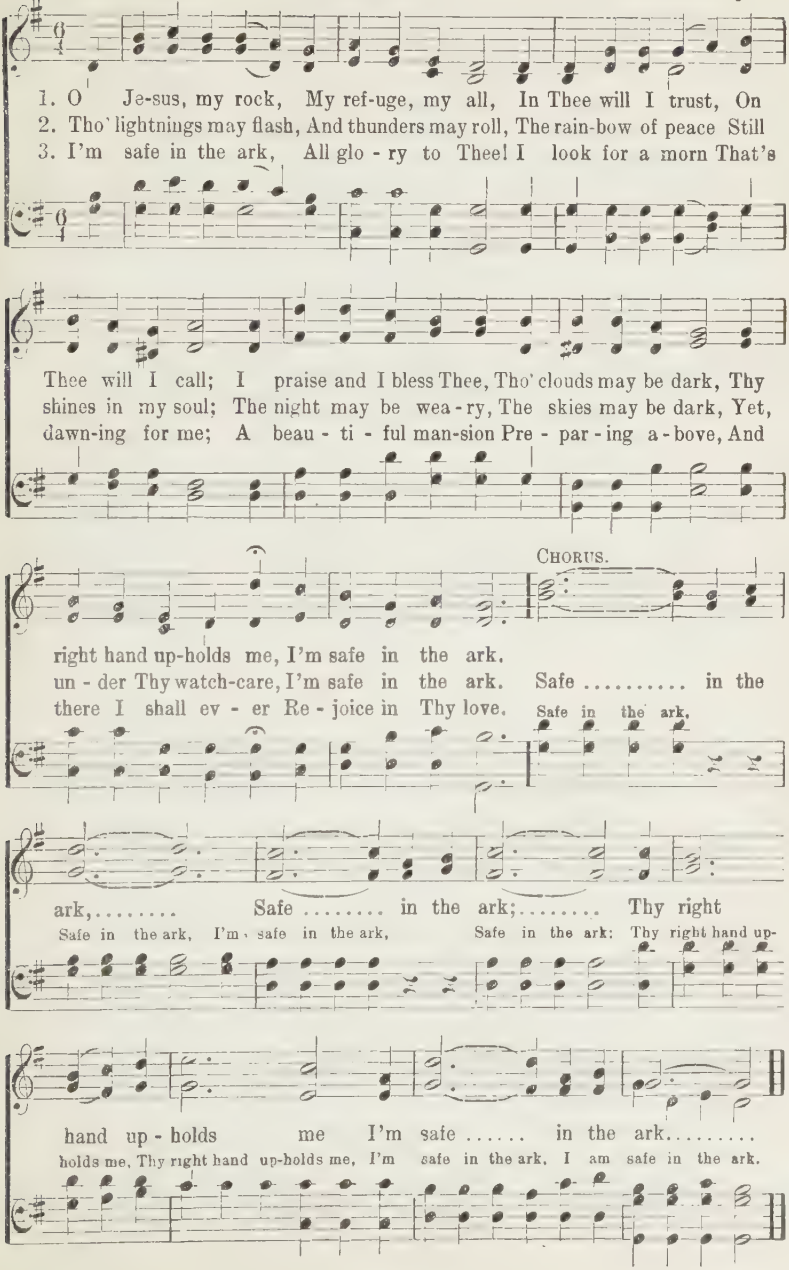
Fanny J. Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O Je-sus, my rock, My ref-uge, my all, In Thee will I trust, On
2. Tho' lightnings may flash, And thunders may roll, The rain-bow of peace Still
3. I'm safe in the ark, All glo - ry to Thee! I look for a morn That's
Thee will I call; I praise and I bless Thee, Tho' clouds may be dark, Thy
shines in my soul; The night may be wea - ry, The skies may be dark, Yet,
dawn-ing for me; A beau - ti - ful man-sion Pre - par - ing a - bove, And
CHORUS.
right hand up-holds me, I'm safe in the ark.
un - der Thy watch-care, I'm safe in the ark. Safe ..... in the
there I shall ev - er Re - joice in Thy love. Safe in the ark,
ark,..... Safe ..... in the ark;..... Thy right
Safe in the ark, I'm safe in the ark, Safe in the ark; Thy right hand up-
hand up - holds me I'm safe ..... in the ark.....
holds me, Thy right hand up-holds me, I'm safe in the ark, I am safe in the ark.

No. 74. Everybody Should Know.

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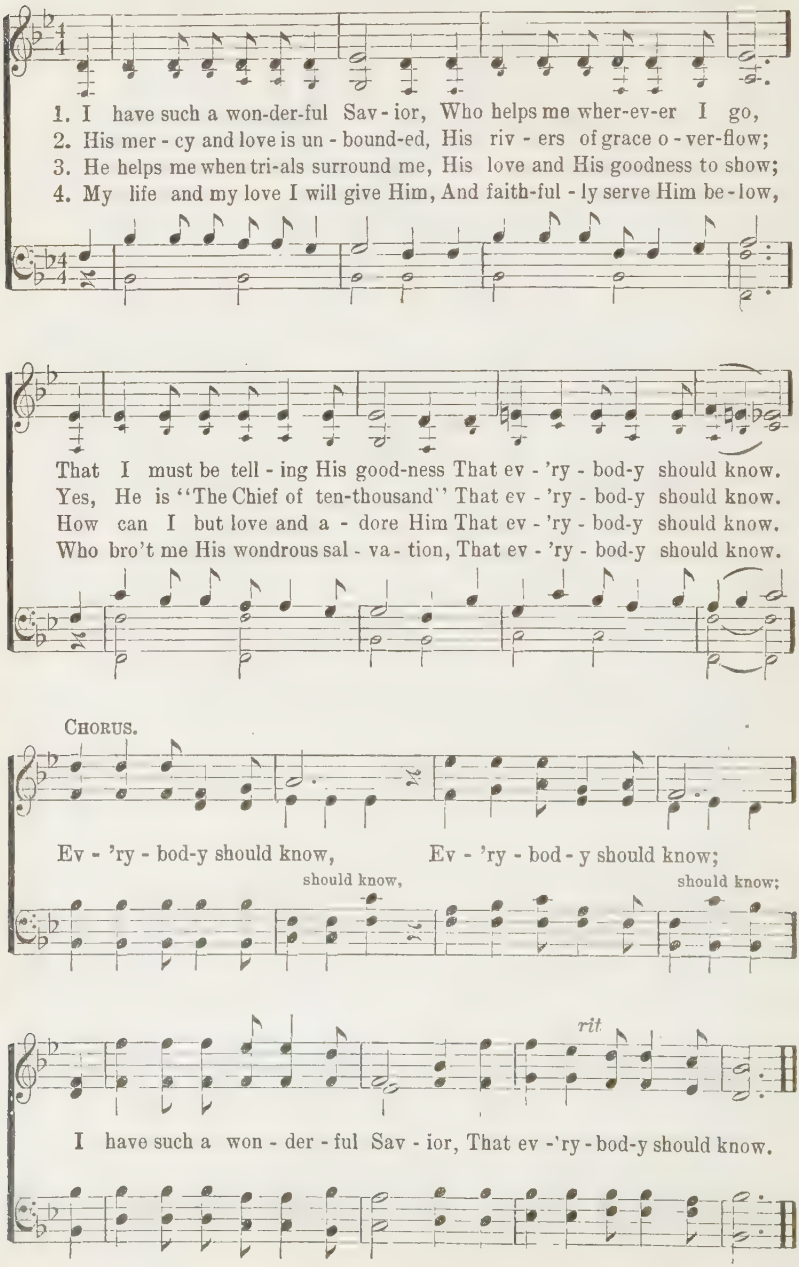
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher-ev-er I go,
2. His mer - cy and love is un - bound-ed, His riv - ers of grace o - ver-flow;
3. He helps me when tri-als surround me, His love and His goodness to show;
4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith-ful - ly serve Him be - low,
That I must be tell - ing His good-ness That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
Yes, He is "The Chief of ten-thousand" That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
How can I but love and a - dore Him That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
Who bro't me His wondrous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry - bod-y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know;
should know, should know;
rit
I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior, That ev -'ry - bod-y should know.

No. 75. Praise Him! Praise Him!

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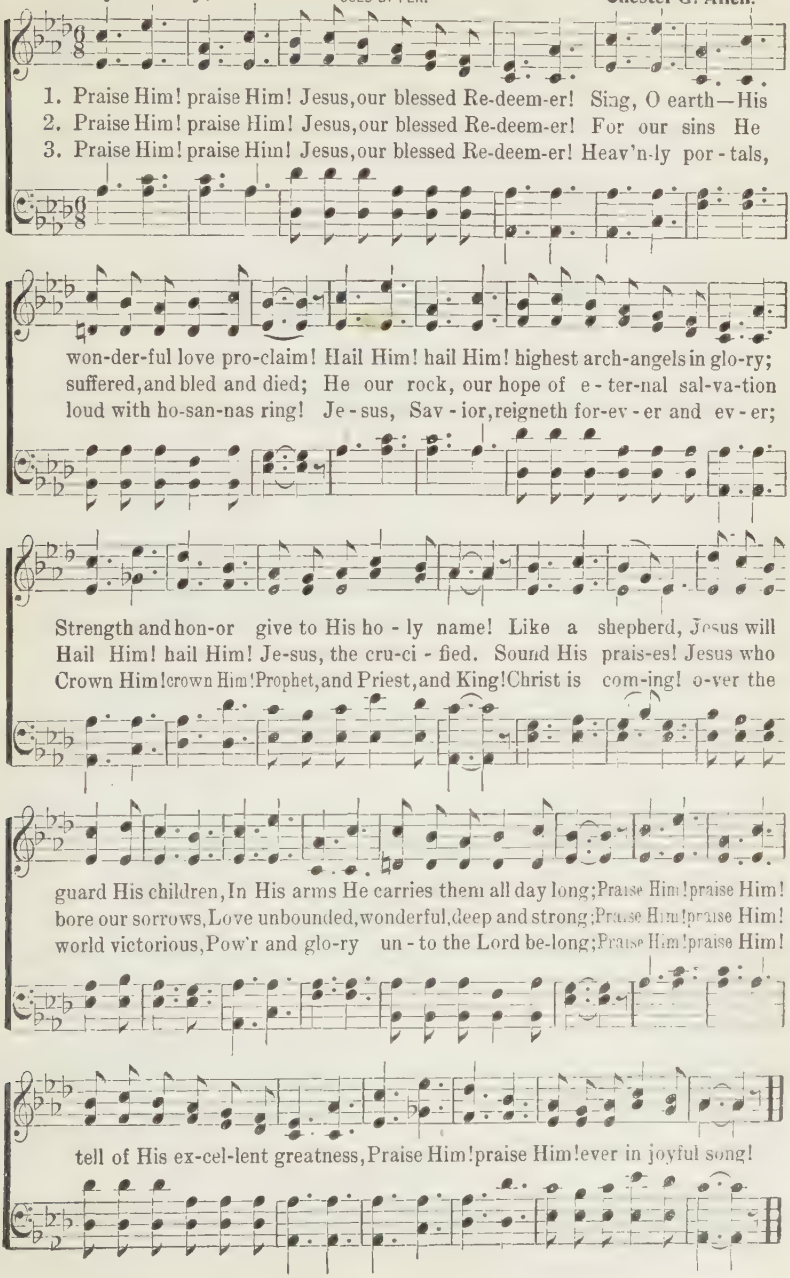
Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals,
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es! Jesus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him!
world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long; Praise Him! praise Him!
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

No. 76. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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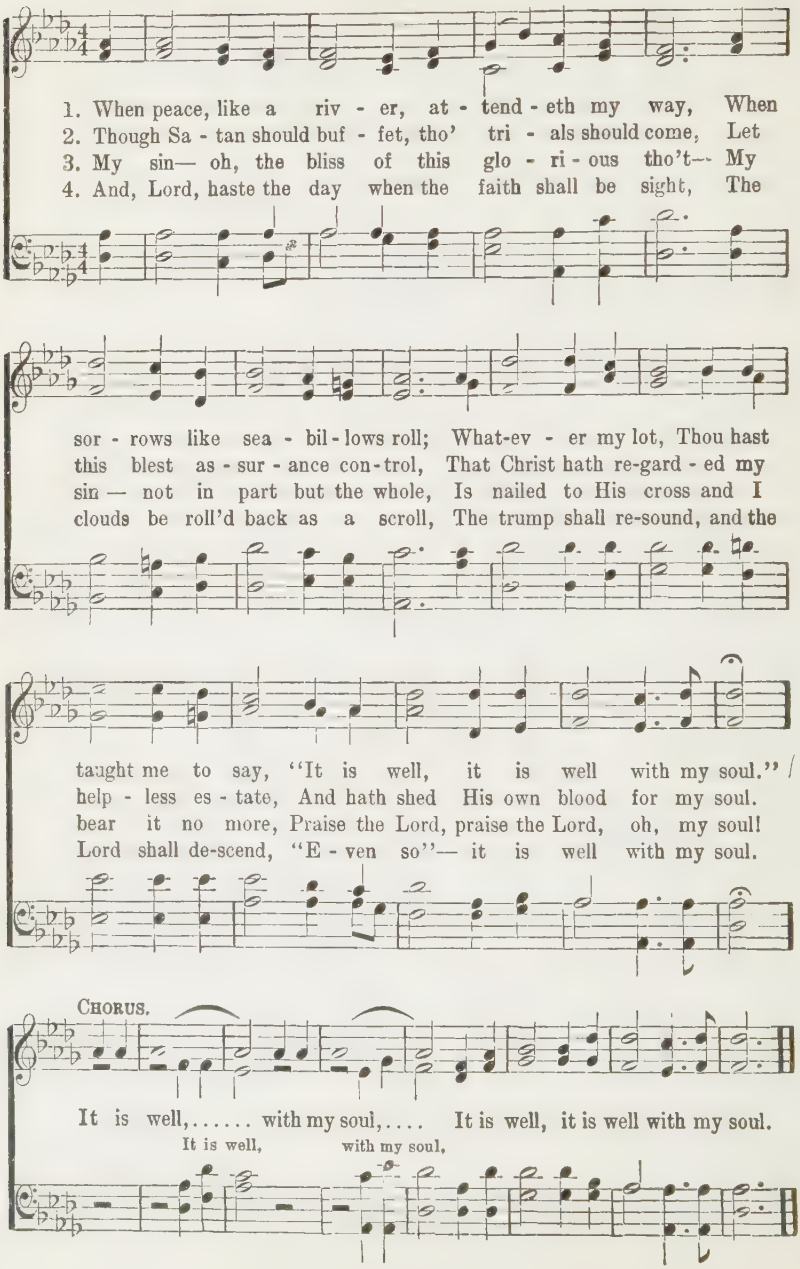
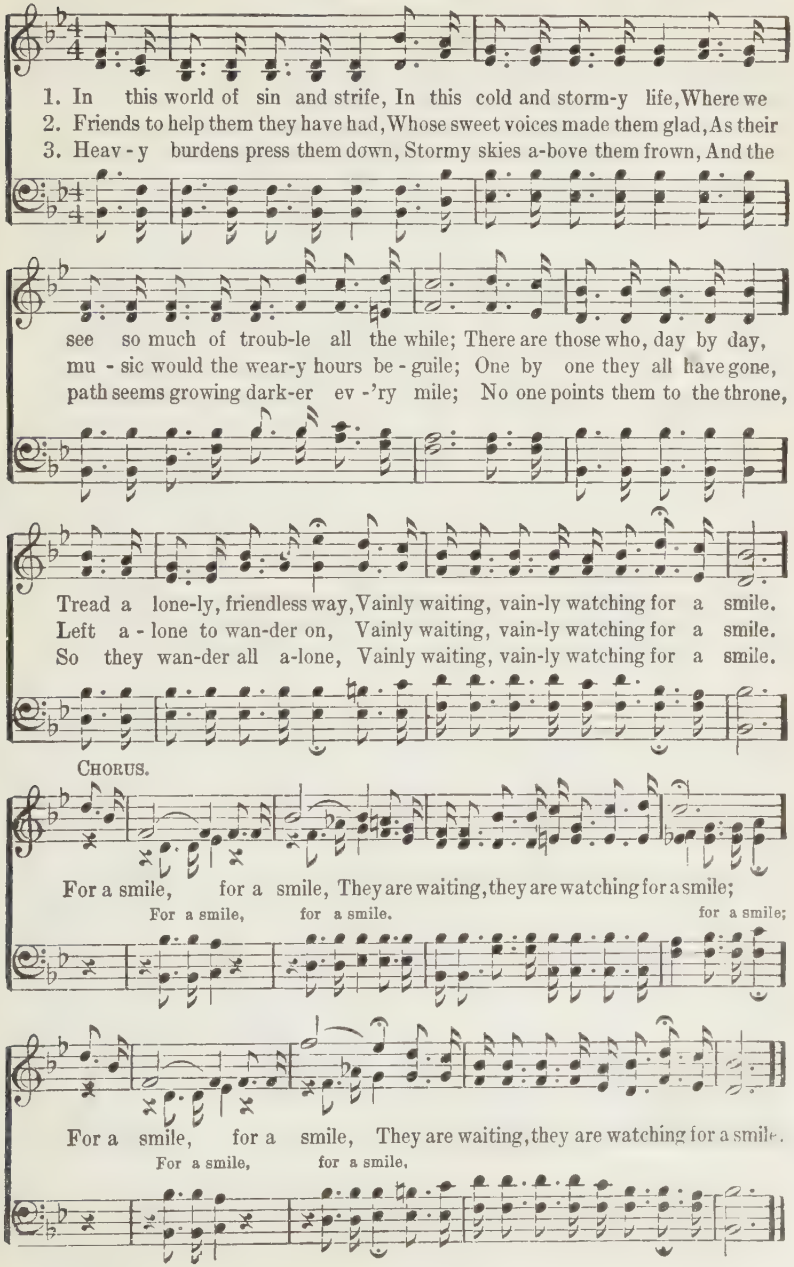
P. P. Bliss.

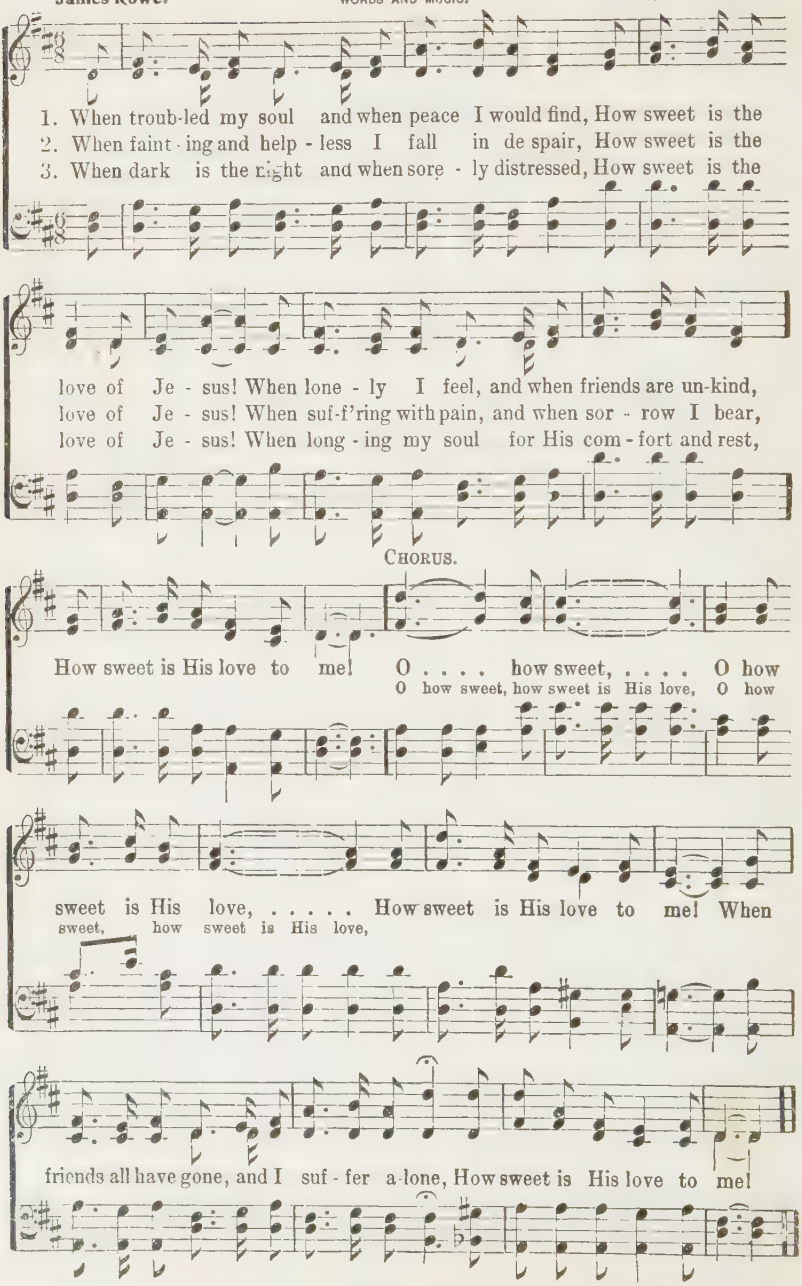

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the
taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de-scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well,..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,

No. 77. For a Smile.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC Wm. Edie Marks.

1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their
3. Heav-y burdens press them down, Stormy skies a-bove them frown, And the
see so much of troub-le all the while; There are those who, day by day,
mu-sic would the wear-y hours be-guile; One by one they all have gone,
path seems growing dark-er ev-'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,
Tread a lone-ly, friendless way, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
Left a-lone to wan-der on, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
So they wan-der all a-lone, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
CHORUS.
For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile. for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile.
For a smile, for a smile,

No. 78. How Sweet is His Love.

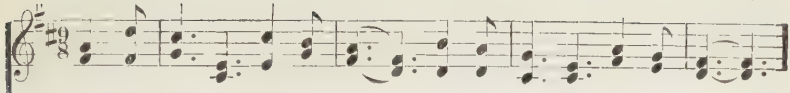
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

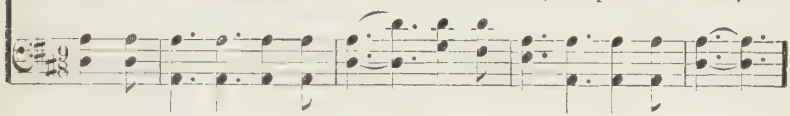
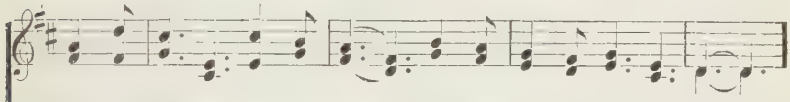

1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the
love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,
CHORUS.
How sweet is His love to me! O . . . . how sweet, ... O how
O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how
sweet is His love, ... How sweet is His love to me! When
sweet, how sweet is His love,
friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!

No. 79. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

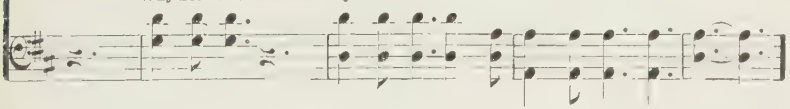
El Nathan. C. C. Case.



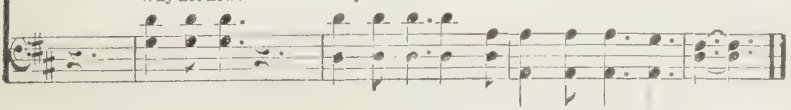
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS

Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?

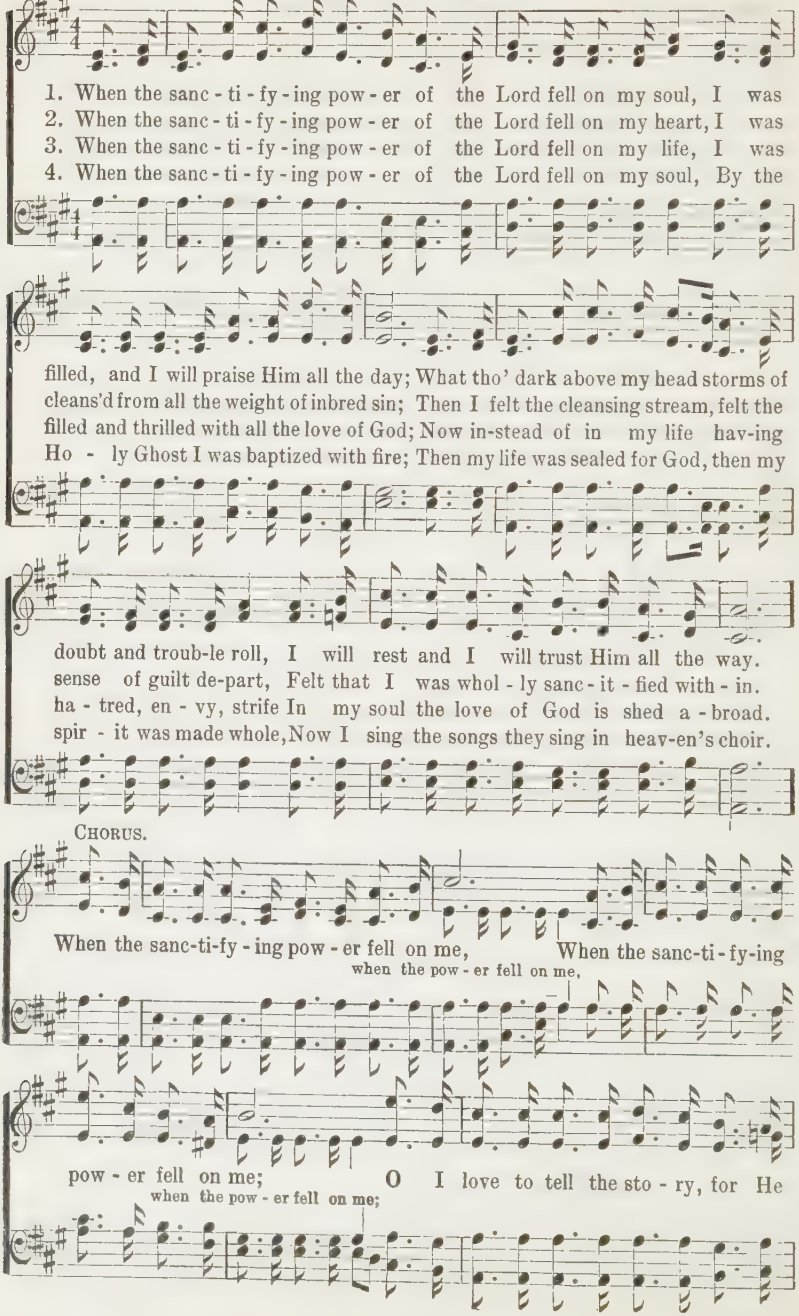
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?

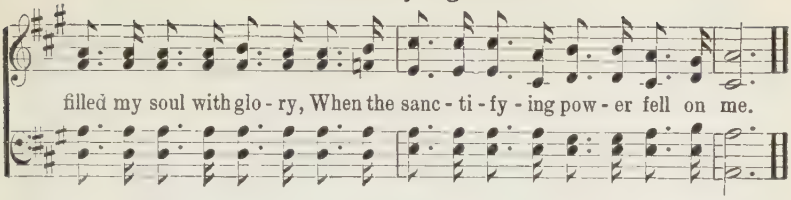


No. 80. The Sanctifying Power.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. When the sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er of the Lord fell on my soul, I was
2. When the sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er of the Lord fell on my heart, I was
3. When the sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er of the Lord fell on my life, I was
4. When the sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er of the Lord fell on my soul, By the
filled, and I will praise Him all the day; What tho' dark above my head storms of
cleans'd from all the weight of inbred sin; Then I felt the cleansing stream, felt the
filled and thrilled with all the love of God; Now in-stead of in my life hav-ing
Ho - ly Ghost I was baptized with fire; Then my life was sealed for God, then my
doubt and troub-le roll, I will rest and I will trust Him all the way.
sense of guilt de-part, Felt that I was whol - ly sanc - it - fied with - in.
ha - tred, en - vy, strife In my soul the love of God is shed a - broad.
spir - it was made whole, Now I sing the songs they sing in heav-en's choir.
CHORUS.
When the sanc-ti-fy - ing pow - er fell on me, When the sanc-ti-fy-ing
when the pow - er fell on me,
pow - er fell on me; O I love to tell the sto - ry, for He
when the pow - er fell on me;

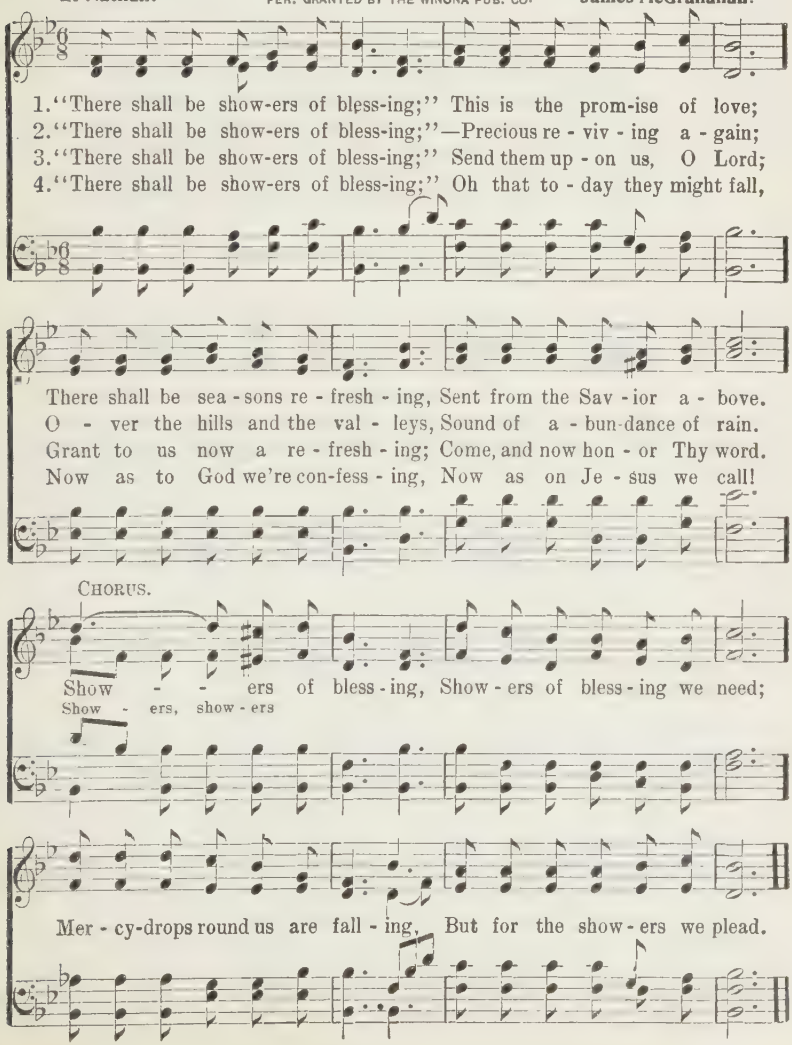
The Sanctifying Power.



No. 81. There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN
PER. GRANTED BY THE WINONA PUB. CO.

James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing; Come, and now hon - or Thy word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

No. 82. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
J. M. BLACK, OWNER. BY PER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
   When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
   When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be-yond the skies,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,
   Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

1 2

And the morn-ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair;
And the (*Omit*) roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share,
And the (*Omit*) roll is called up
Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care;
And the (*Omit*) roll is called up

D. S.—roll is called up

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll ..... is called up

When the roll is called up

yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up yon - -

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

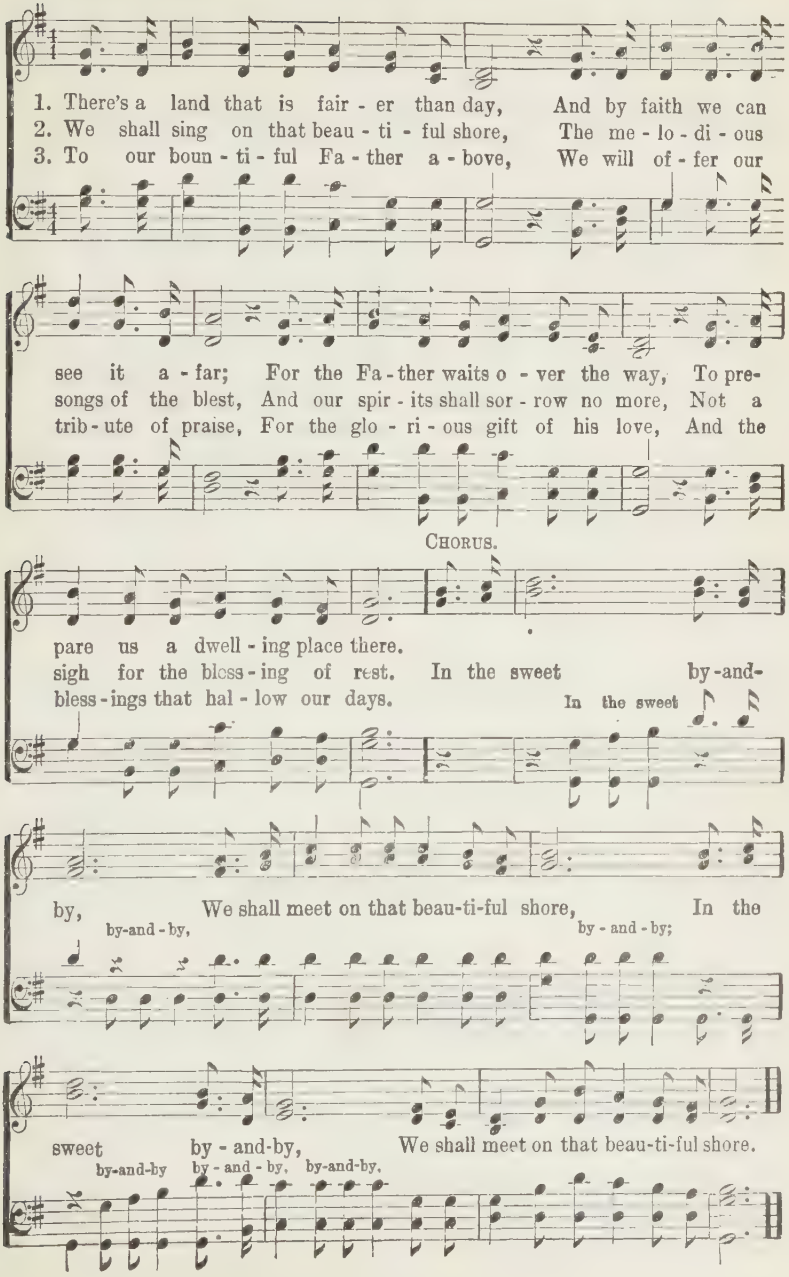
D. S.

der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the

there. When the roll

No. 83. **Sweet By-and-By.**

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

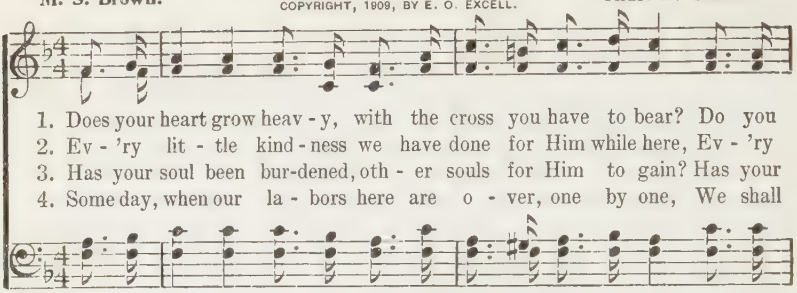

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the
CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing place there.
sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-
bless - ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the
by-and - by,
by - and - by;
sweet by - and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by-and-by
by - and - by, by-and-by.

No. 84. What You Do for Jesus.

M. S. Brown.

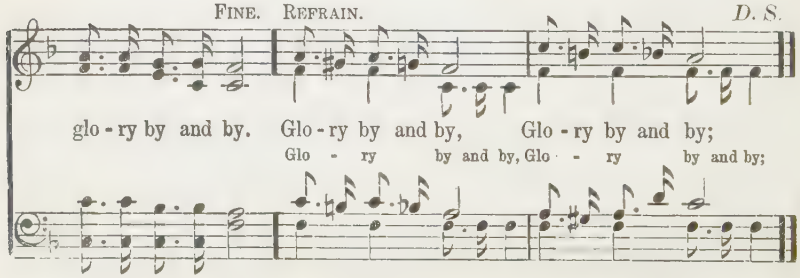
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Does your heart grow heav - y, with the cross you have to bear? Do you
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle kind - ness we have done for Him while here, Ev - 'ry
3. Has your soul been bur-dened, oth - er souls for Him to gain? Has your
4. Some day, when our la - bors here are o - ver, one by one, We shall
feel dis - cour-aged, with no an - swer to your prayer? Don't for-get that
smile of sun - shine that we've scat-tered an - y - where, Will be joy in
heart been ach - ing? Does your la - bor seem in vain? No! the Mas - ter
live for - ev - er for the deeds that we have done; Pain we've felt will
Some-one will re - ward you if you try—What you do for Je - sus will be
heav - en, there a - wait - ing you and I— What you do for Je - sus will be
sent you, and He heard your ear - nest cry—What you do for Je - sus will be
van - ish when we see the cit - y nigh—What you do for Je - sus will be

D. S.—*What you do for Je - sus will be*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*



glo - ry by and by.

No. 85. The Savior's Invitation.

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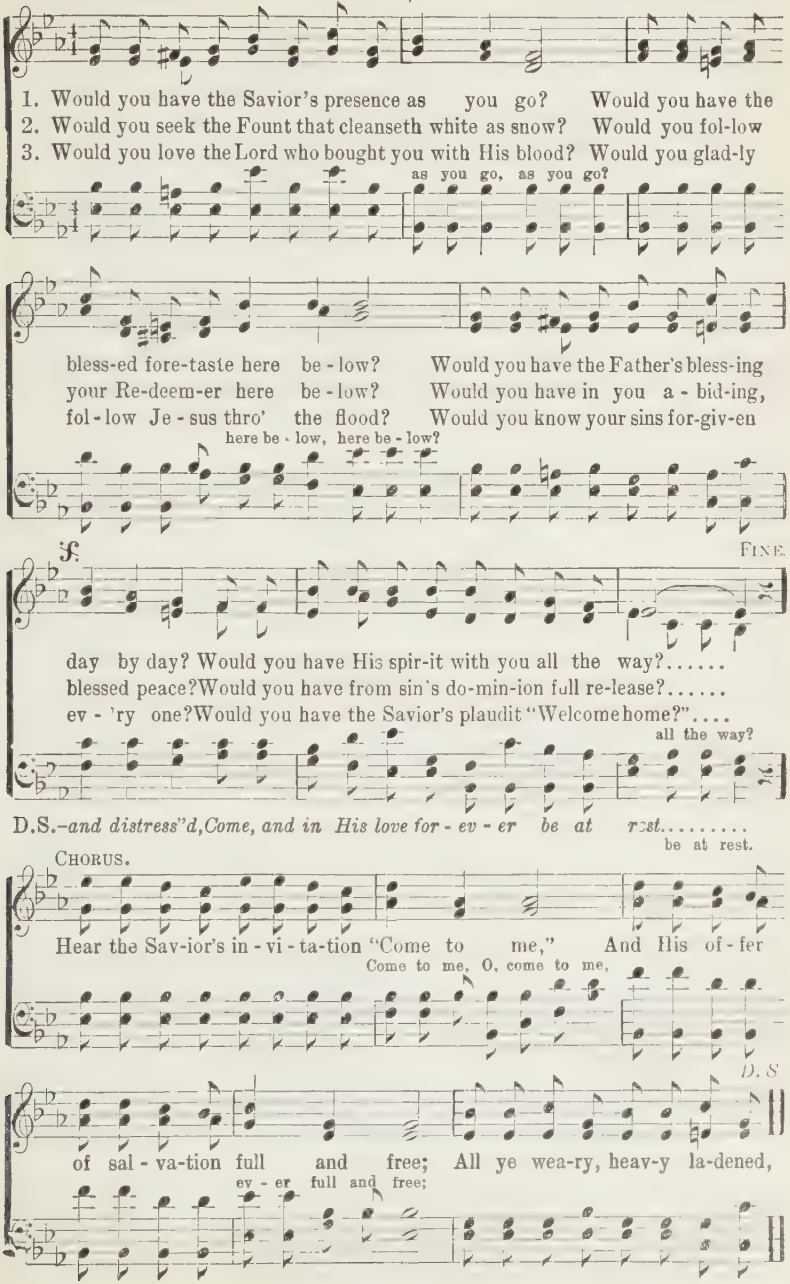
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly
as you go, as you go?
bless-ed fore-taste here be - low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be - low? Would you have in you a - bid-ing,
fol - low Je - sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en
here be - low, here be - low?
f
FINE.
day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev - 'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....
all the way?
D.S.-and distress'd, Come, and in His love for - ev - er be at rest.....
be at rest.
CHORUS.
Hear the Sav-ior's in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," And His of - fer
Come to me, O, come to me,
D.S.
of sal - va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,
ev - er full and free;

No. 86. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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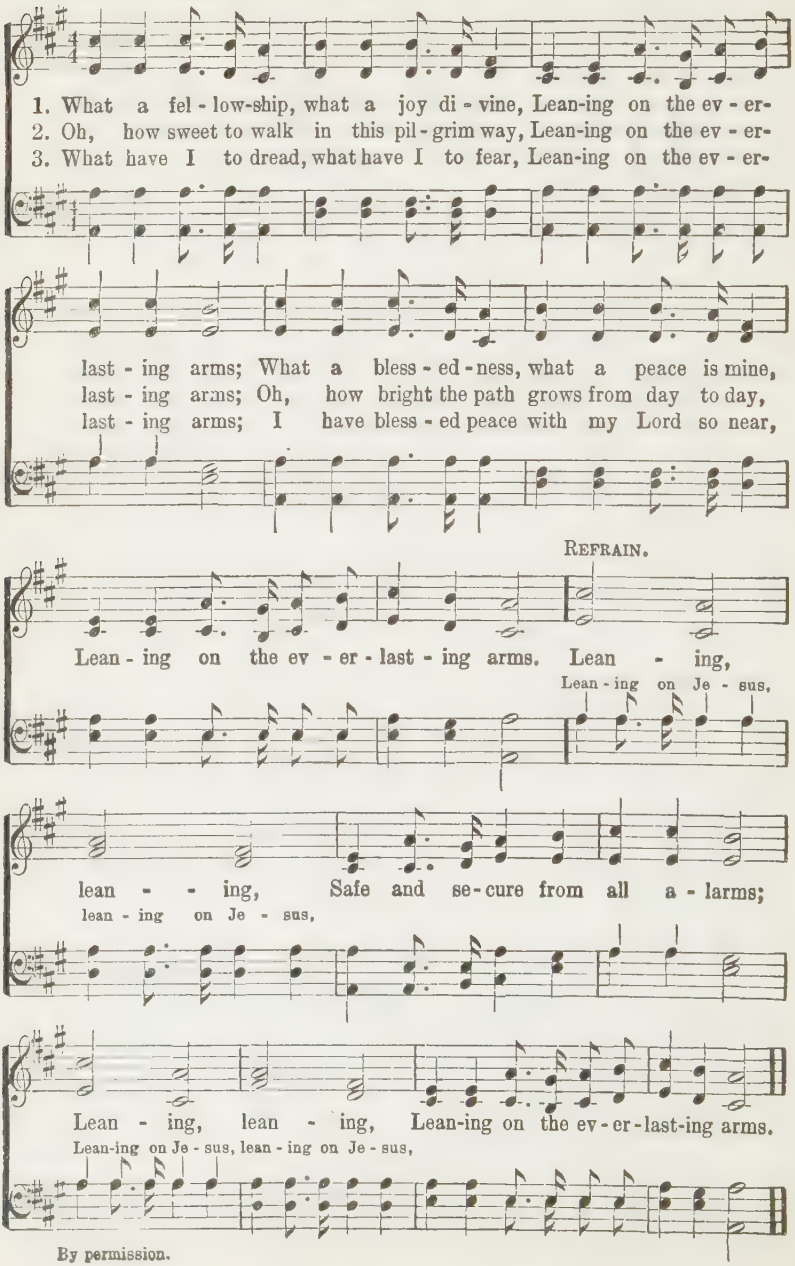
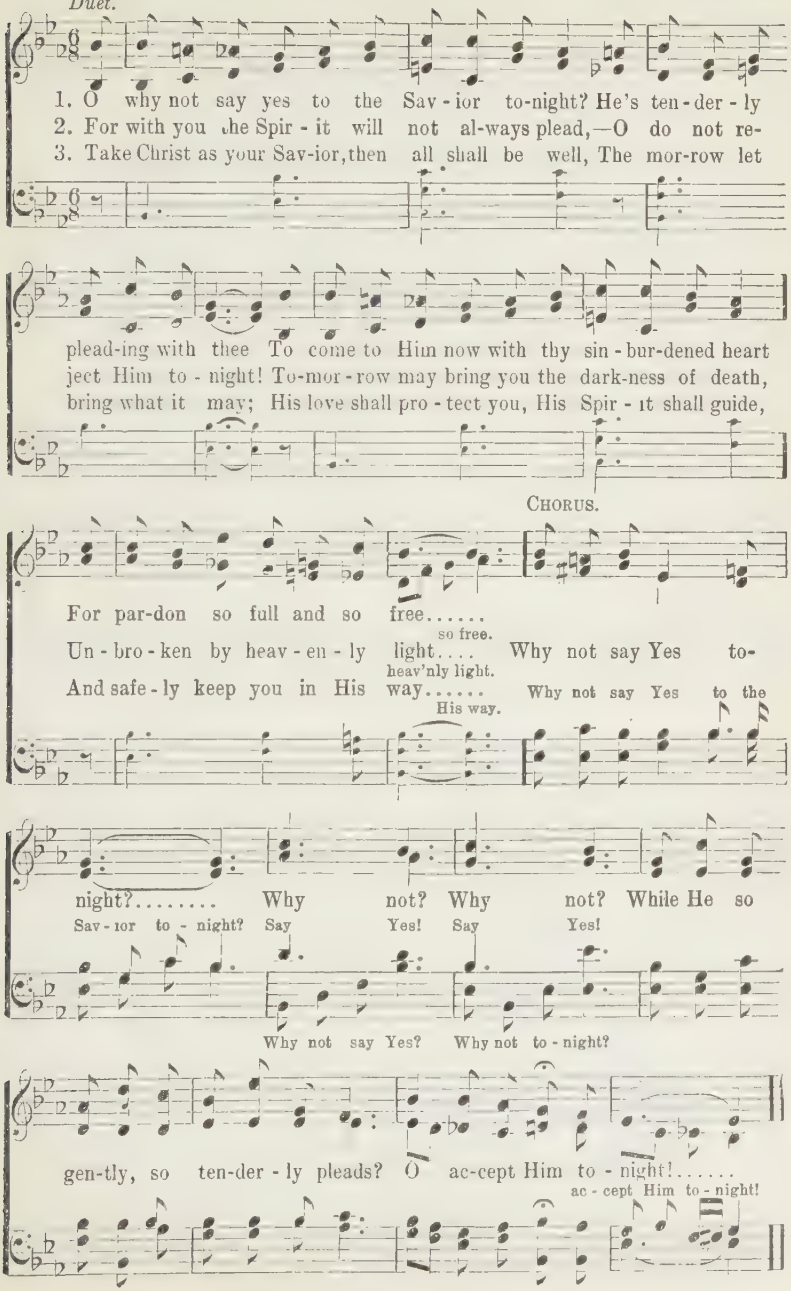
USED BY PER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

No. 87. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. USED BY PER., WINONA PUB. CO. Louis D. Eichhorn.

Duet.

1. O why not say yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead,—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let
plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To-mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,
CHORUS.
For par-don so full and so free.....
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light....
so free.
heav'nly light.
Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way.....
His way.
Why not say Yes to the
night?..... Why not? Why not? While He so
Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?
gen-tly, so ten-der - ly pleads? O ac-cept Him to - night!.....
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 88. I'm Pressing On.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Re-joic - ing on my way to the home a - bove, I'm press-ing,.....
2. Re-ject - ing ev - 'ry-thing that would bid me stay, I'm press-ing,.....
3. Up tow'rd that blessed land where the an-gels sing, I'm press-ing,.....
4. Up where my Sav-ior's face I shall then be - hold, I'm press-ing,.....
5. The King re-quir-eth haste so a - long life's way, I'm press-ing,.....

I am press-ing on.

I'm press-ing..... An - tic - i - pat - ing joys in that land of love,
I'm press-ing..... De-pend - ing on God's help ev-'ry hour and day,
I'm press-ing..... As hap - py ev - 'ry day as a bird on wing,
I'm press-ing.....While faith e'er points the way to those streets of gold,
I'm press-ing..... As - sured of find-ing rest at the close of day,

I am press-ing on;

CHORUS.

I'm press-ing tow'rd the Glo-ry Land. I'm press-ing,..... I'm

I am press-ing on,

press-ing,.....Tow'rd the cit-y grand, led by Jesus' hand; I'm pressing....

I am press-ing on. I am pressing on,

I am press-ing,..... I am press-ing tow'rd the Glo - ry Land,

I am press-ing on,

No. 89. Just When I Need Him Most?

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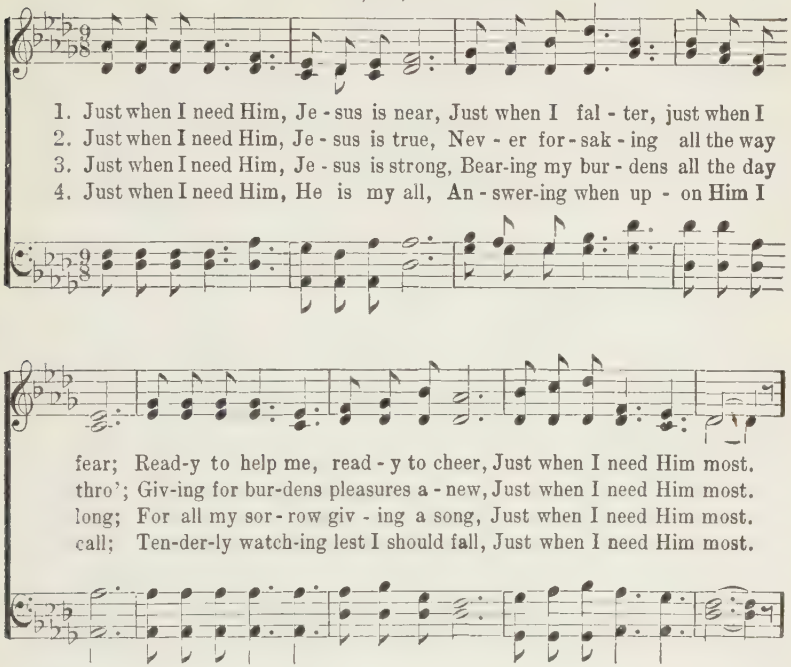
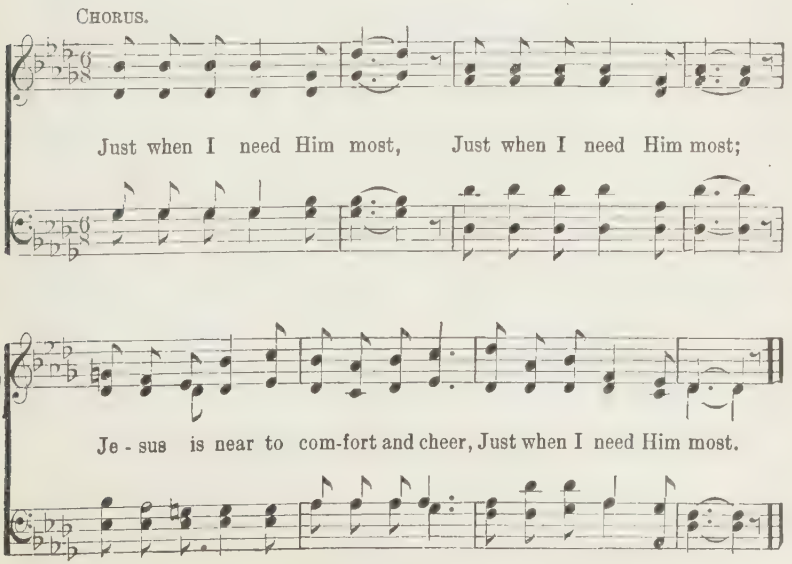
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing all the way
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear-ing my bur - dens all the day
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up - on Him I
fear; Read-y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
thro'; Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



No. 90. Harvest Song!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the

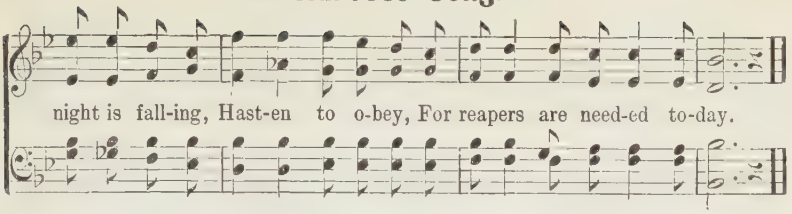
sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are
wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are

CHORUS.

need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
need-ed, A - wake, and to the field!

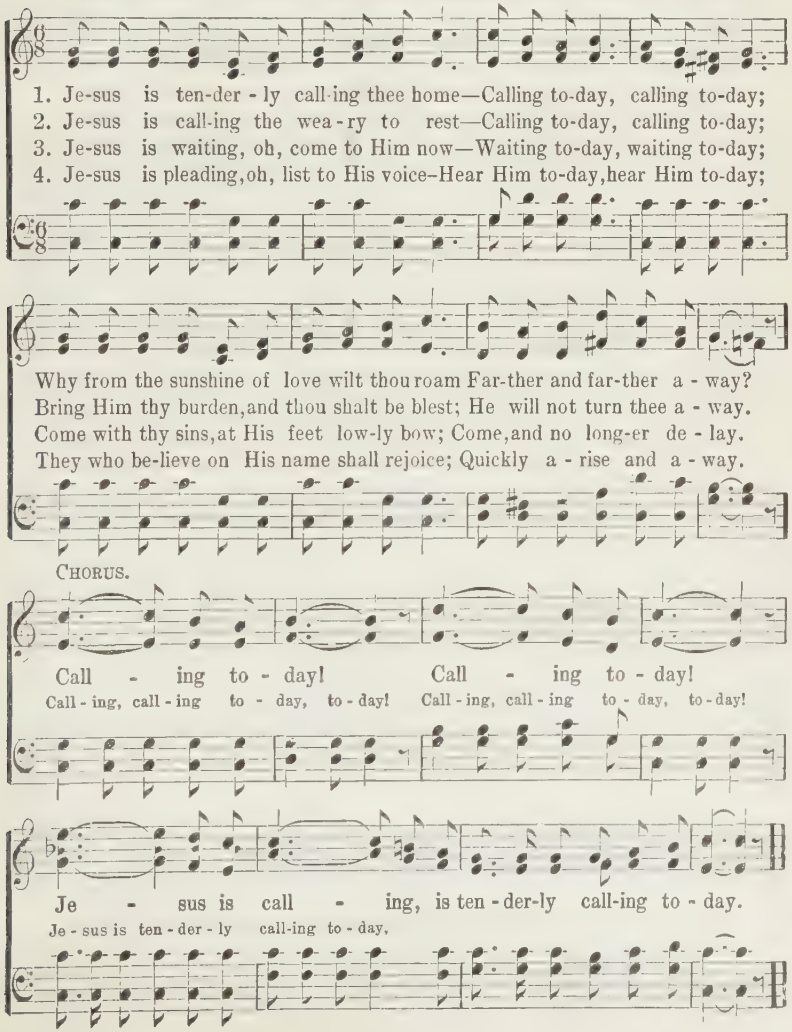
way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,

Harvest Song.

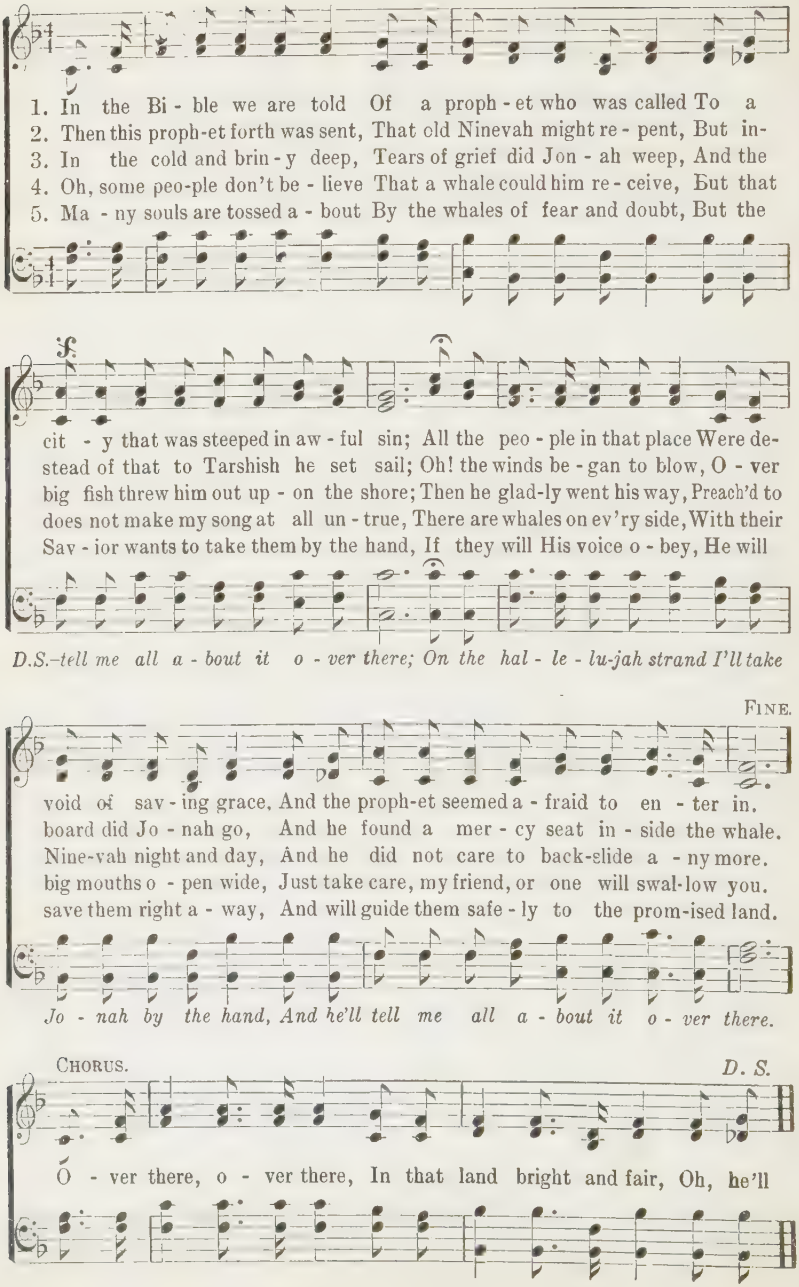


No. 91. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

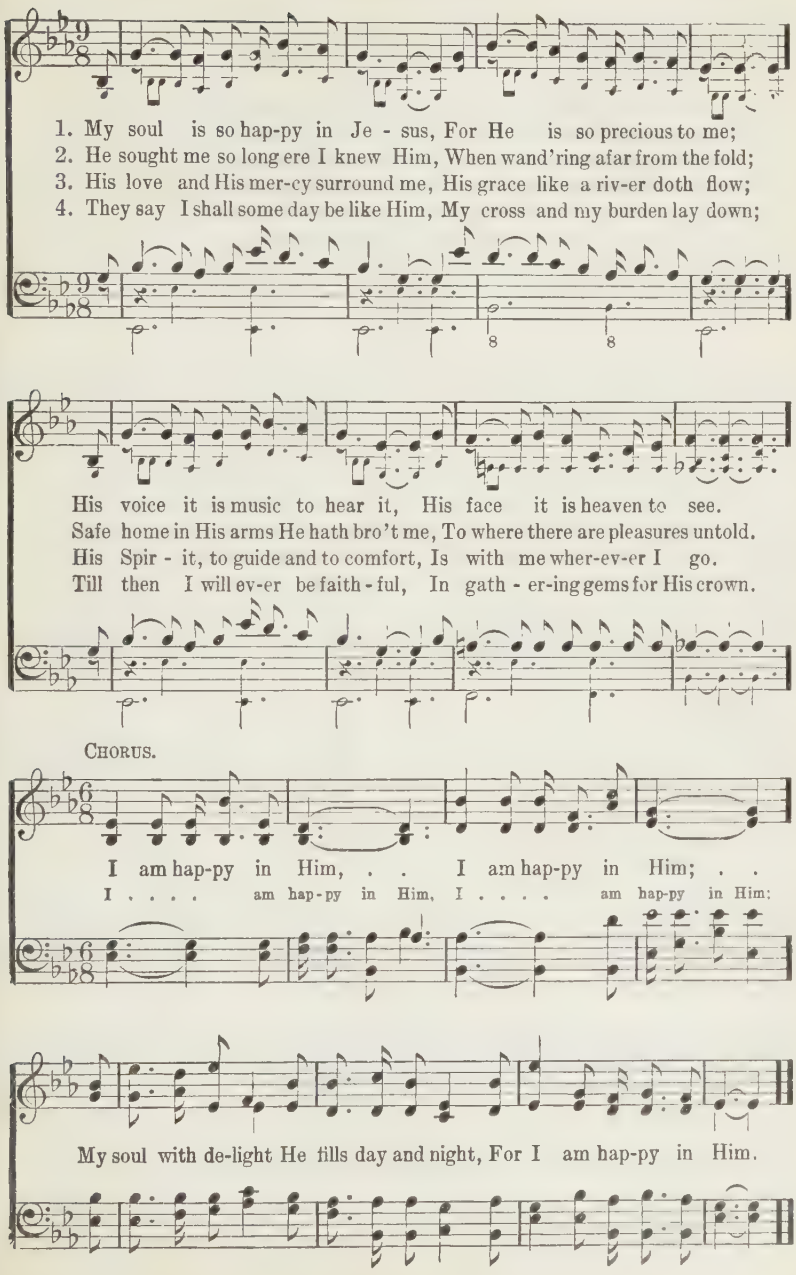
No. 92. Jonah and the Whale.

W. E. S. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY A. F. INGLER. BY PER. Arr. A. F. I.

1. In the Bi - ble we are told Of a proph - et who was called To a
2. Then this proph-et forth was sent, That old Ninevah might re - pent, But in-
3. In the cold and brin - y deep, Tears of grief did Jon - ah weep, And the
4. Oh, some peo-ple don't be - lieve That a whale could him re - ceive, But that
5. Ma - ny souls are tossed a - bout By the whales of fear and doubt, But the
f
cit - y that was steeped in aw - ful sin; All the peo - ple in that place Were de-
stead of that to Tarshish he set sail; Oh! the winds be - gan to blow, O - ver
big fish threw him out up - on the shore; Then he glad-ly went his way, Preach'd to
does not make my song at all un - true, There are whales on ev'ry side, With their
Sav - ior wants to take them by the hand, If they will His voice o - bey, He will
D.S.–tell me all a - bout it o - ver there; On the hal - le - lu-jah strand I'll take
FINE.
void of sav - ing grace, And the proph-et seemed a - fraid to en - ter in.
board did Jo - nah go, And he found a mer - cy seat in - side the whale.
Nine-vah night and day, And he did not care to back-slide a - ny more.
big mouths o - pen wide, Just take care, my friend, or one will swal-low you.
save them right a - way, And will guide them safe - ly to the prom-ised land.
Jo - nah by the hand, And he'll tell me all a - bout it o - ver there.
CHORUS. D. S.
O - ver there, o - ver there, In that land bright and fair, Oh, he'll

No. 93. I Am Happy in Him.

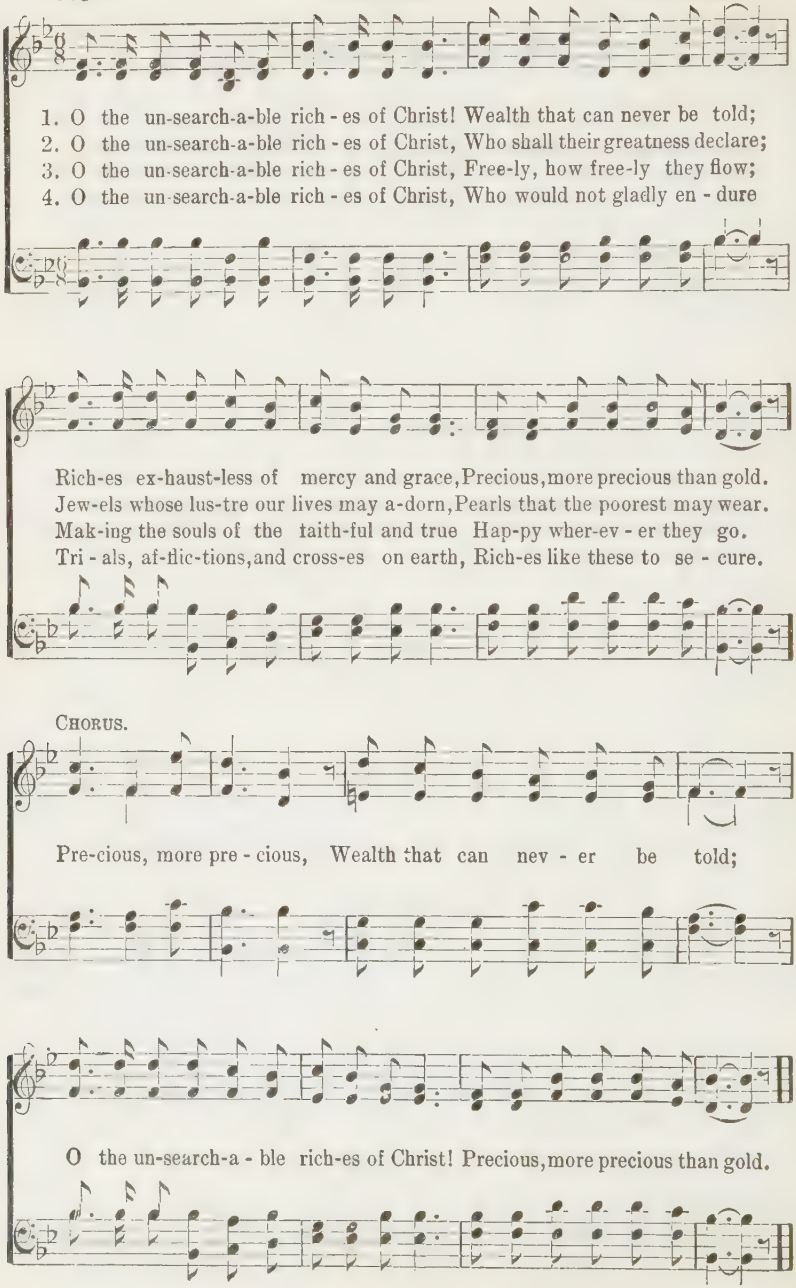
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.
CHORUS.
I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 94. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. USED BY PER. J. R. Sweney.


1. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who would not gladly en - dure
Rich-es ex-haust-less of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jew-els whose lus-tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure.
Chorus.
Pre-cious, more pre - cious, Wealth that can nev - er be told;
O the un-search-a - ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

No. 95. Be A Voice.

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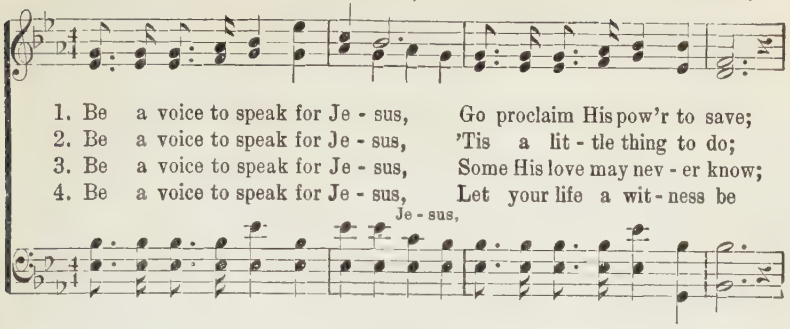
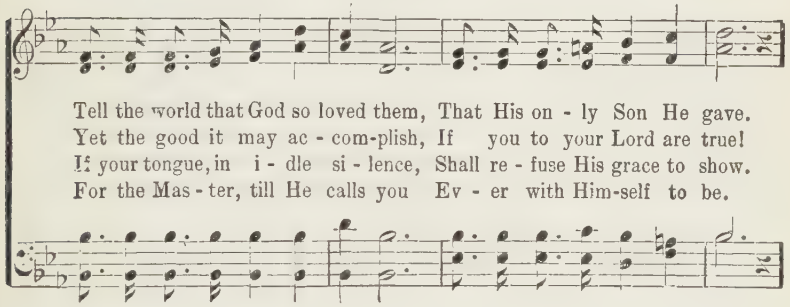
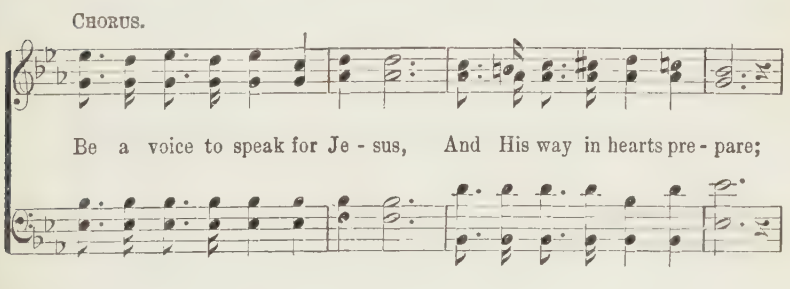
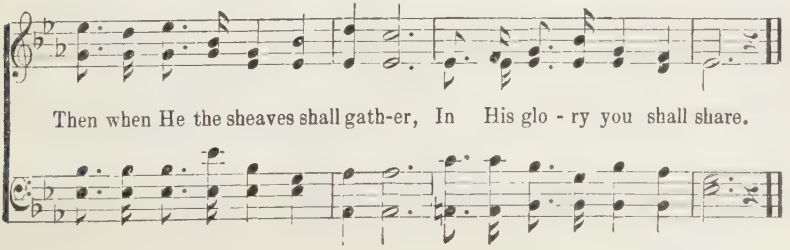
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Miriam E. Arnold. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be a voice to speak for Je - sus, Go proclaim His pow'r to save;
2. Be a voice to speak for Je - sus, 'Tis a lit - tle thing to do;
3. Be a voice to speak for Je - sus, Some His love may nev - er know;
4. Be a voice to speak for Je - sus, Let your life a wit - ness be
Je - sus,


Tell the world that God so loved them, That His on - ly Son He gave.
Yet the good it may ac - com-plish, If you to your Lord are true!
If your tongue, in i - dle si - lence, Shall re - fuse His grace to show.
For the Mas - ter, till He calls you Ev - er with Him-self to be.

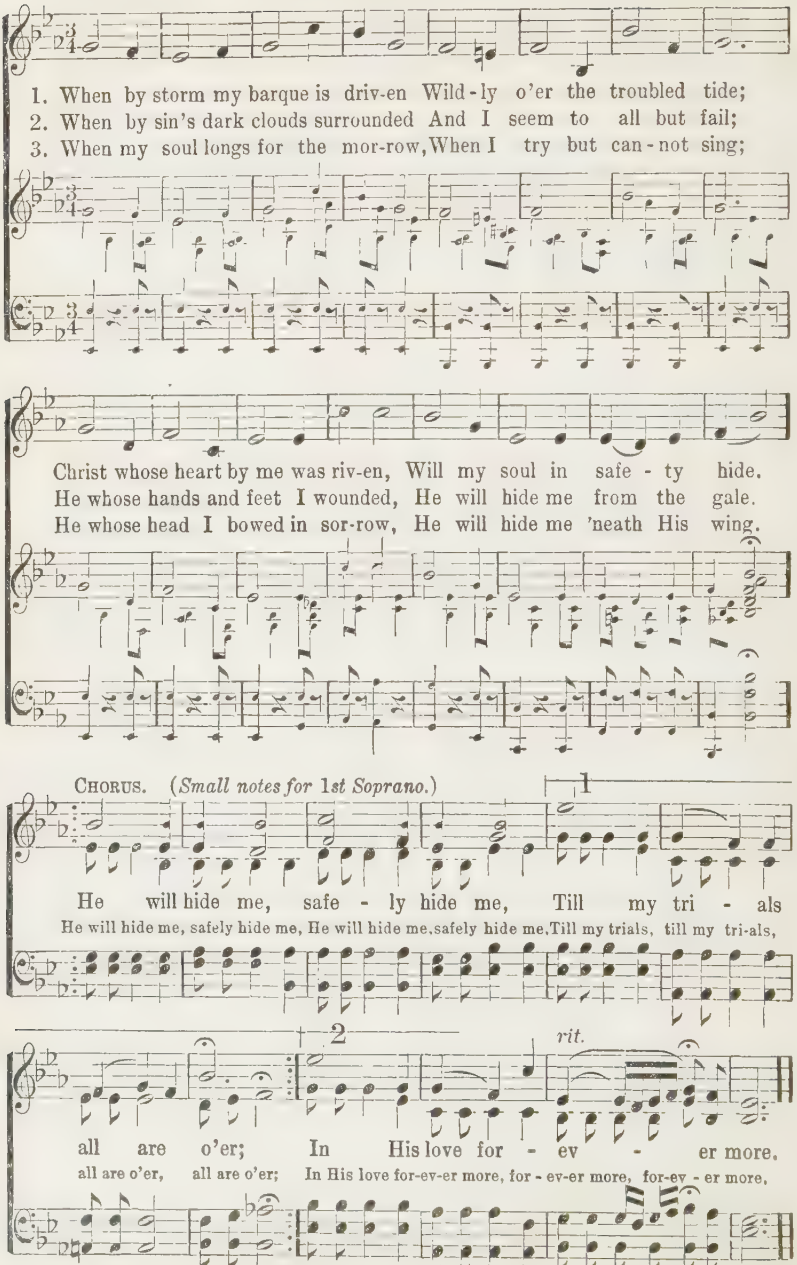




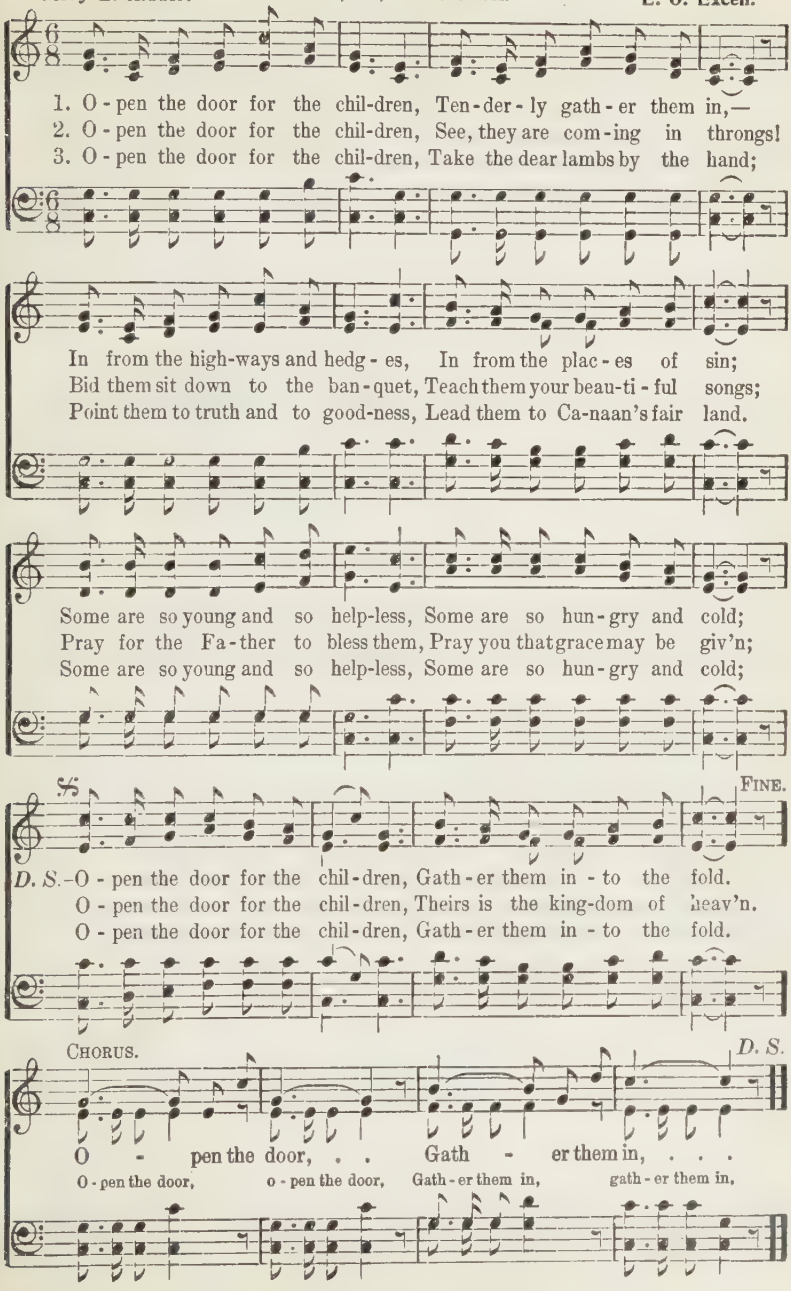
No, 96.

He Will Hide Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe, WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When by storm my barque is driv-en Wild-ly o'er the troubled tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try but can-not sing;
Christ whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in safe-ty hide.
He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me from the gale.
He whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.
CHORUS. (Small notes for 1st Soprano.)
1
He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, Till my tri-als
He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me, Till my trials, till my tri-als,
2
rit.
all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more.
all are o'er, all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more,

No. 97. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;
In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
D. S. FINE.
D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
CHORUS. D. S.
O - pen the door, . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,

No. 98. Drifting Away From God.

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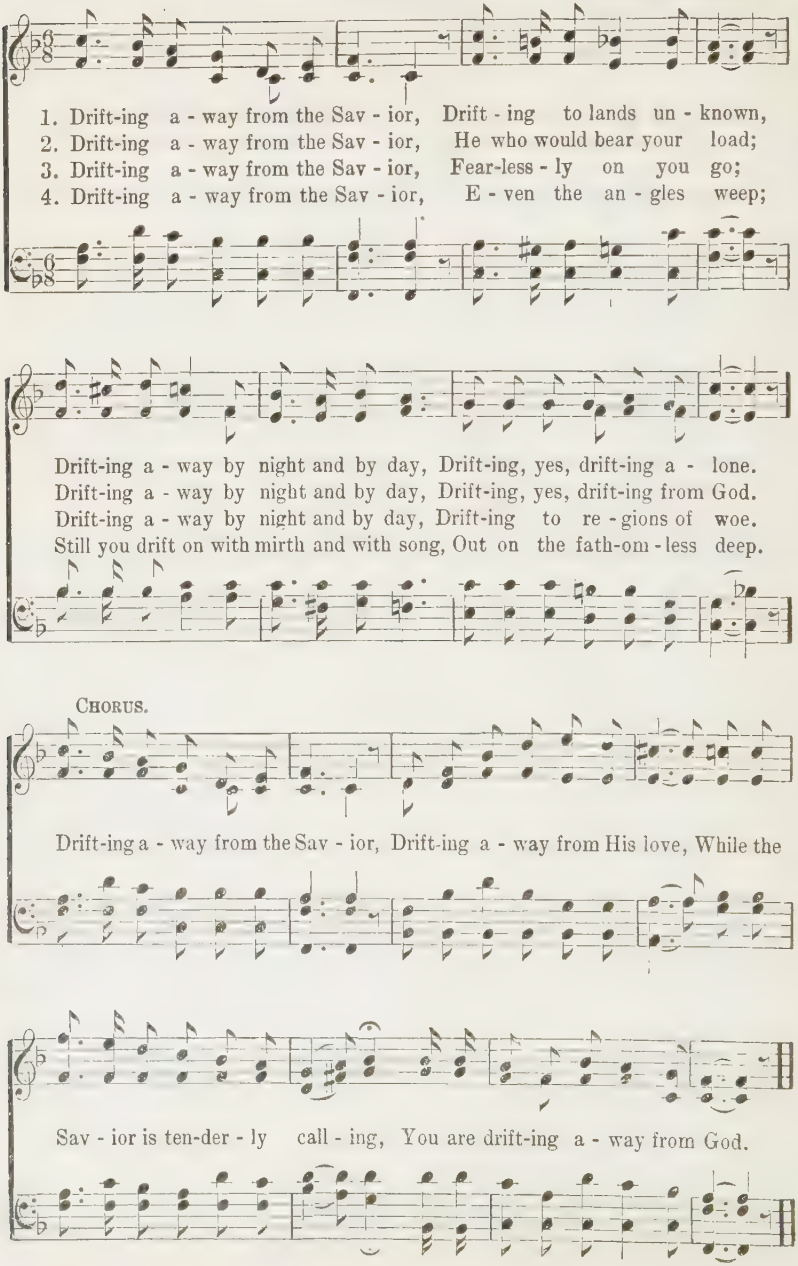
F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.


1. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear-less - ly on you go;
4. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gles weep;
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing a - lone.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing from God.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath-om - less deep.
CHORUS.
Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift-ing a - way from His love, While the
Sav - ior is ten-der - ly call - ing, You are drift-ing a - way from God.

No. 99. I Shall Go to Be With Jesus.

C. H. G.

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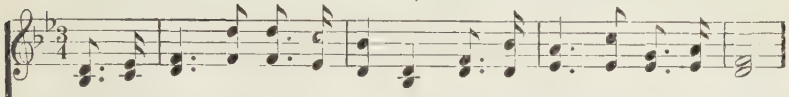
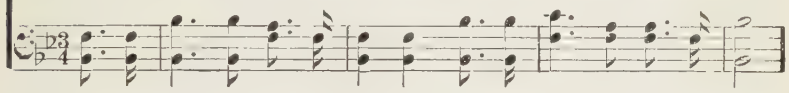
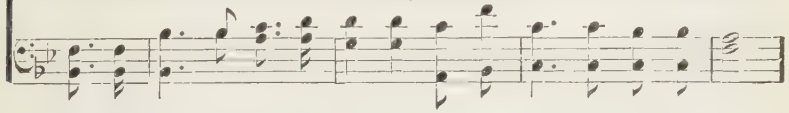
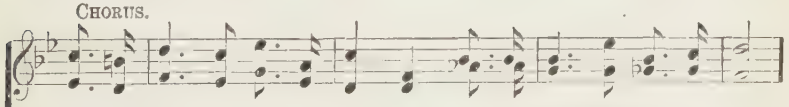
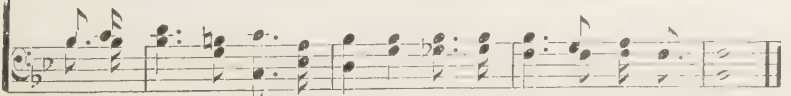
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When this bus - y life is end - ed, And my work on earth is done;
2. When the sun goes down for - ev - er, And the moon her way for - sakes,
3. Loved ones who have grown a - wea - ry, And have left me by the way,
4. O Thou ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Love me, guide me, keep me still,

When I lay a - side my bur - den, At the set - ting of the sun:
With the dawn of judg-ment morn-ing, When my dust from sleep a-wakes:
I shall meet a - gain, and with them, At the break - ing of the day:
That when Thou shalt have com-plete-ly Wrought in me Thy per - fect will:

CHORUS.

I shall go to be with Je - sus, I shall see His bless - ed face;

I shall sing His praise in glo - ry, Saved by His re - deem-ing grace.

No. 100. Cloud or Sunshine.

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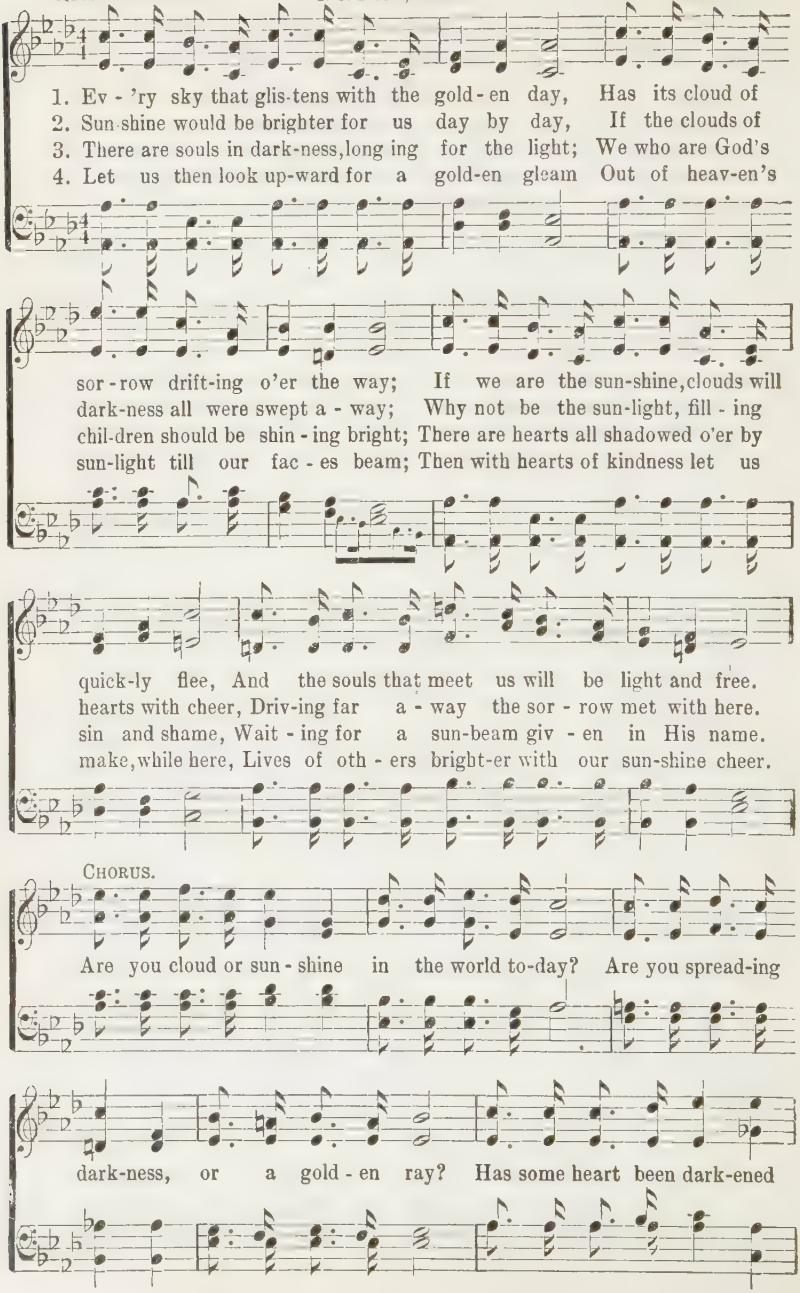
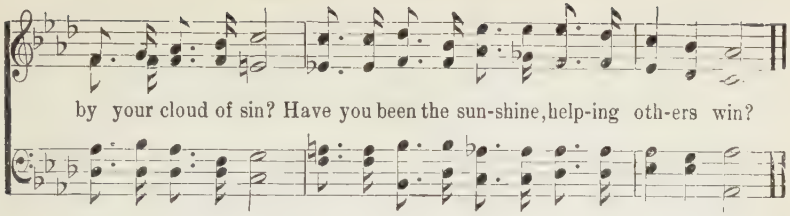
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. M. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Ev - 'ry sky that glis-tens with the gold - en day, Has its cloud of
2. Sun-shine would be brighter for us day by day, If the clouds of
3. There are souls in dark-ness, long ing for the light; We who are God's
4. Let us then look up-ward for a gold-en gleam Out of heav-en's
sor - row drift-ing o'er the way; If we are the sun-shine, clouds will
dark-ness all were swept a - way; Why not be the sun-light, fill - ing
chil-dren should be shin - ing bright; There are hearts all shadowed o'er by
sun-light till our fac - es beam; Then with hearts of kindness let us
quick-ly flee, And the souls that meet us will be light and free.
hearts with cheer, Driv-ing far a - way the sor - row met with here.
sin and shame, Wait - ing for a sun-beam giv - en in His name.
make, while here, Lives of oth - ers bright-er with our sun-shine cheer.
CHORUS.
Are you cloud or sun - shine in the world to-day? Are you spread-ing
dark-ness, or a gold - en ray? Has some heart been dark-ened

Cloud or Sunshine.



No. 101. The Precious Name.

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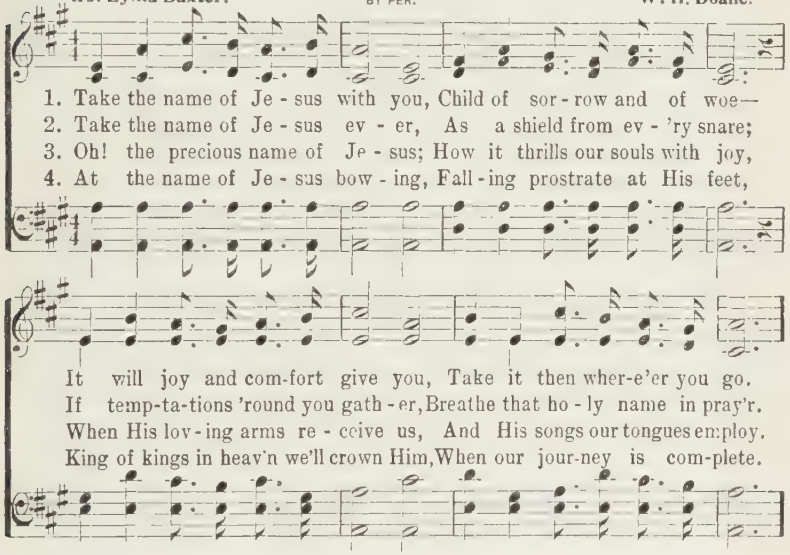
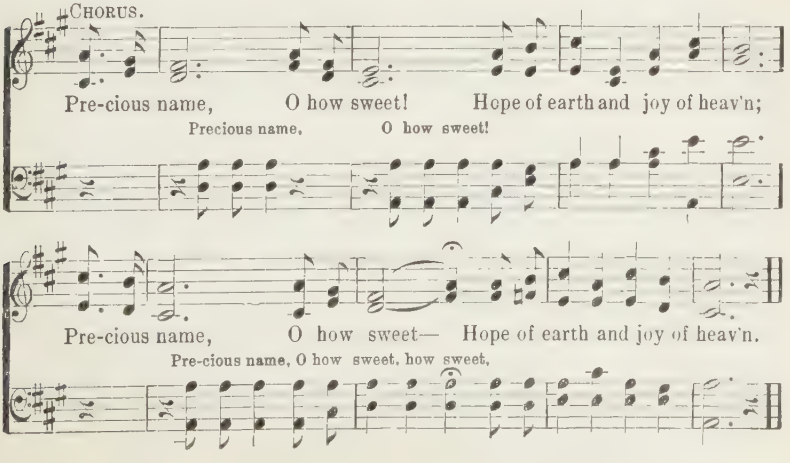
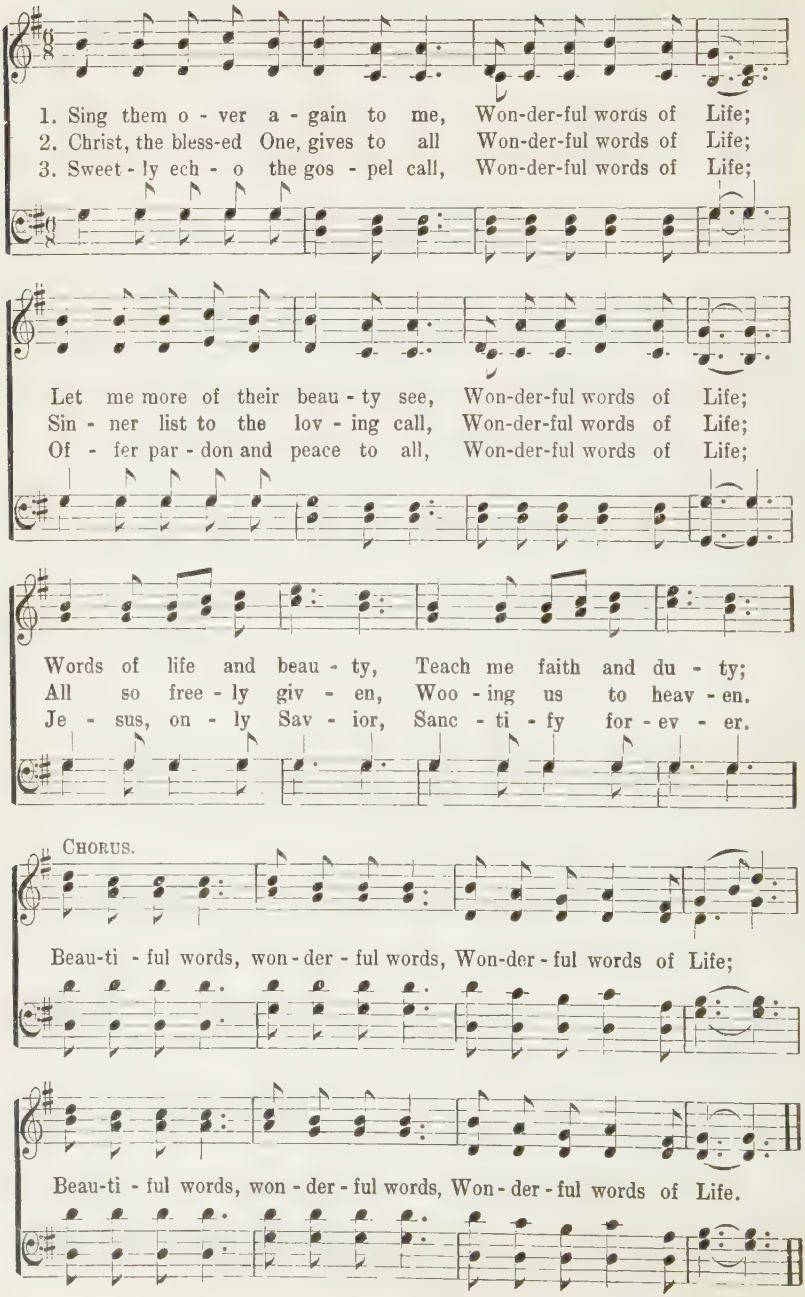
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. BY PER. W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.


CHORUS.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet.

No. 102. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

No. 103. The Hour of Prayer.

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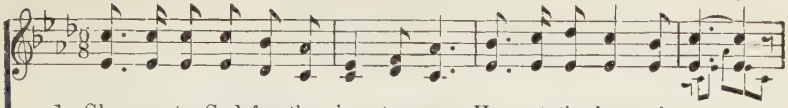
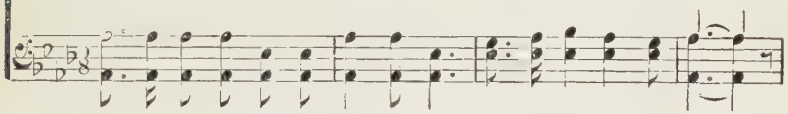
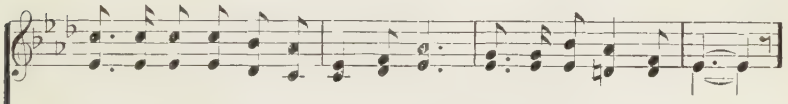
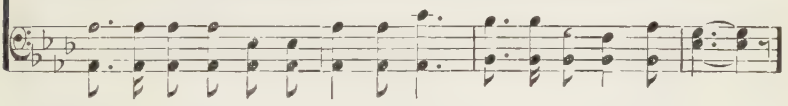
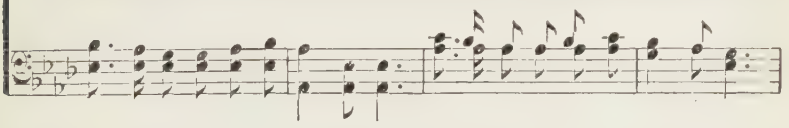
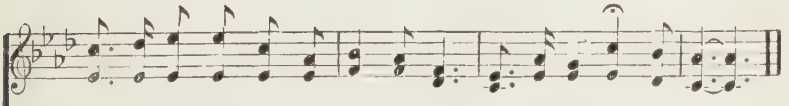
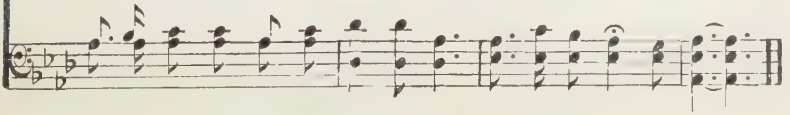
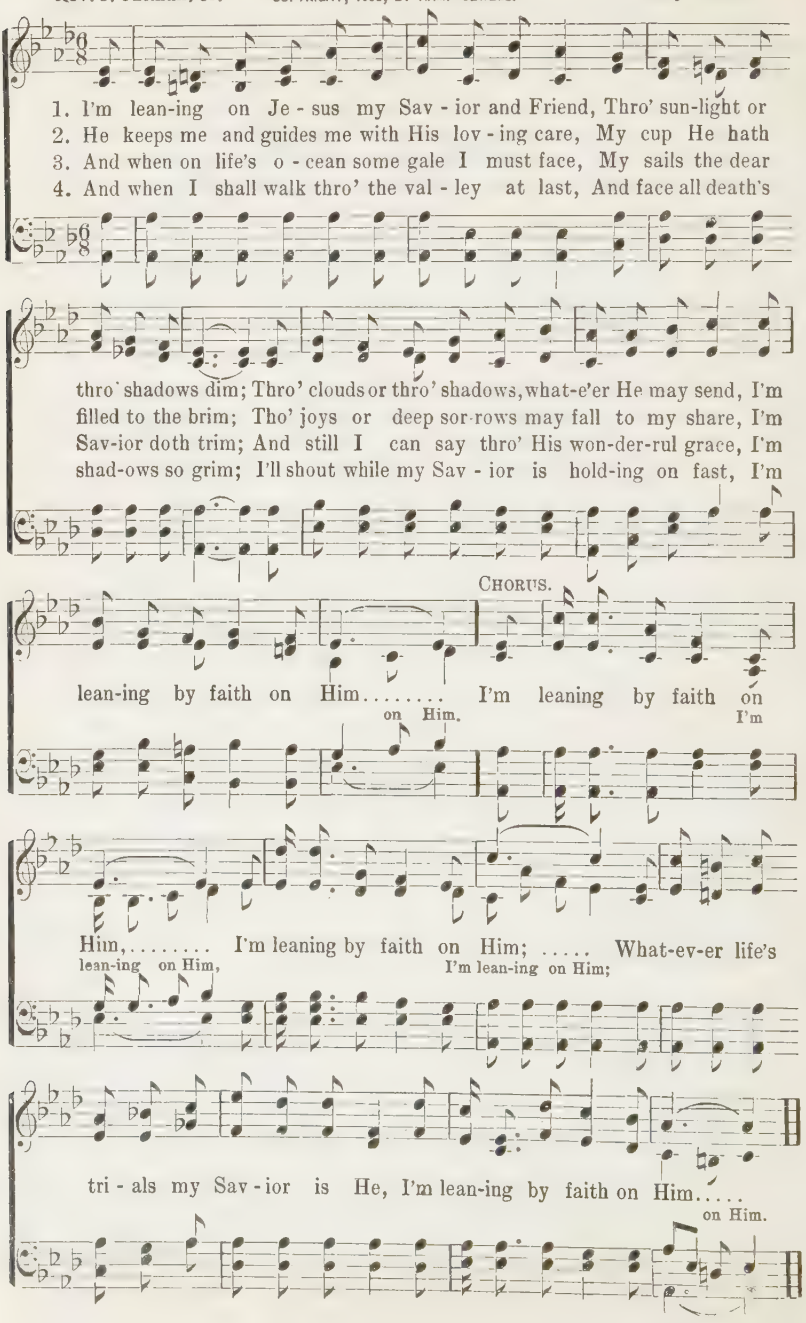
Fanny Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;

Wel - come the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

CHORUS.

Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,

Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.

No. 104. I'm Leaning by Faith on Him.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

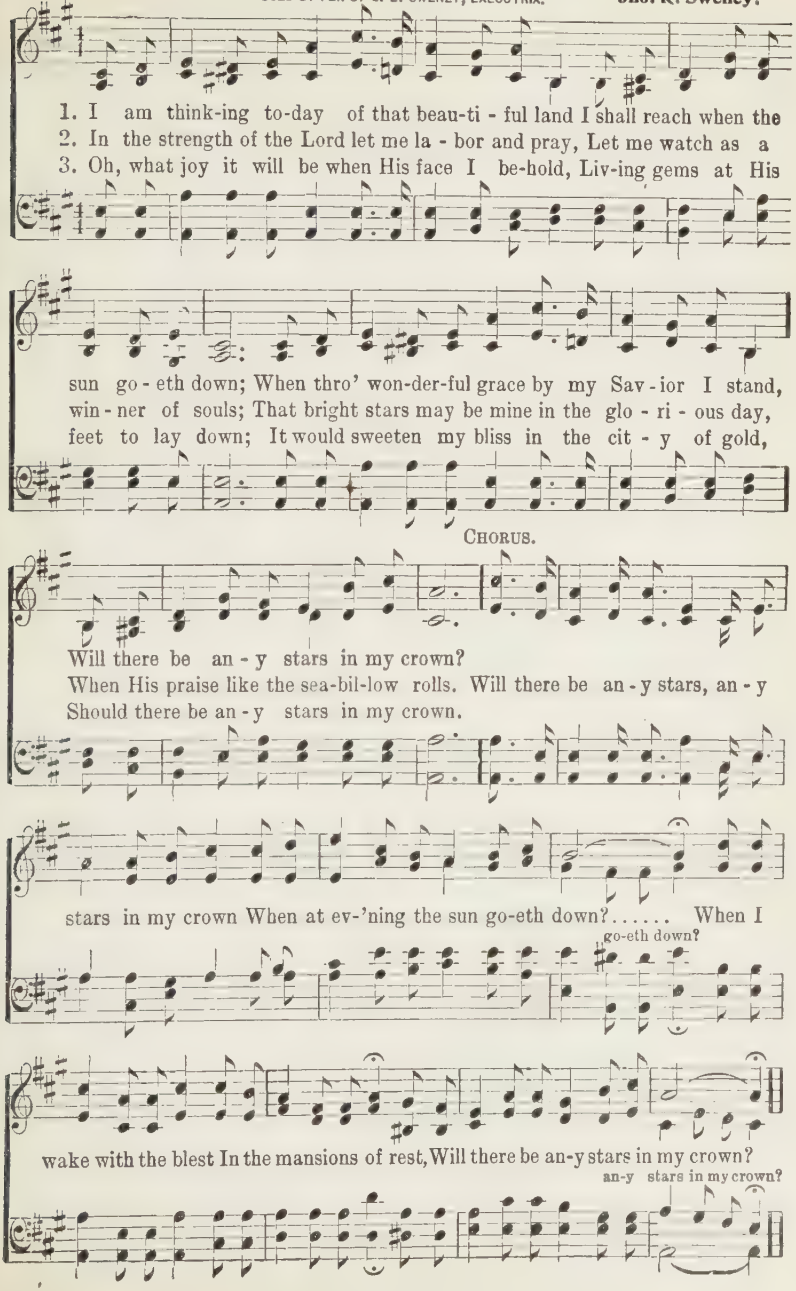

1. I'm lean-ing on Je - sus my Sav - ior and Friend, Thro' sun-light or
2. He keeps me and guides me with His lov - ing care, My cup He hath
3. And when on life's o - cean some gale I must face, My sails the dear
4. And when I shall walk thro' the val - ley at last, And face all death's
thro' shadows dim; Thro' clouds or thro' shadows, what-e'er He may send, I'm
filled to the brim; Tho' joys or deep sor-rows may fall to my share, I'm
Sav-ior doth trim; And still I can say thro' His won-der-rul grace, I'm
shad-ows so grim; I'll shout while my Sav - ior is hold-ing on fast, I'm
CHORUS.
lean-ing by faith on Him..... I'm leaning by faith on
on Him.
I'm
Him,..... I'm leaning by faith on Him; ..... What-ev-er life's
lean-ing on Him,
I'm lean-ing on Him;
tri - als my Sav - ior is He, I'm lean-ing by faith on Him.....
on Him.

No. 105. Will There be any Stars?

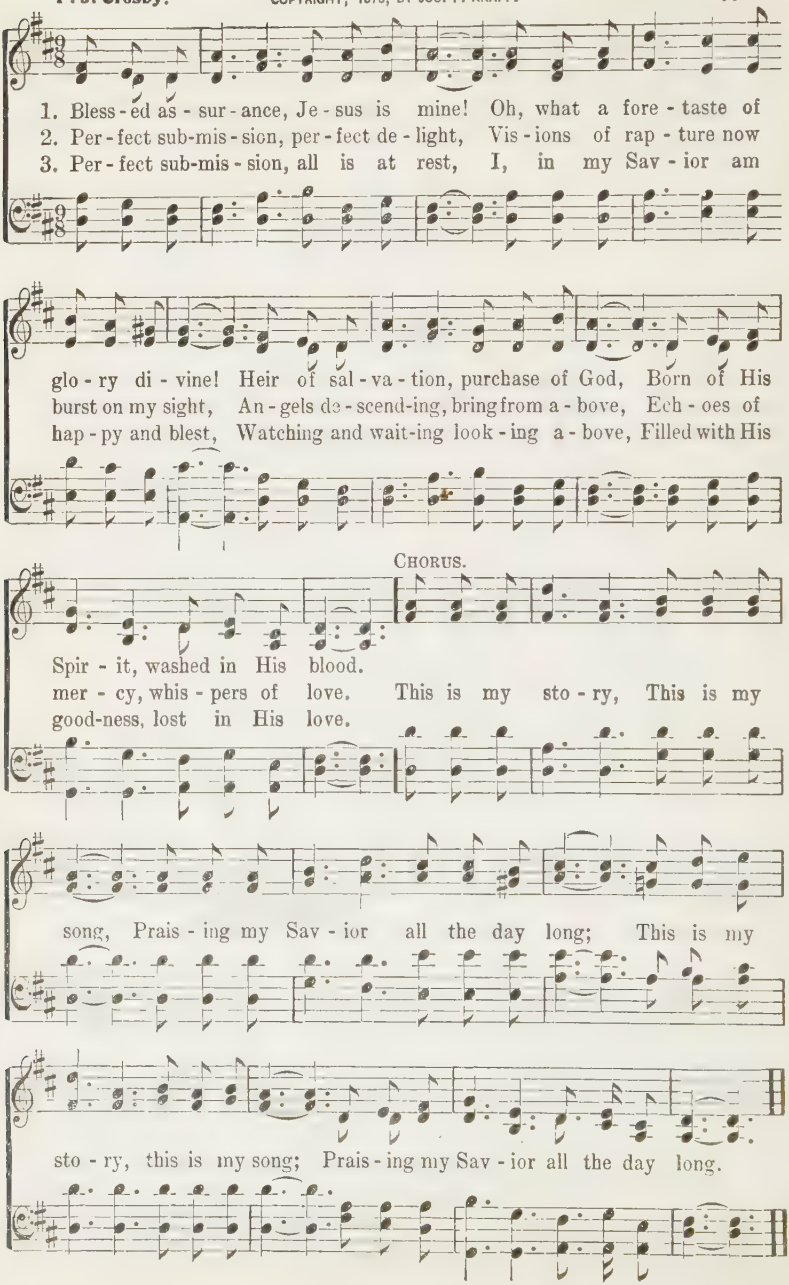
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 106. Blessed Assurance.

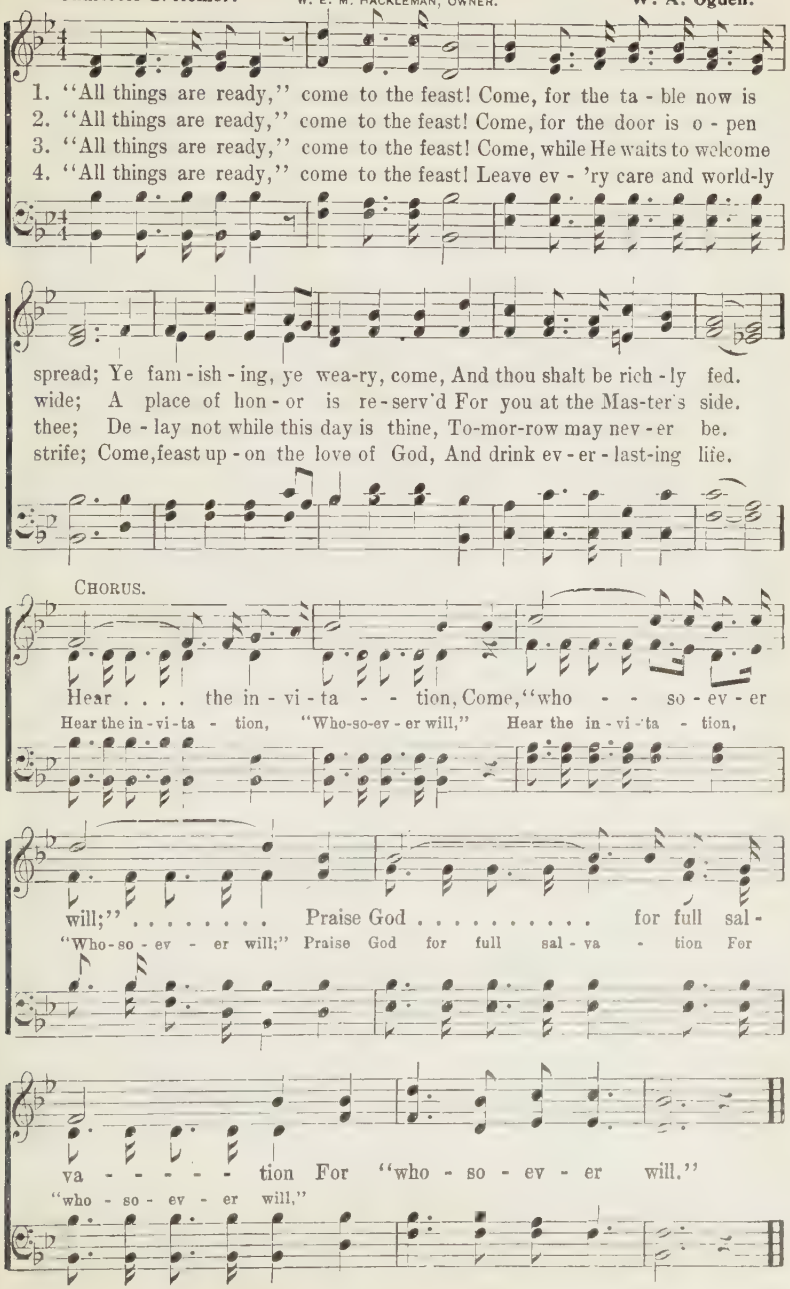
F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, This is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song; Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

No. 107. Come to the Feast.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

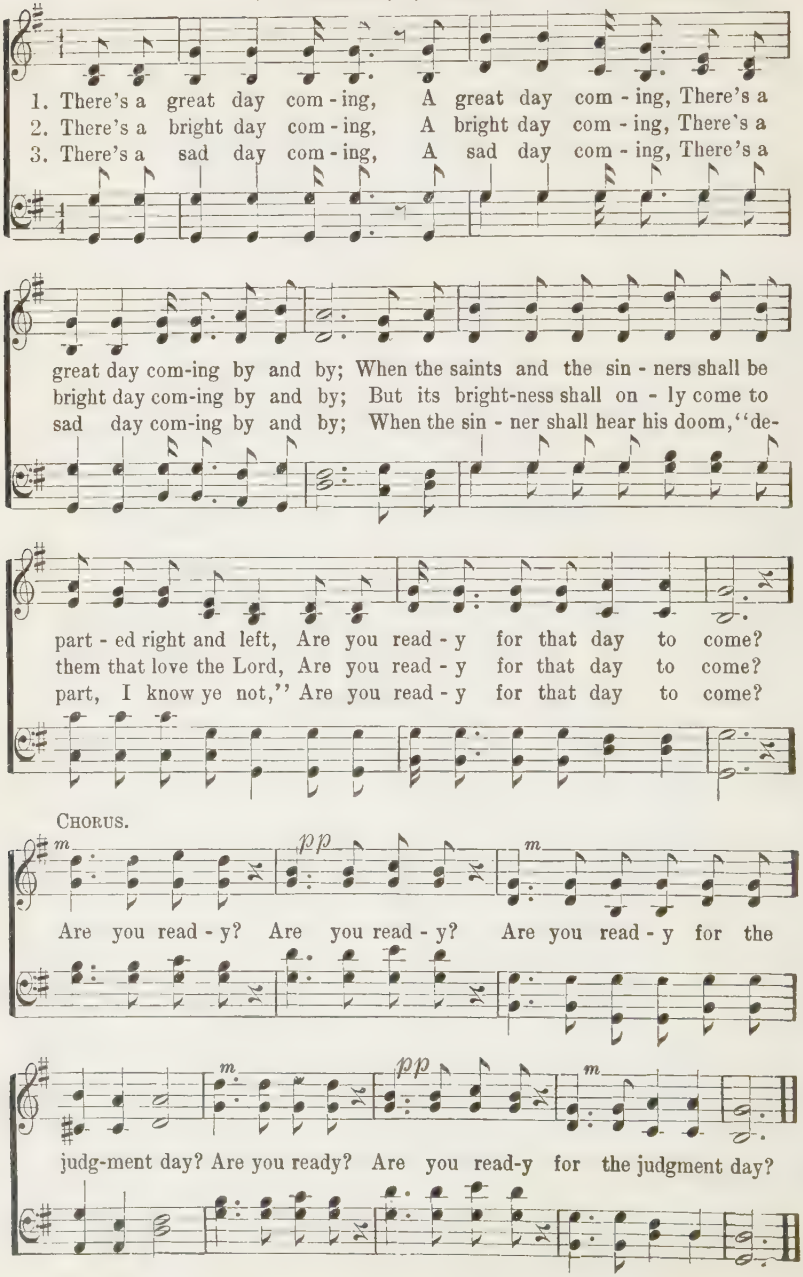
W. A. Ogden.


1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.
CHORUS.
Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - - - tion, Come, "who - - - so - ev - er
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,
will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -
"Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion For
va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
"who - so - ev - er will,"

No. 108. There's a Great Day Coming.

W L. T.

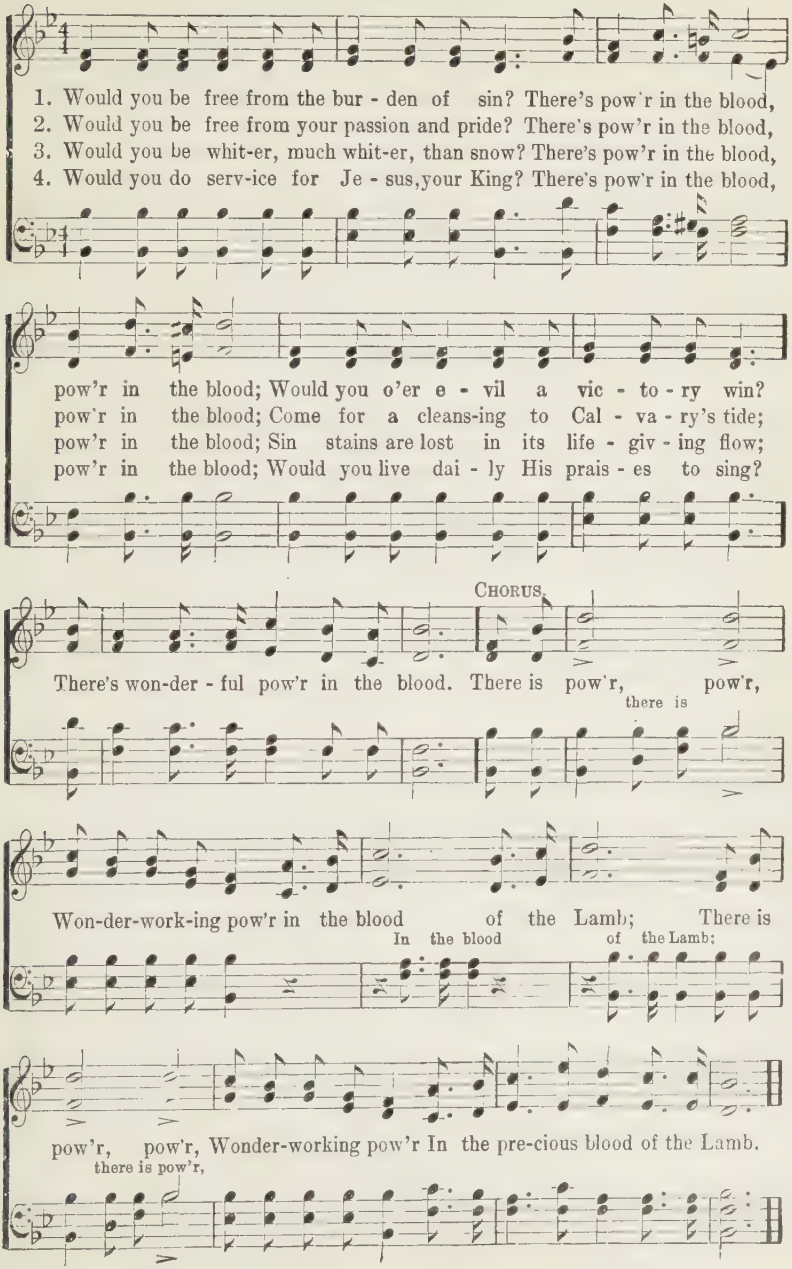
USED BY PER W. L. THOMPSON & CO.
EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO.

Will L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-
part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
m
pp
m
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the
m
pp
m
judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

No. 109. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

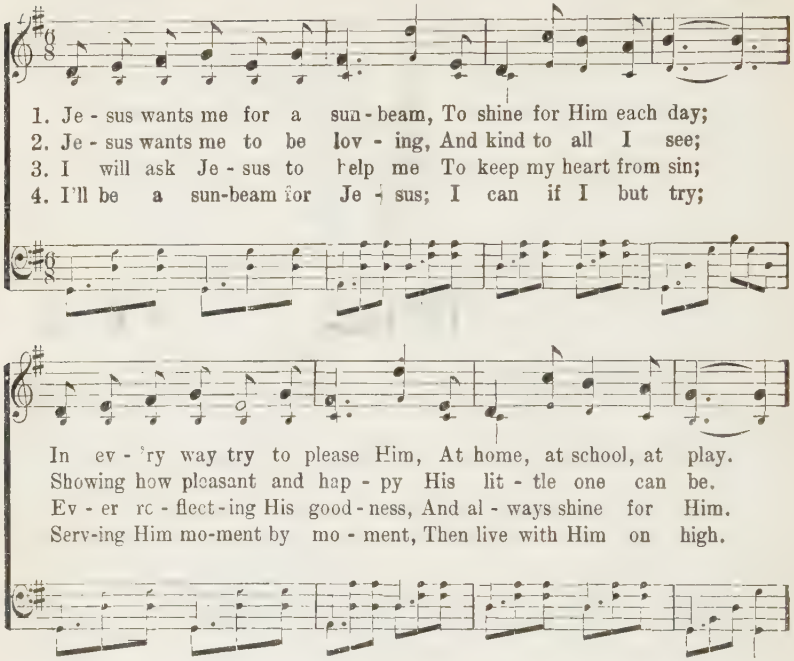
L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is
Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 110. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

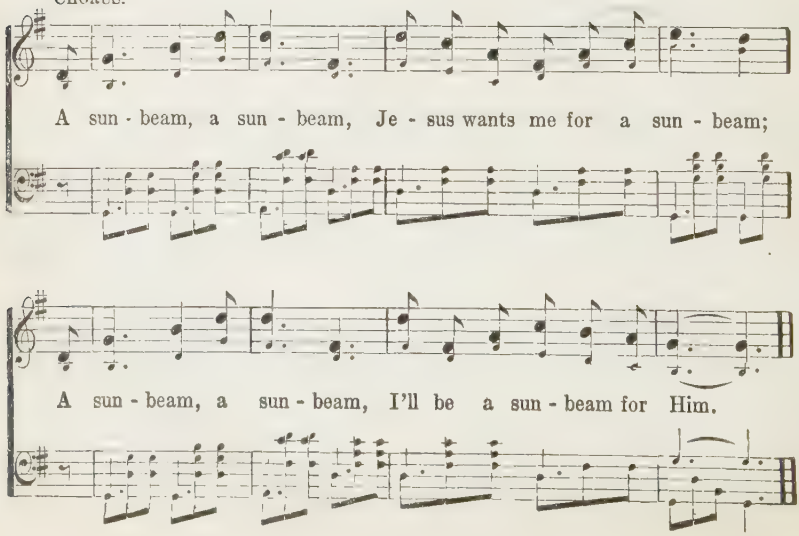
To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Nellie Talbot. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

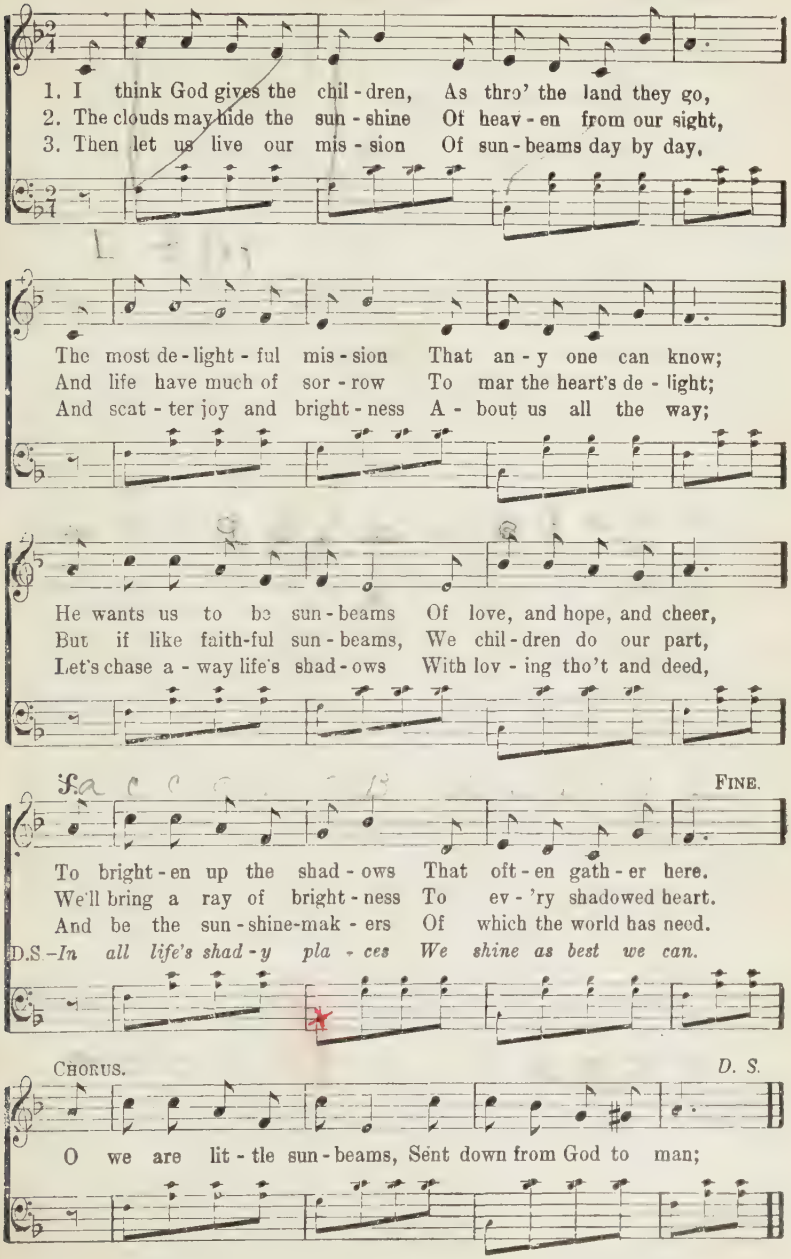

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.



No. 111. Little Sunbeams.

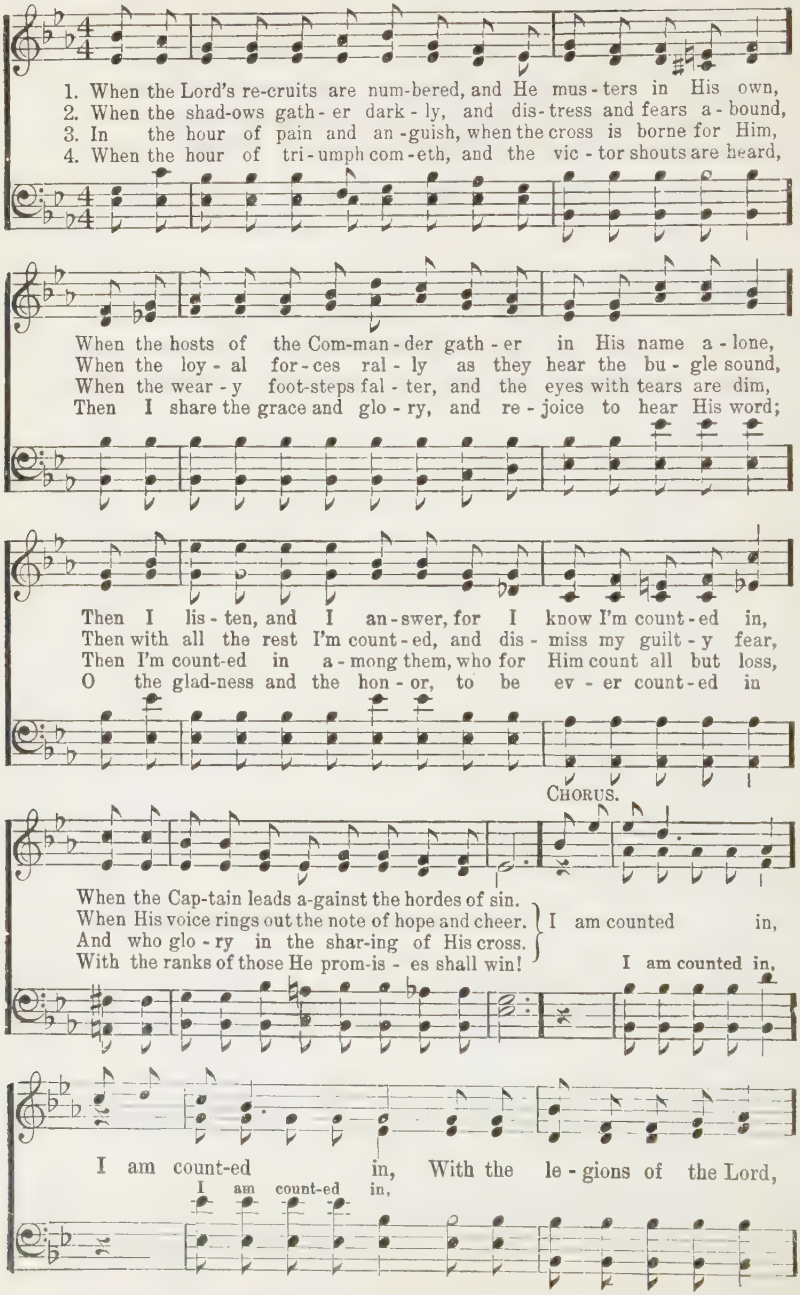
Eben E. Rexford, COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,
The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;
He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,
FINE.
To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.—In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

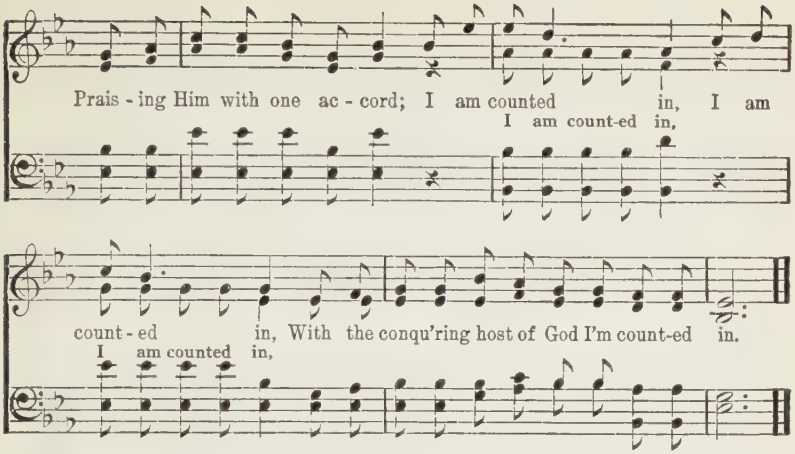
No. 112. I Am Counted In.

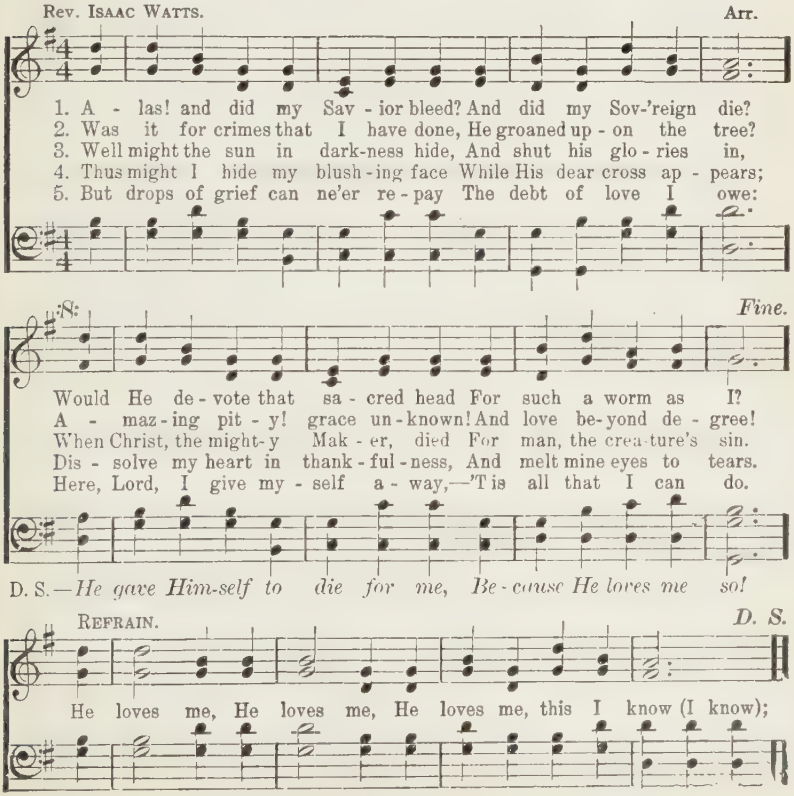
JULIA H. JOHNSTON.
Chorus, H. S.

Copyright, 1908, by Hamp Sewell.

HAMP SEWELL.

1. When the Lord's re-cruits are num-bered, and He mus-ters in His own,
2. When the shad-ows gath-er dark-ly, and dis-tress and fears a-bound,
3. In the hour of pain and an-guish, when the cross is borne for Him,
4. When the hour of tri-umph com-eth, and the vic-tor shouts are heard,
When the hosts of the Com-man-der gath-er in His name a-lone,
When the loy-al for-ces ral-ly as they hear the bu-gle sound,
When the wear-y foot-steps fal-ter, and the eyes with tears are dim,
Then I share the grace and glo-ry, and re-joice to hear His word;
Then I lis-ten, and I an-swer, for I know I'm count-ed in,
Then with all the rest I'm count-ed, and dis-miss my guilt-y fear,
Then I'm count-ed in a-mong them, who for Him count all but loss,
O the glad-ness and the hon-or, to be ev-er count-ed in
CHORUS.
When the Cap-tain leads a-gainst the hordes of sin.
When His voice rings out the note of hope and cheer.
And who glo-ry in the shar-ing of His cross.
With the ranks of those He prom-is-es shall win!
I am counted in,
I am counted in.
I am count-ed in, With the le-gions of the Lord,
I am count-ed in,

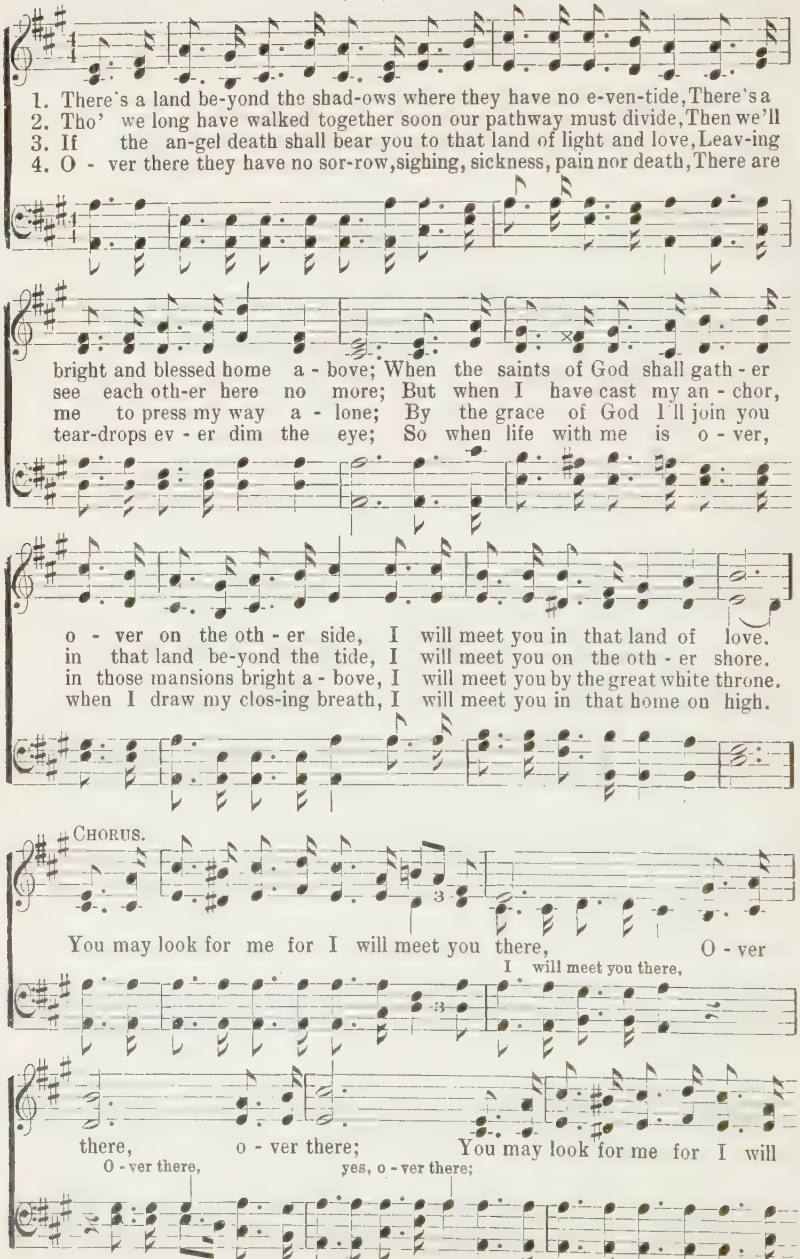
I Am Counted In.


Prais - ing Him with one ac - cord; I am counted in, I am
I am count-ed in,
count - ed in, With the conqu'ring host of God I'm count-ed in.
I am counted in,

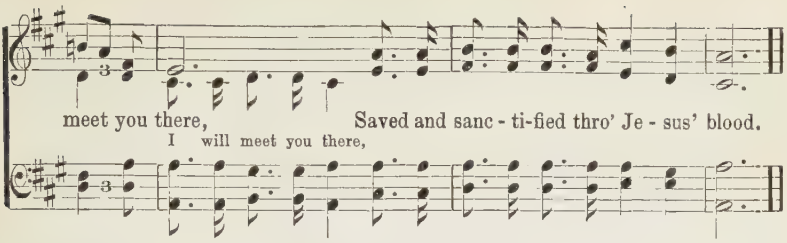
No. 113 He Loves Me.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.
Arr.
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Fine.
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'T is all that I can do.
D. S.—He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);

No. 114. I Will Meet You There.

To my wife.

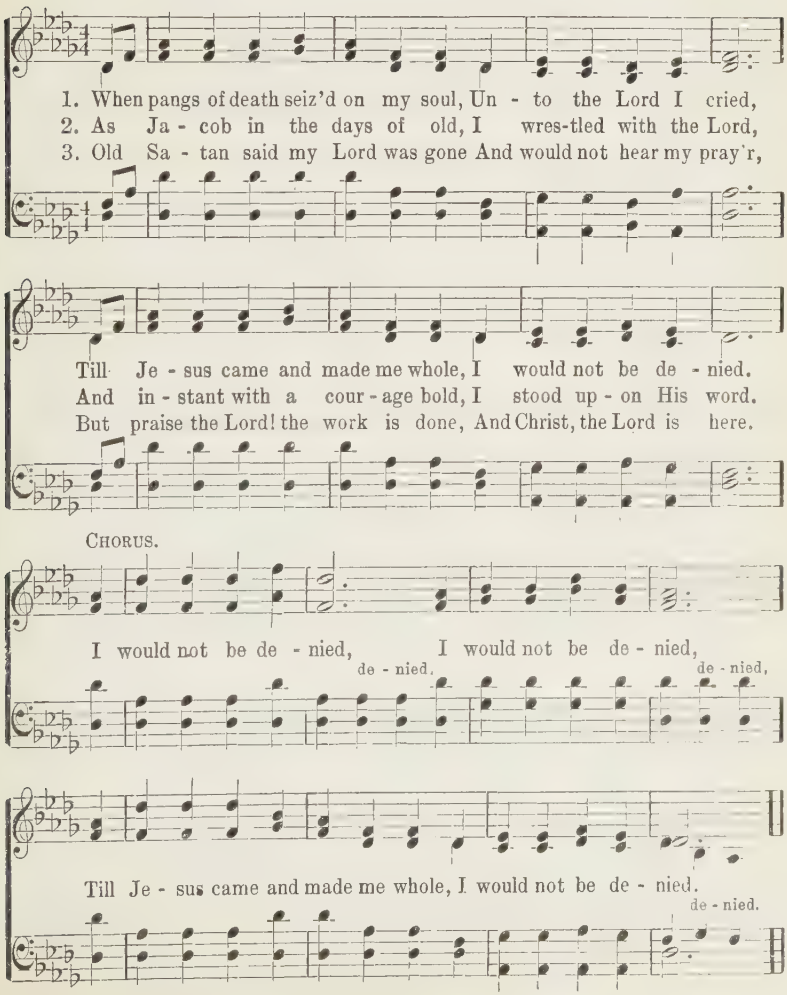
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HEMP SEWELL. Hemp Sewell.

1. There's a land be-yond the shad-ows where they have no e-ven-tide, There's a
2. Tho' we long have walked together soon our pathway must divide, Then we'll
3. If the an-gel death shall bear you to that land of light and love, Leav-ing
4. O - ver there they have no sor-row, sighing, sickness, pain nor death, There are
bright and blessed home a - bove; When the saints of God shall gath - er
see each oth-er here no more; But when I have cast my an - chor,
me to press my way a - lone; By the grace of God I'll join you
tear-drops ev - er dim the eye; So when life with me is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth - er side, I will meet you in that land of love.
in that land be-yond the tide, I will meet you on the oth - er shore.
in those mansions bright a - bove, I will meet you by the great white throne.
when I draw my clos-ing breath, I will meet you in that home on high.
CHORUS.
You may look for me for I will meet you there, O - ver
there, o - ver there; You may look for me for I will
I will meet you there,
O - ver there, yes, o - ver there;

I Will Meet You There.



No. 115. I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.


1. When pangs of death seiz'd on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,
Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant with a cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.
CHORUS.
I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,
de - nied, de - nied,
Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
de - nied.

No. 116. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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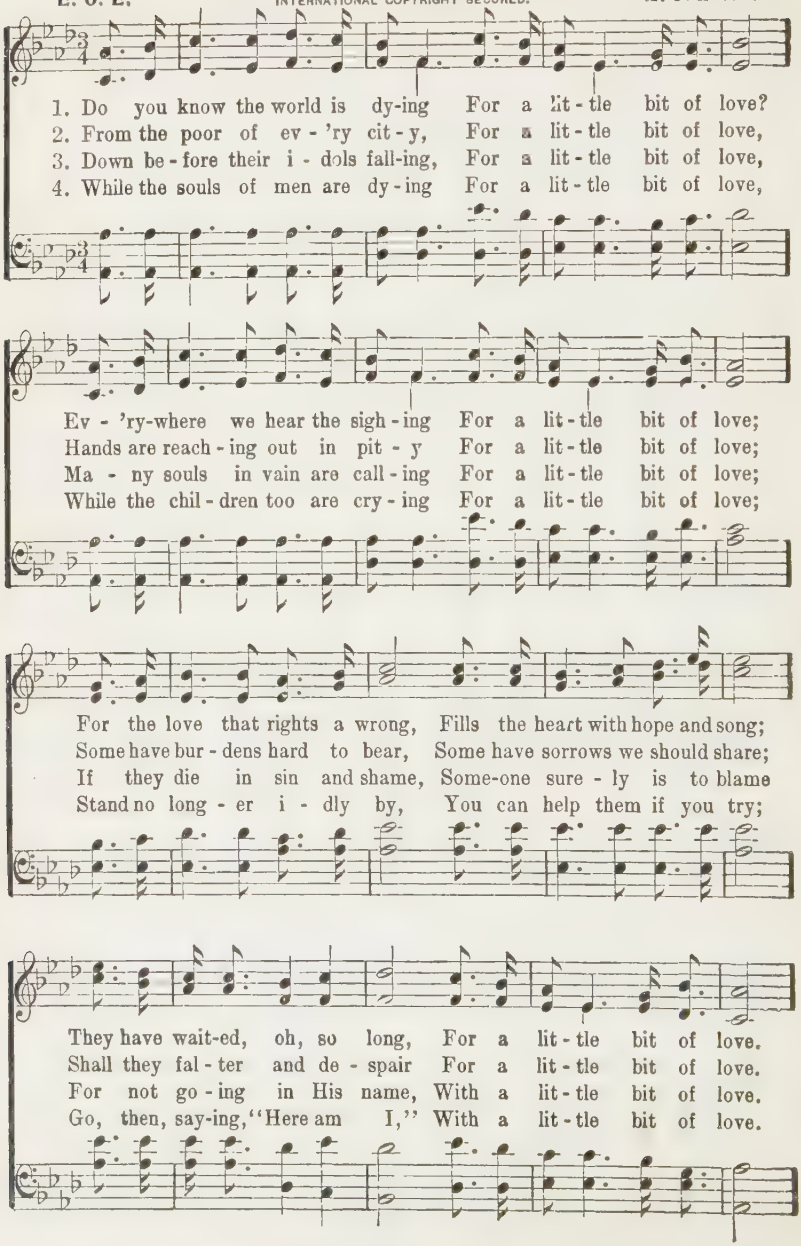
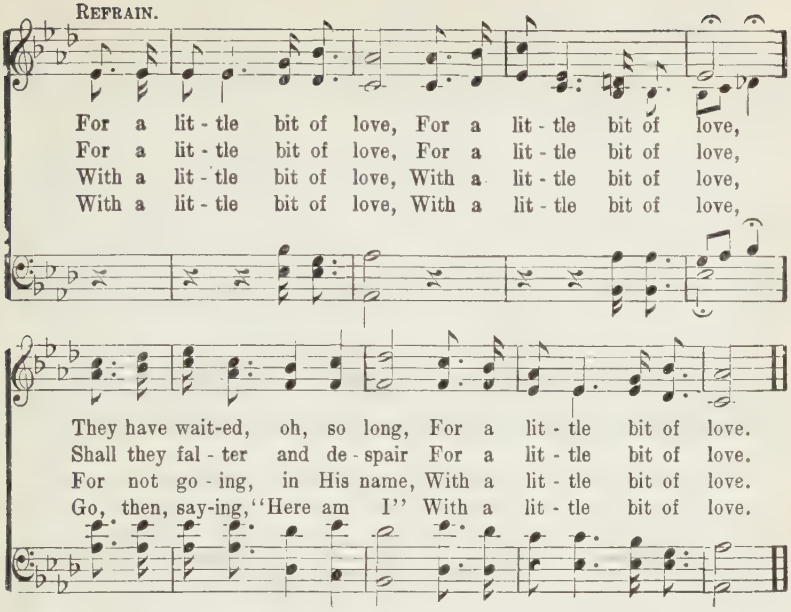
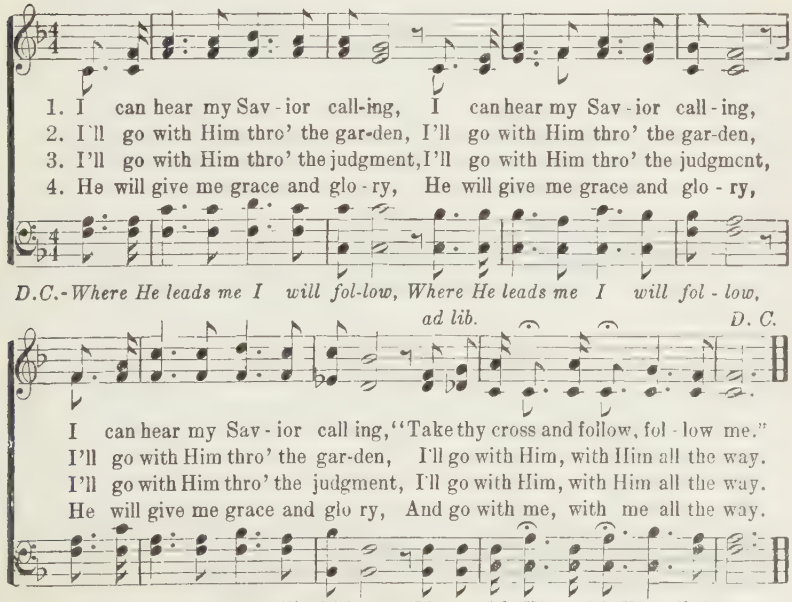
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 117. Where He Leads Me.

B. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 118. Then I Shall Understand.

James Rowe.

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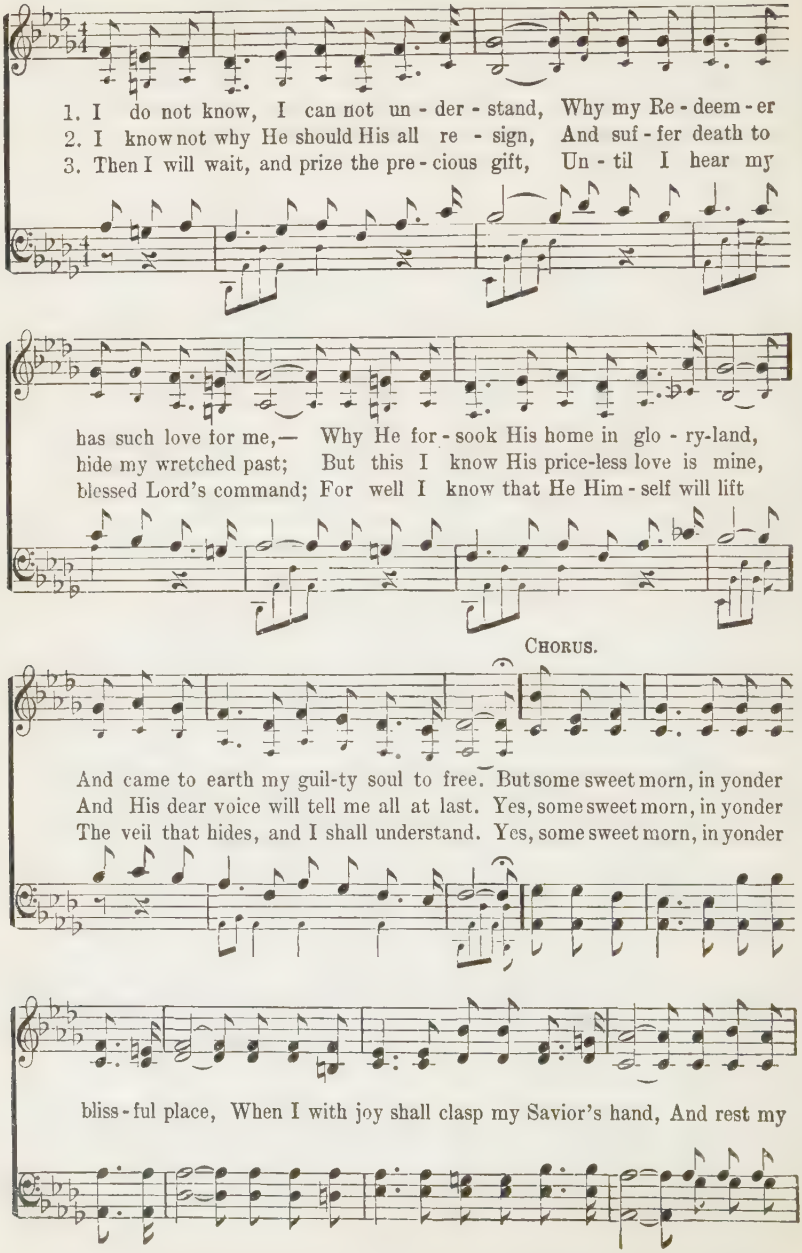
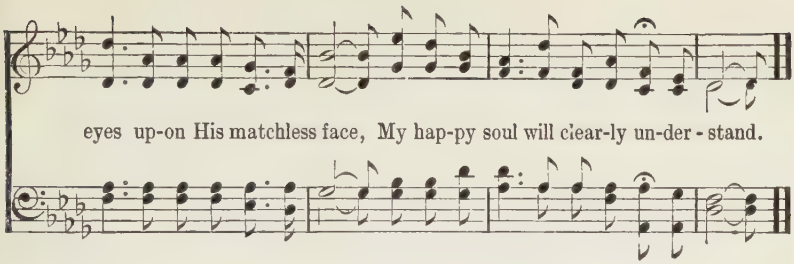
Ira B. Wilson.


1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my
has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry-land,
hide my wretched past; But this I know His price-less love is mine,
blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift
CHORUS.
And came to earth my guil-ty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

Then I Shall Understand.



No. 119. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

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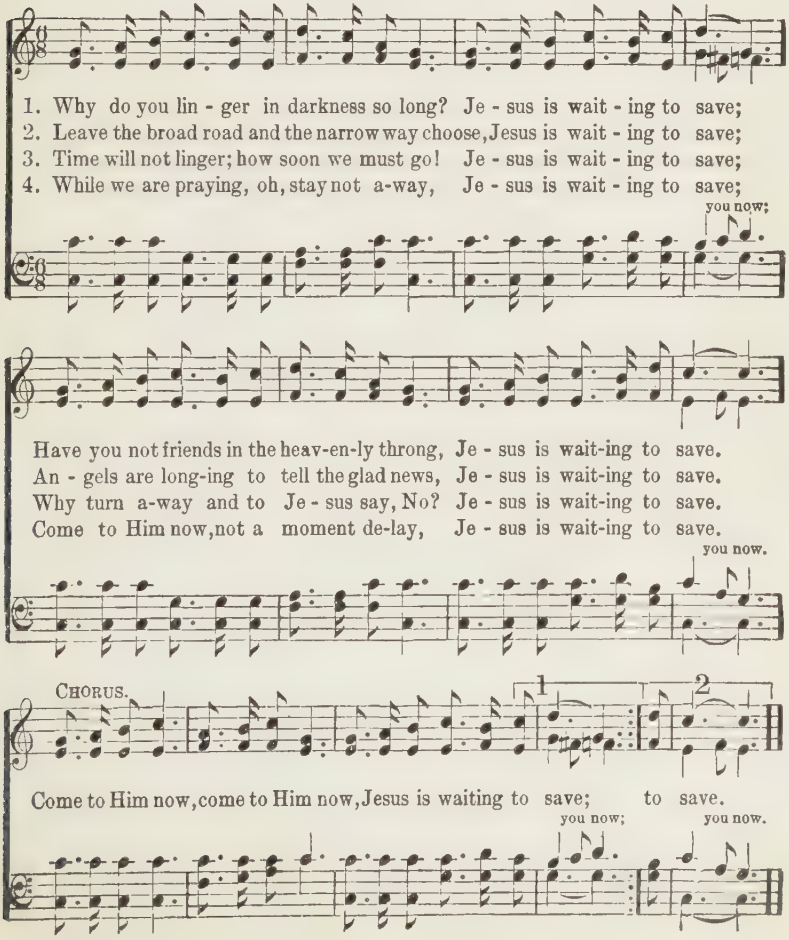
E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is wait - ing to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
4. While we are praying, oh, stay not a-way, Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
you now;
Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
An - gels are long-ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Why turn a-way and to Je - sus say, No? Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Come to Him now, not a moment de-lay, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
you now.
CHORUS.
1
2
Come to Him now, come to Him now, Jesus is waiting to save; to save.
you now; you now.

No. 120.

Let The Savior In.

Julia H. Johnston.

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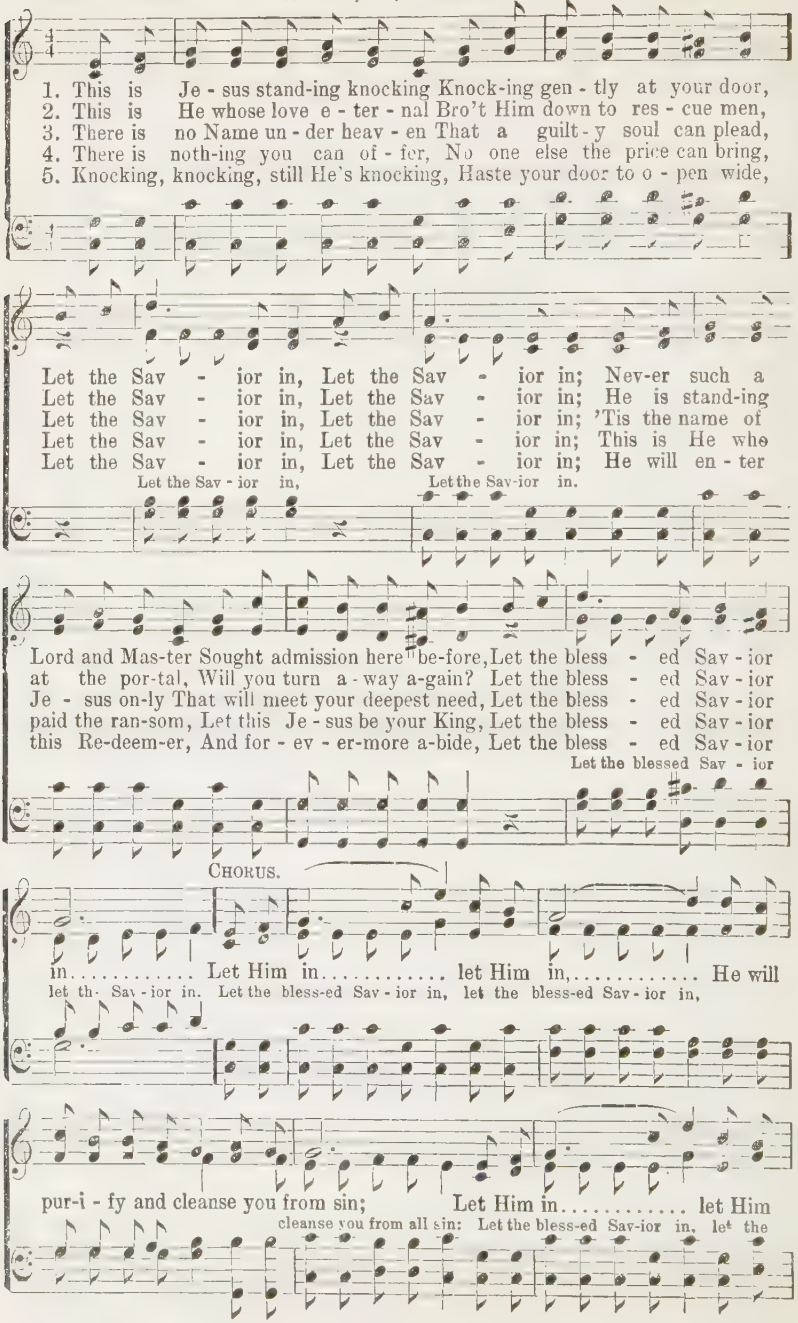
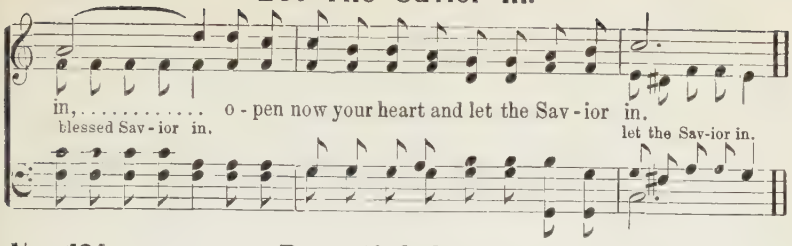
Hamp Sewell.

1. This is Je - sus stand-ing knocking Knock-ing gen - tly at your door,
2. This is He whose love e - ter - nal Bro't Him down to res - cue men,
3. There is no Name un - der heav - en That a guilt - y soul can plead,
4. There is noth-ing you can of - fer, No one else the price can bring,
5. Knocking, knocking, still He's knocking, Haste your door to o - pen wide,
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in; Nev-er such a
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in; He is stand-ing
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in; 'Tis the name of
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in; This is He who
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in; He will en - ter
Let the Sav - ior in,
Let the Sav-ior in.
Lord and Mas-ter Sought admission here be-fore, Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
at the por-tal, Will you turn a - way a-gain? Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
Je - sus on-ly That will meet your deepest need, Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
paid the ran-som, Let this Je - sus be your King, Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
this Re-deem-er, And for - ev - er-more a-bide, Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
Let the blessed Sav - ior
CHORUS.
in..... Let Him in..... let Him in,..... He will
let th- Sav - ior in. Let the bless-ed Sav - ior in, let the bless-ed Sav - ior in,
pur-i - fy and cleanse you from sin; Let Him in..... let Him
cleanse you from all sin: Let the bless-ed Sav-ior in, let the

Let The Savior In.



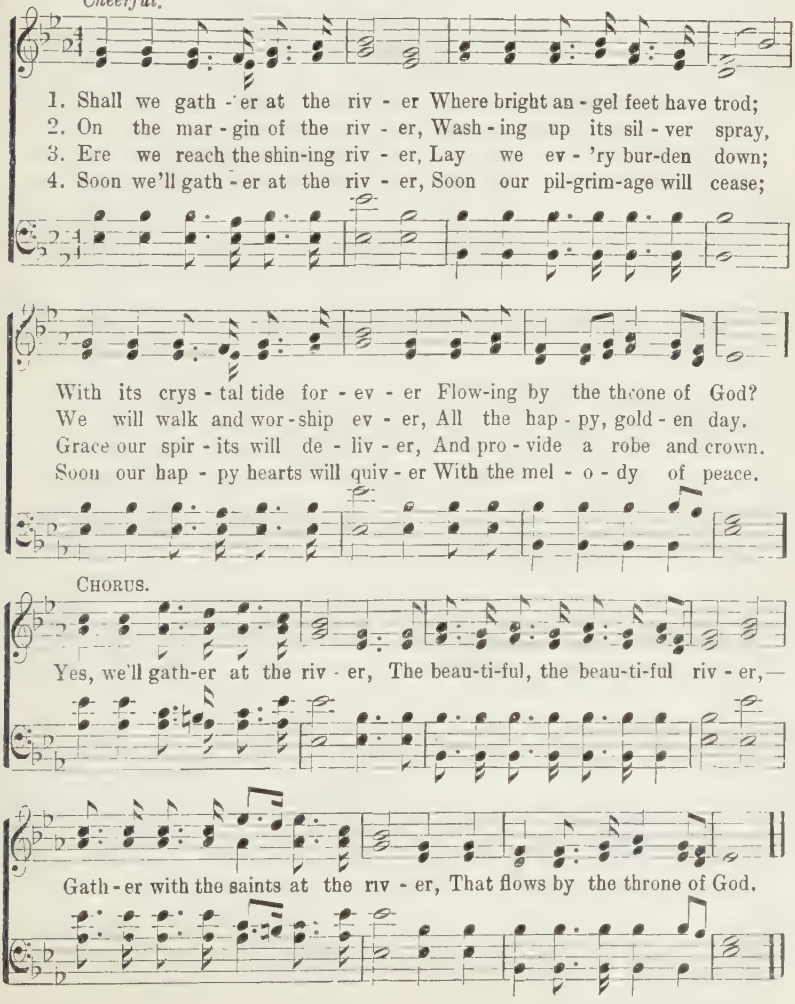
No. 121. Beautiful River.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

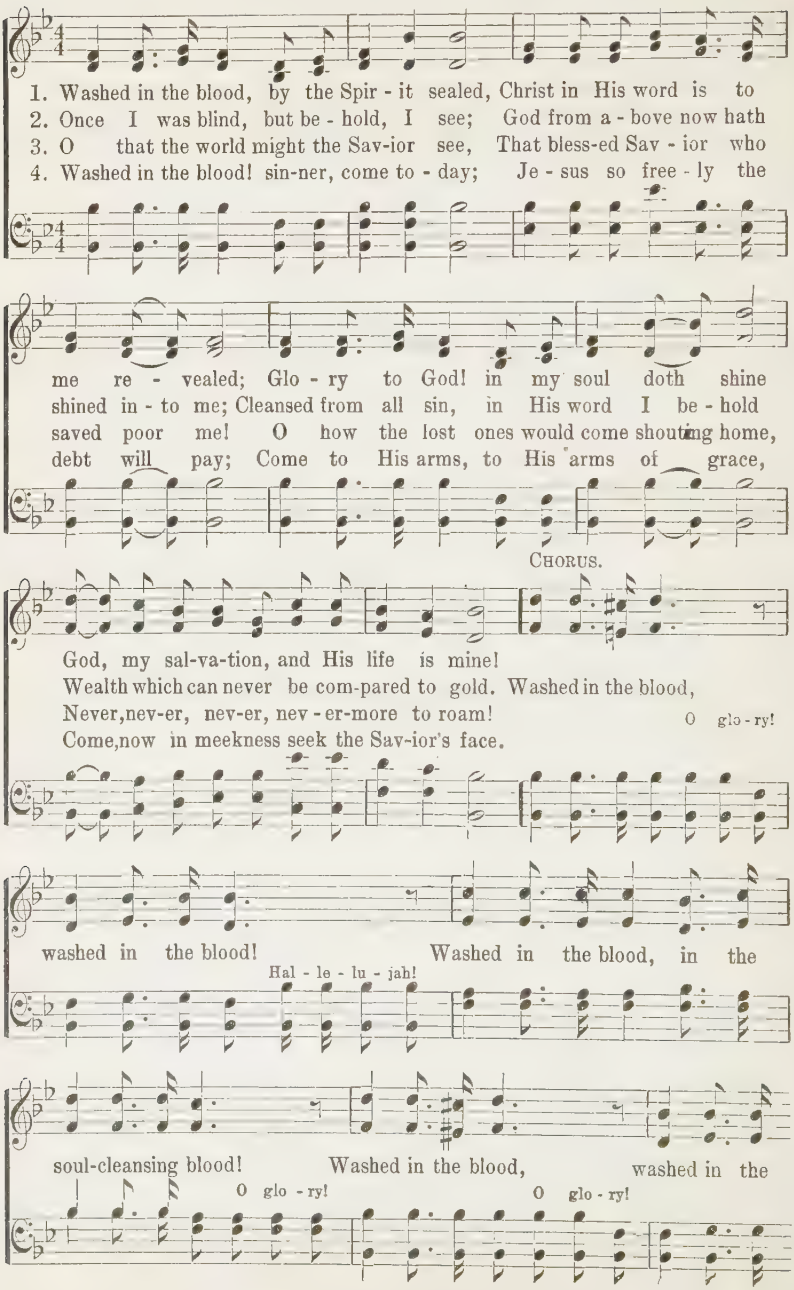
R. L.

Cheerful.

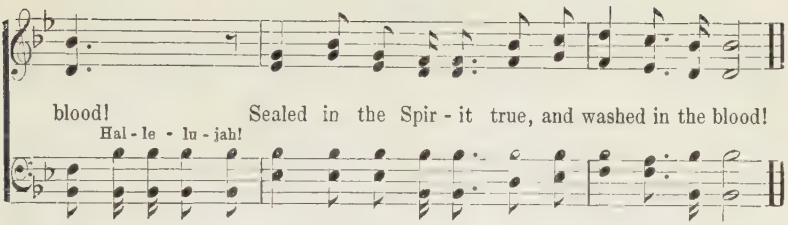
Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

No. 122. Washed in the Blood.

C. P. J. COPYRIGHT, 1900, C. P. JONES. USED BY PER. C. P. Jones.

1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir - it sealed, Christ in His word is to
2. Once I was blind, but be - hold, I see; God from a - bove now hath
3. O that the world might the Sav-ior see, That bless-ed Sav - ior who
4. Washed in the blood! sin-ner, come to - day; Je - sus so free - ly the
me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine
shined in - to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold
saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shouting home,
debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace,
CHORUS.
God, my sal-va-tion, and His life is mine!
Wealth which can never be com-pared to gold. Washed in the blood,
Never, nev-er, nev-er, nev - er-more to roam! O glo - ry!
Come, now in meekness seek the Sav-ior's face.
washed in the blood! Washed in the blood, in the
Hal - le - lu - jah!
soul-cleansing blood! Washed in the blood, washed in the
O glo - ry!
O glo - ry!

Washed in the Blood.



No. 123. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

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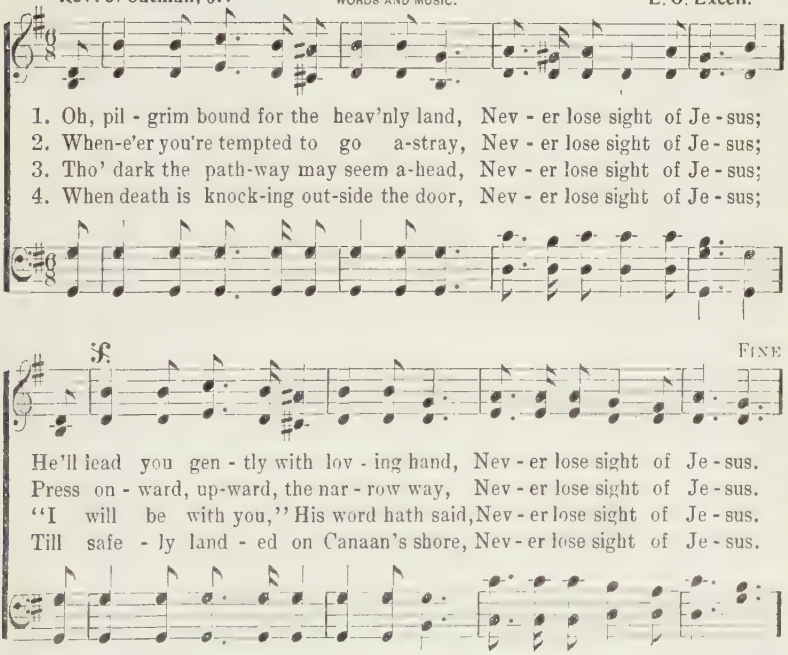
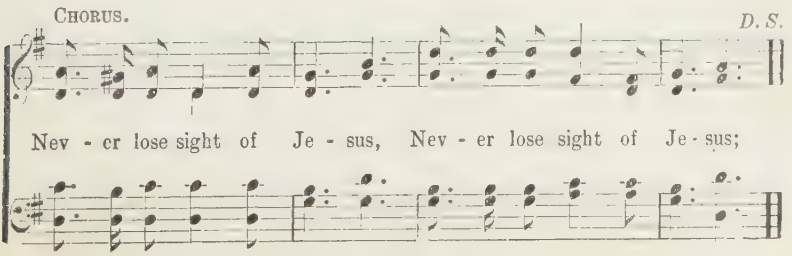
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Oh, pil - grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
2. When-e'er you're tempted to go a-stray, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
3. Tho' dark the path-way may seem a-head, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
4. When death is knock-ing out-side the door, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
FINE
He'll lead you gen - tly with lov - ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
Press on - ward, up-ward, the nar - row way, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
"I will be with you," His word hath said, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
Till safe - ly land - ed on Canaan's shore, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.



No. 124. My Father Knows.

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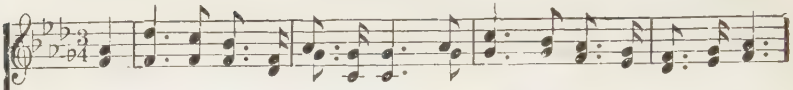
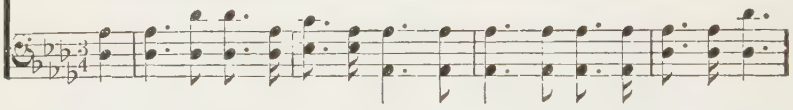
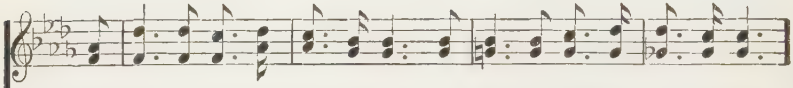
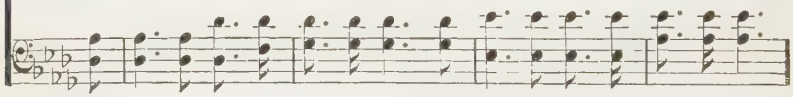
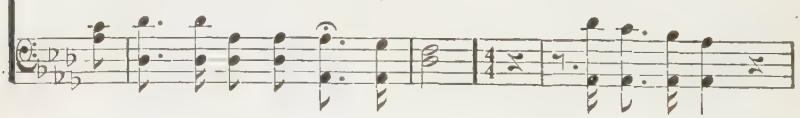
S. M. I. Henry. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

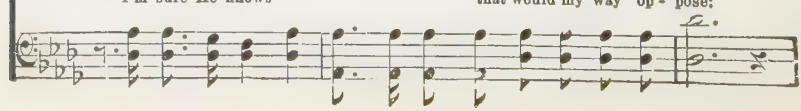


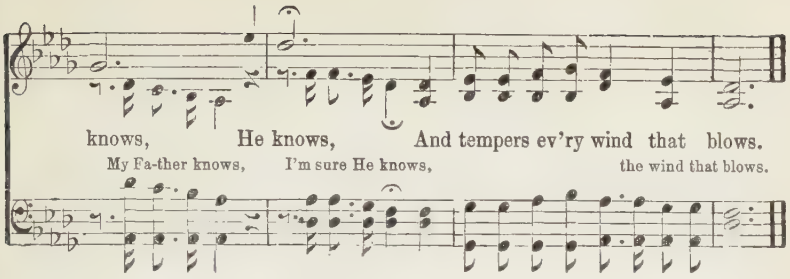
1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa - ther knows.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

My Father Knows.

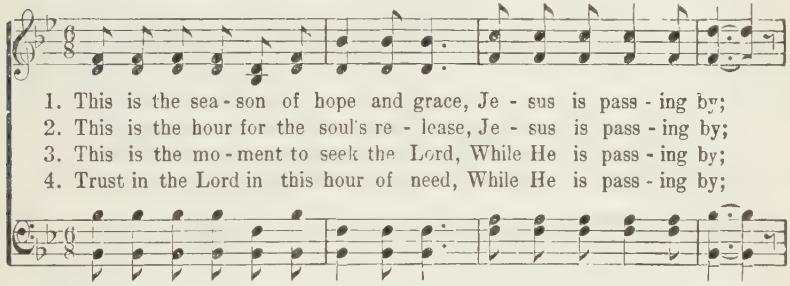


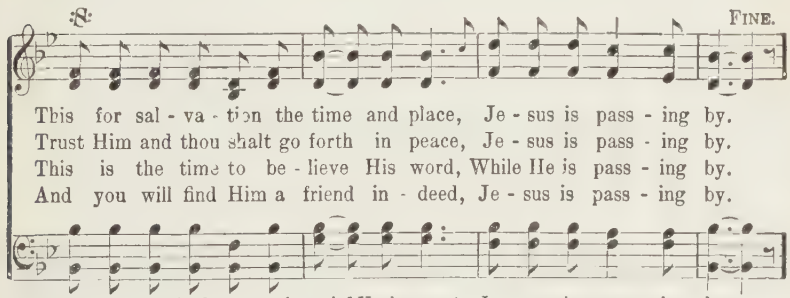
No. 125. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

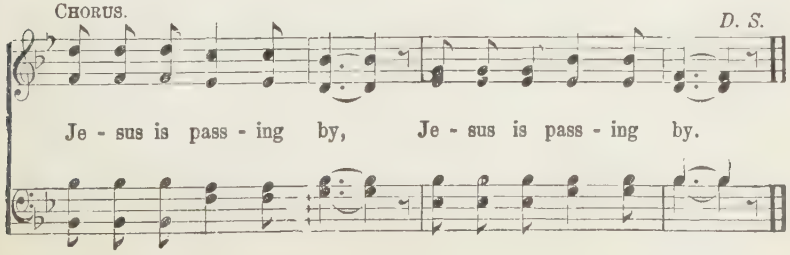
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo - ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;


FINE.
This for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

D. S.–*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.*



No. 126. Just Because He Loved Me So.

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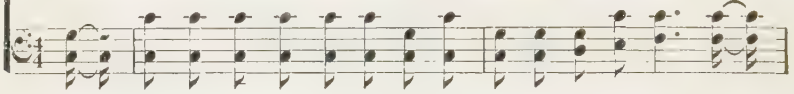
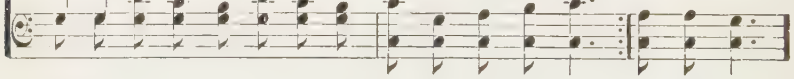
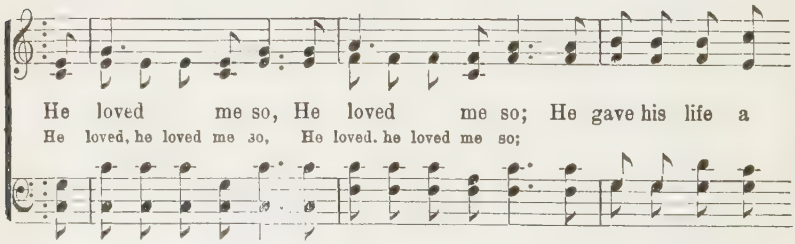
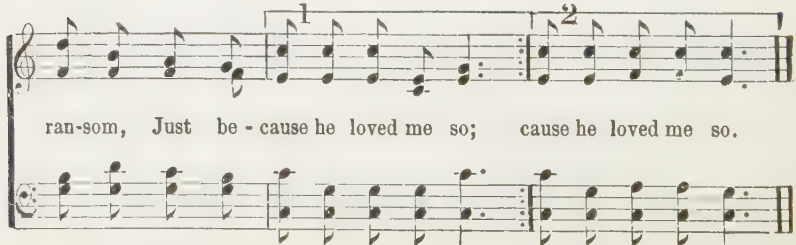
USED BY PER.

J. E. F. J. E. French.

1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well, How
   You ask me why he suf-fered, I can on - ly say "I know," He
2. I'm glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be-side the Gal - i - lee, His
   He calls for me to fol-low, I will walk with him be-low, He will
3. I will sing his boundless mer-cy, all the beau-ty of his ways If at
   And no mat-ter where he leads me, it is best for me, I know, I will

Je - sus left his home a-bove and came on earth to dwell;
gave his life a ran-som, just be-cause he } loved me so.
life was pure and ho - ly, and his grace was full and free;
nev-er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause he } loved me so.
times I do not see him, I will trust and give him praise;
lean up - on his prom-ise, just be-cause he } loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved me so, He loved me so; He gave his life a ran-som,
He loved, he loved me so, He loved, he loved me so;



Just be - cause he loved me so; cause he loved me so.

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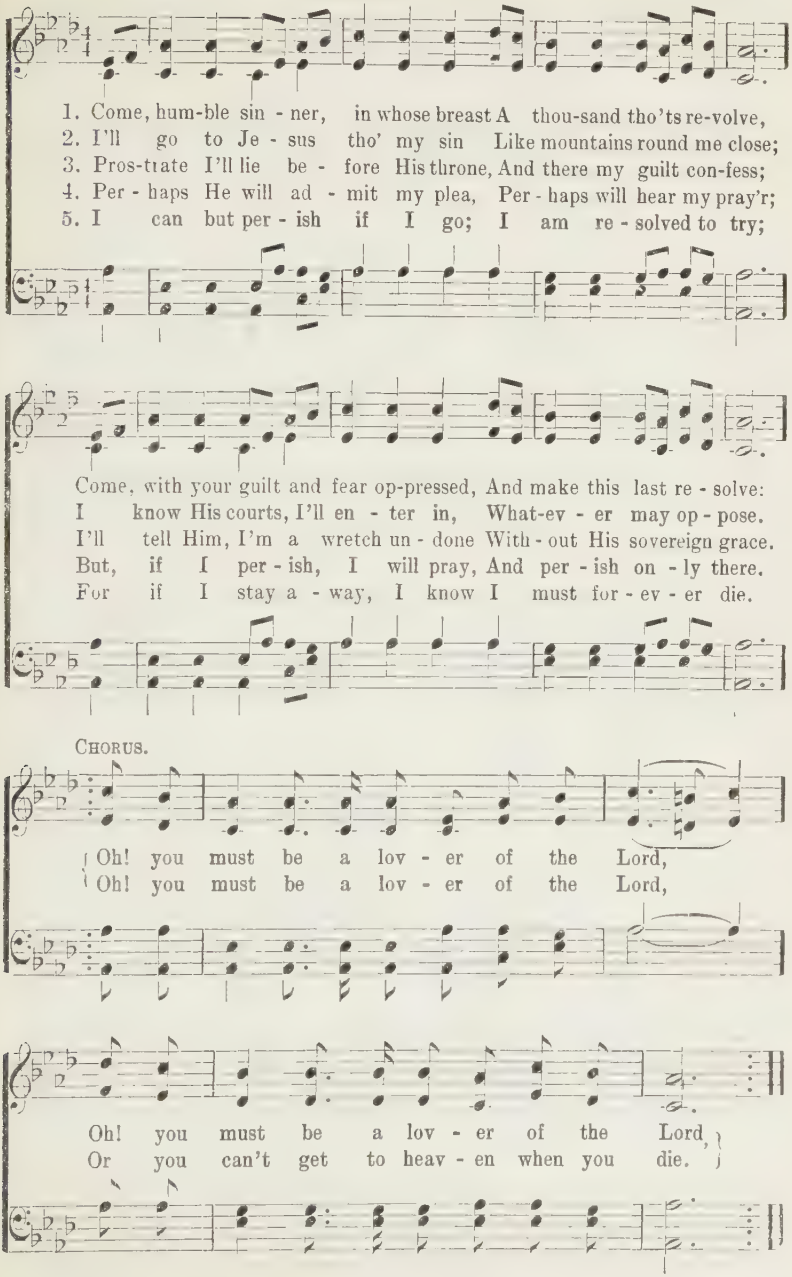
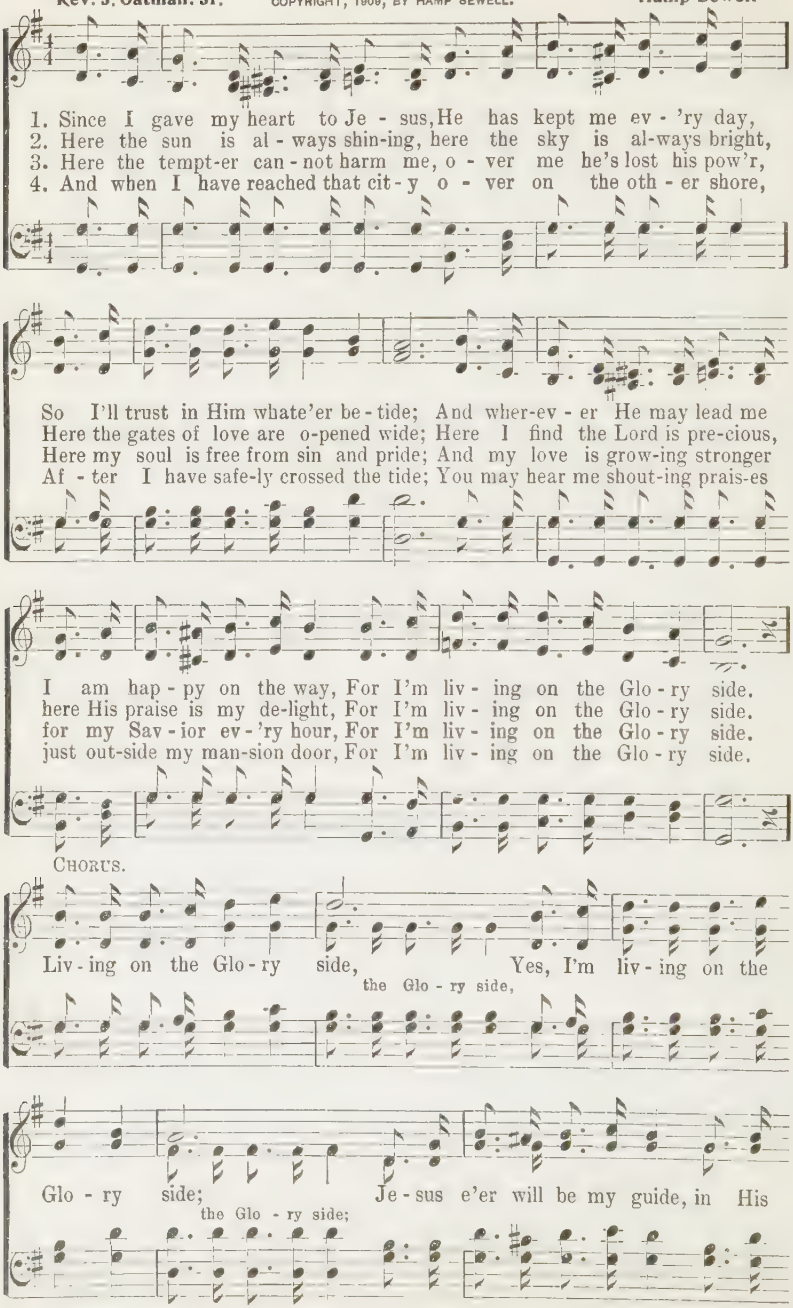
No. 127. You Must be a Lover of the Lord.

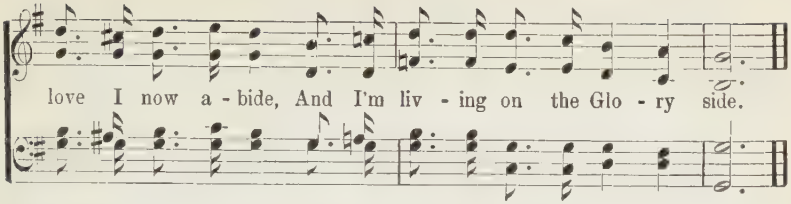
E. Jones. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL Arr. by Hamp Sewell.


1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus tho' my sin Like mountains round me close;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
4. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
5. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve:
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sovereign grace.
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.
CHORUS.
Oh! you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
Oh! you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
Oh! you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
Or you can't get to heav - en when you die.

No. 128. Living On the Glory Side.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell

1. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, He has kept me ev - 'ry day,
2. Here the sun is al - ways shin-ing, here the sky is al-ways bright,
3. Here the tempt-er can - not harm me, o - ver me he's lost his pow'r,
4. And when I have reached that cit - y o - ver on the oth - er shore,
So I'll trust in Him whate'er be - tide; And wher-ev - er He may lead me
Here the gates of love are o-pened wide; Here I find the Lord is pre-cious,
Here my soul is free from sin and pride; And my love is grow-ing stronger
Af - ter I have safe-ly crossed the tide; You may hear me shout-ing prais-es
I am hap - py on the way, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry side.
here His praise is my de-light, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry side.
for my Sav - ior ev - 'ry hour, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry side.
just out-side my man-sion door, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry side.
CHORUS.
Liv - ing on the Glo - ry side, Yes, I'm liv - ing on the
the Glo - ry side,
Glo - ry side; Je - sus e'er will be my guide, in His
the Glo - ry side;

Living on the Glory Side.



No. 129. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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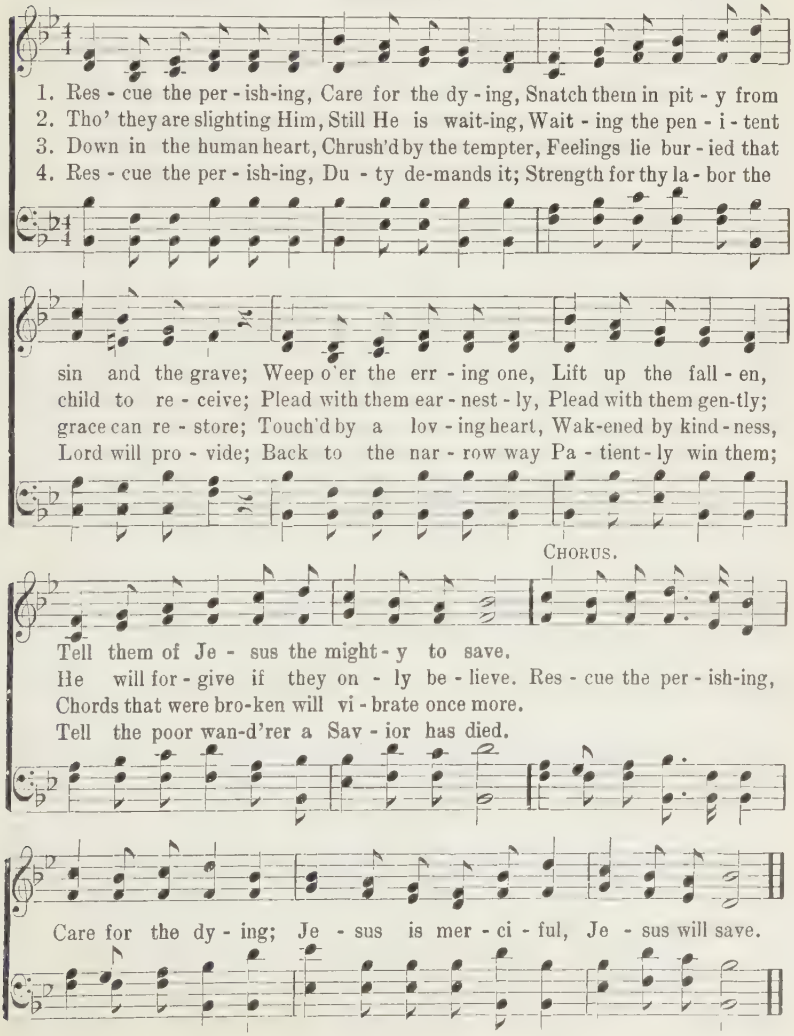
W. H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Chrush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 130.

Follow Me.

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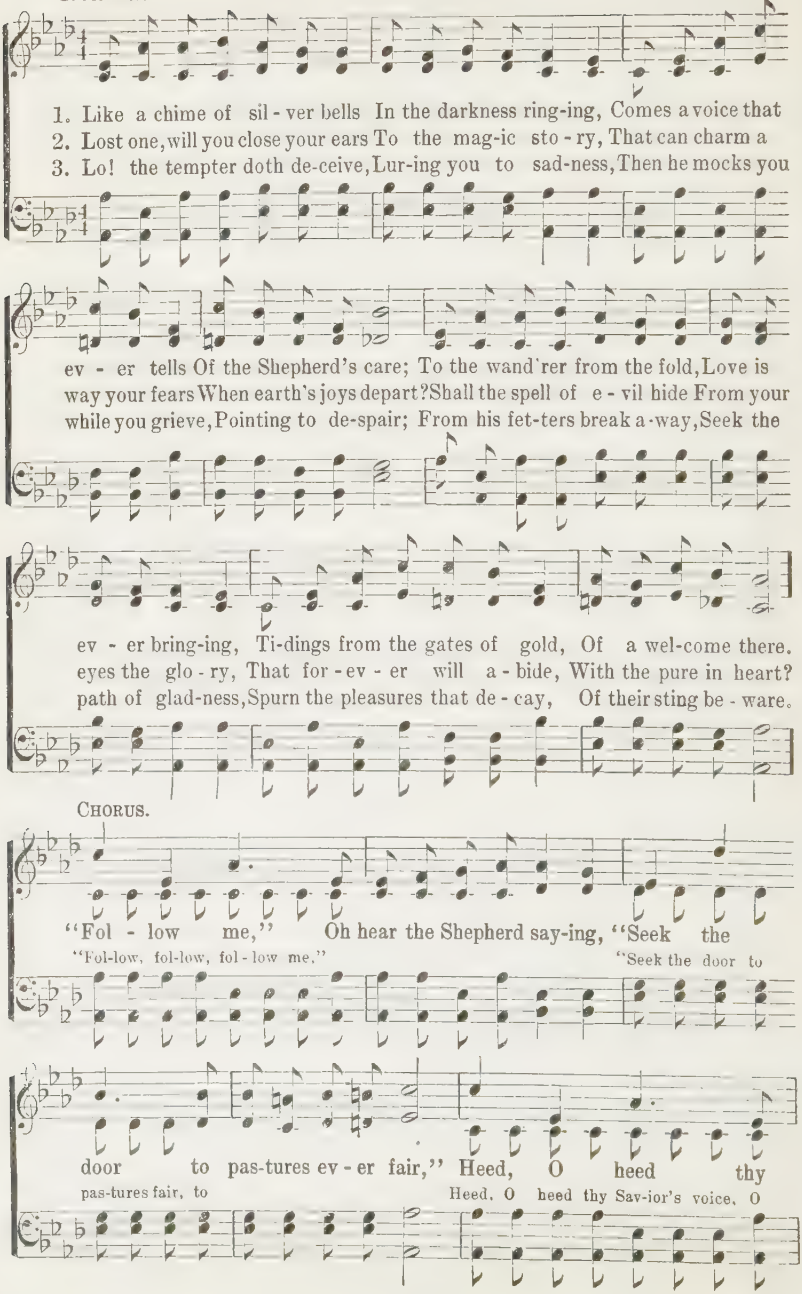
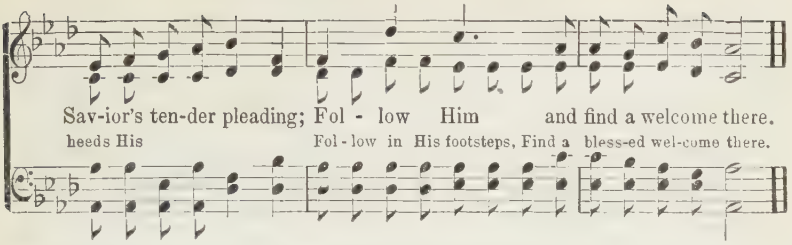
G. M. Bills. WORDS AND MUSIC. M. L. McPhail.

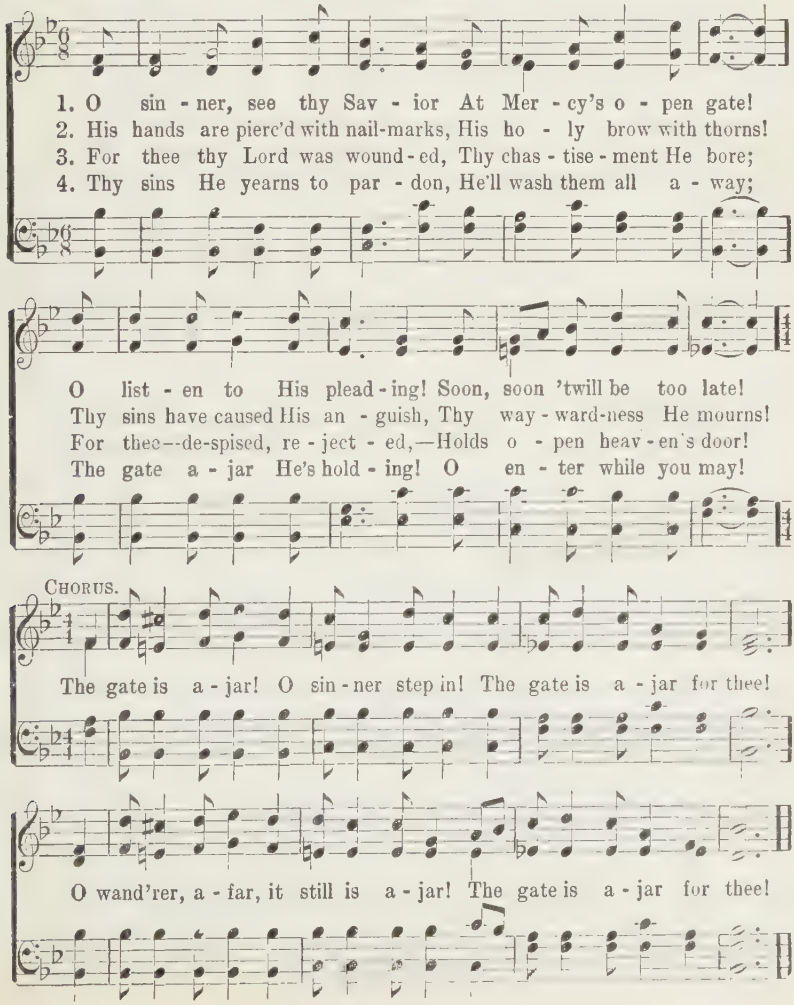

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag-ic sto - ry, That can charm a
3. Lo! the tempter doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness, Then he mocks you
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold, Love is
way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your
while you grieve, Pointing to de-spair; From his fet-ters break a-way, Seek the
ev - er bring-ing, Ti-dings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
eyes the glo - ry, That for - ev - er will a - bide, With the pure in heart?
path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that de - cay, Of their sting be - ware.
CHORUS.
"Fol - low me," Oh hear the Shepherd say-ing, "Seek the
"Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low me."
"Seek the door to
door to pas-tures ev - er fair," Heed, O heed thy
pas-tures fair, to
Heed, O heed thy Sav-ior's voice, O

Follow Me.


Sav-ior's ten-der pleading; Fol - low Him and find a welcome there.
heeds His Fol - low in His footsteps, Find a bless-ed wel-come there.

No. 131. The Gate is Ajar.

Booth Tucker. Arr. by H. S. USED BY PERMISSION. Catherine Booth Tucker.


1. O sin - ner, see thy Sav - ior At Mer - cy's o - pen gate!
2. His hands are pierc'd with nail-marks, His ho - ly brow with thorns!
3. For thee thy Lord was wound - ed, Thy chas - tise - ment He bore;
4. Thy sins He yearns to par - don, He'll wash them all a - way;
O list - en to His plead - ing! Soon, soon 'twill be too late!
Thy sins have caused His an - guish, Thy way - ward-ness He mourns!
For thee--de-spised, re - ject - ed,—Holds o - pen heav - en's door!
The gate a - jar He's hold - ing! O en - ter while you may!
CHORUS.
The gate is a - jar! O sin - ner step in! The gate is a - jar for thee!
O wand'rer, a - far, it still is a - jar! The gate is a - jar for thee!

No. 132. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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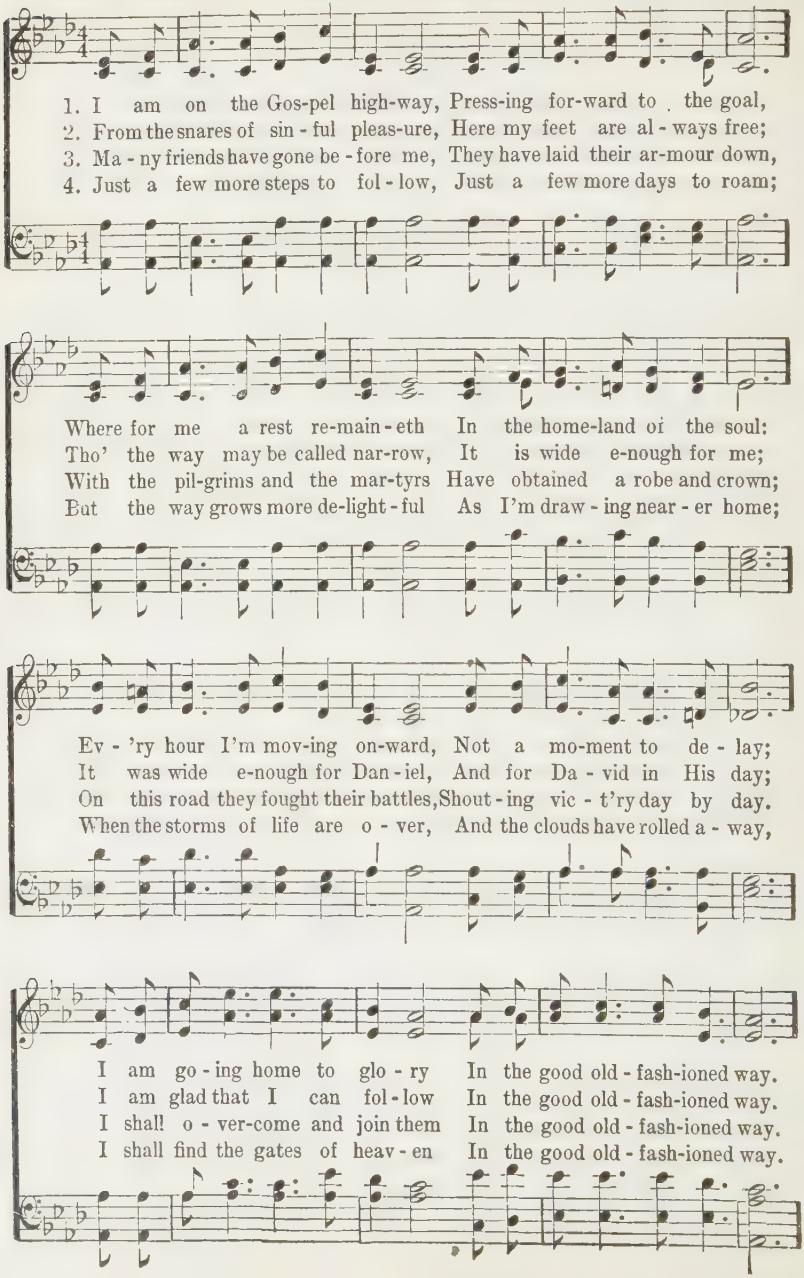
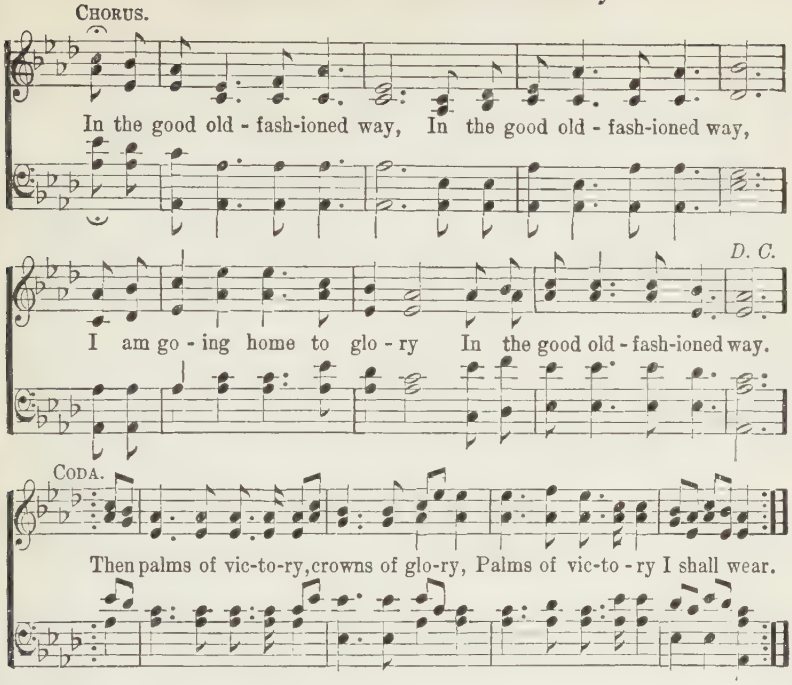
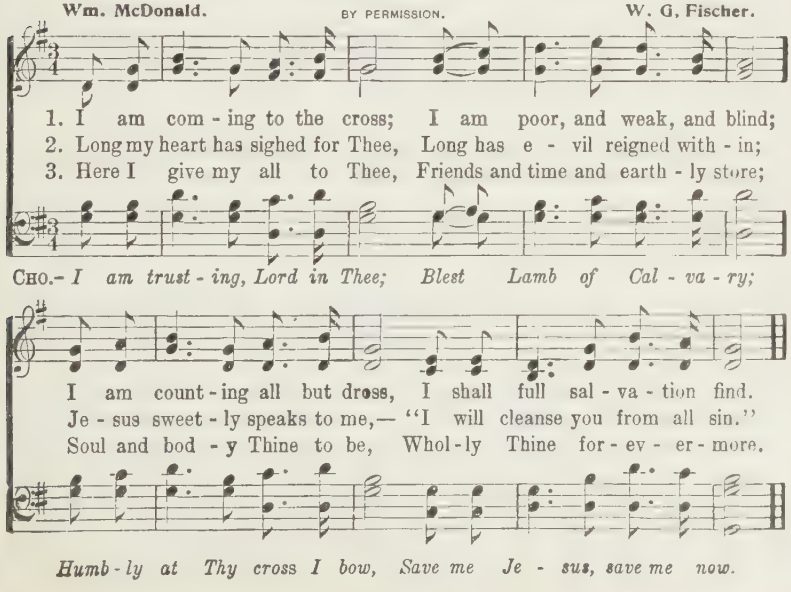
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;
Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,
I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

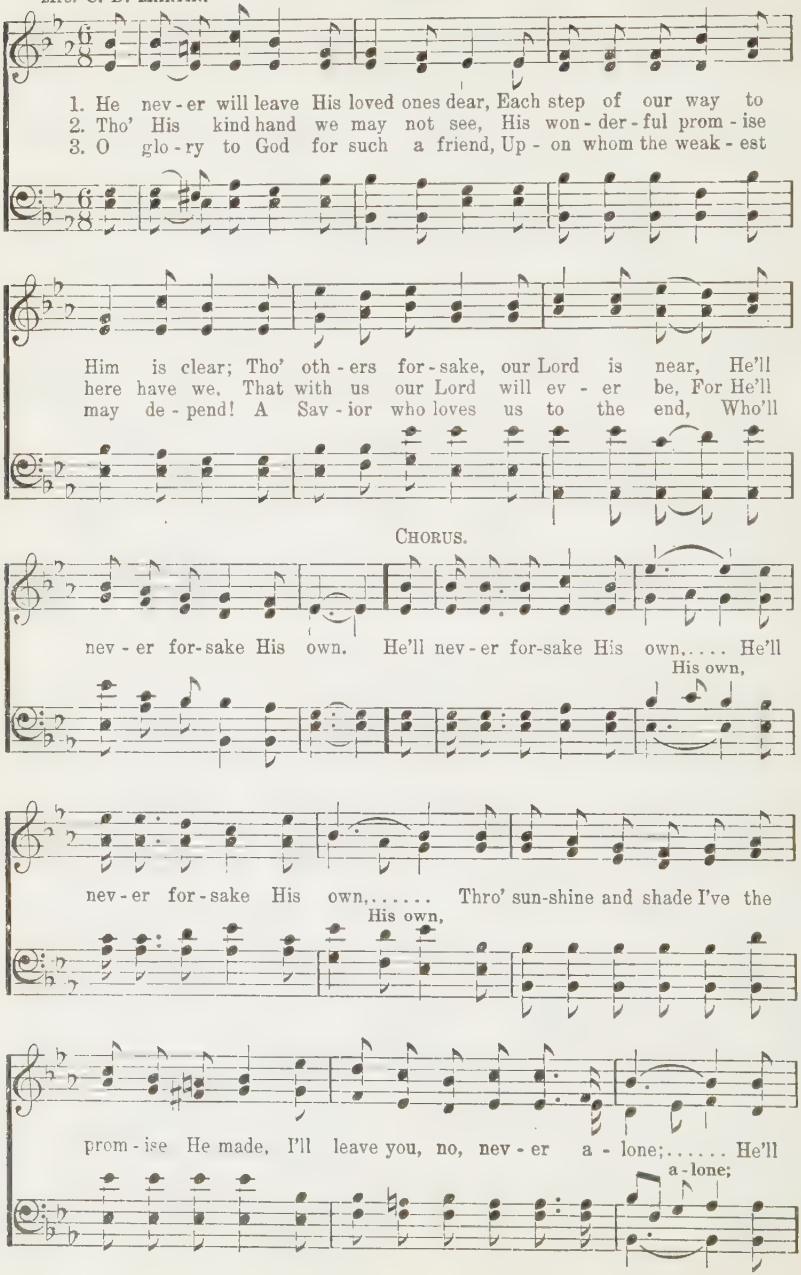

Chorus.
In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,
D. C.
I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
Coda.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

No 133. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

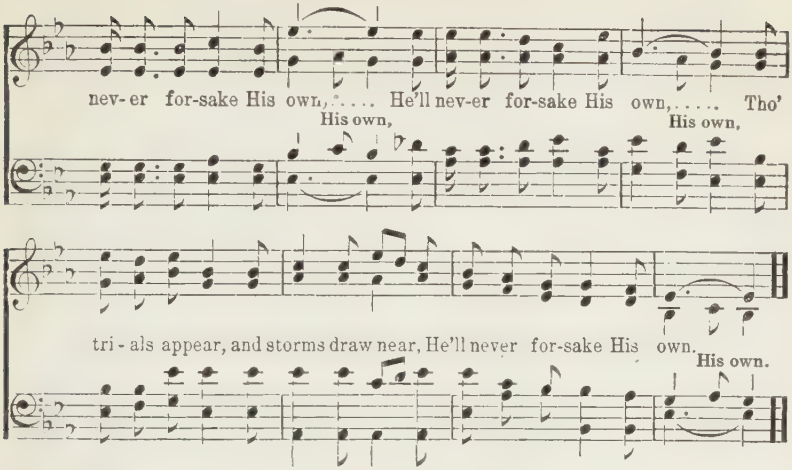

Wm. McDonald.
BY PERMISSION.
W. G. Fischer.
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
Cho.- I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

No. 134. He'll Never Forsake His Own.

Copyright, 1908, by Hamp Sewell.

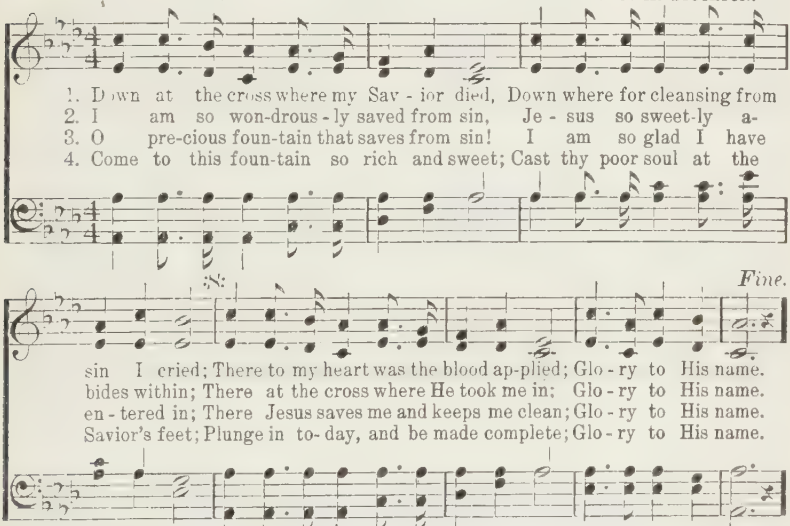
Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. HAMP SEWELL.

1. He nev-er will leave His loved ones dear, Each step of our way to
2. Tho' His kind hand we may not see, His won-der-ful prom-ise
3. O glo-ry to God for such a friend, Up-on whom the weak-est
Him is clear; Tho' oth-ers for-sake, our Lord is near, He'll
here have we, That with us our Lord will ev-er be, For He'll
may de-pend! A Sav-ior who loves us to the end, Who'll
CHORUS.
nev-er for-sake His own. He'll nev-er for-sake His own,.... He'll
His own,
nev-er for-sake His own,..... Thro' sun-shine and shade I've the
His own,
prom-ise He made, I'll leave you, no, nev-er a-lone;..... He'll
a-lone;

He'll Never Forsake His Own.

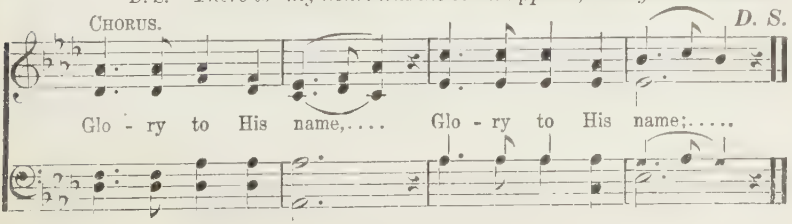

nev-er for-sake His own, ... He'll nev-er for-sake His own, ... Tho'
His own,
His own,
tri-als appear, and storms draw near, He'll never for-sake His own.
His own.

No. 135. Glory to His Name.

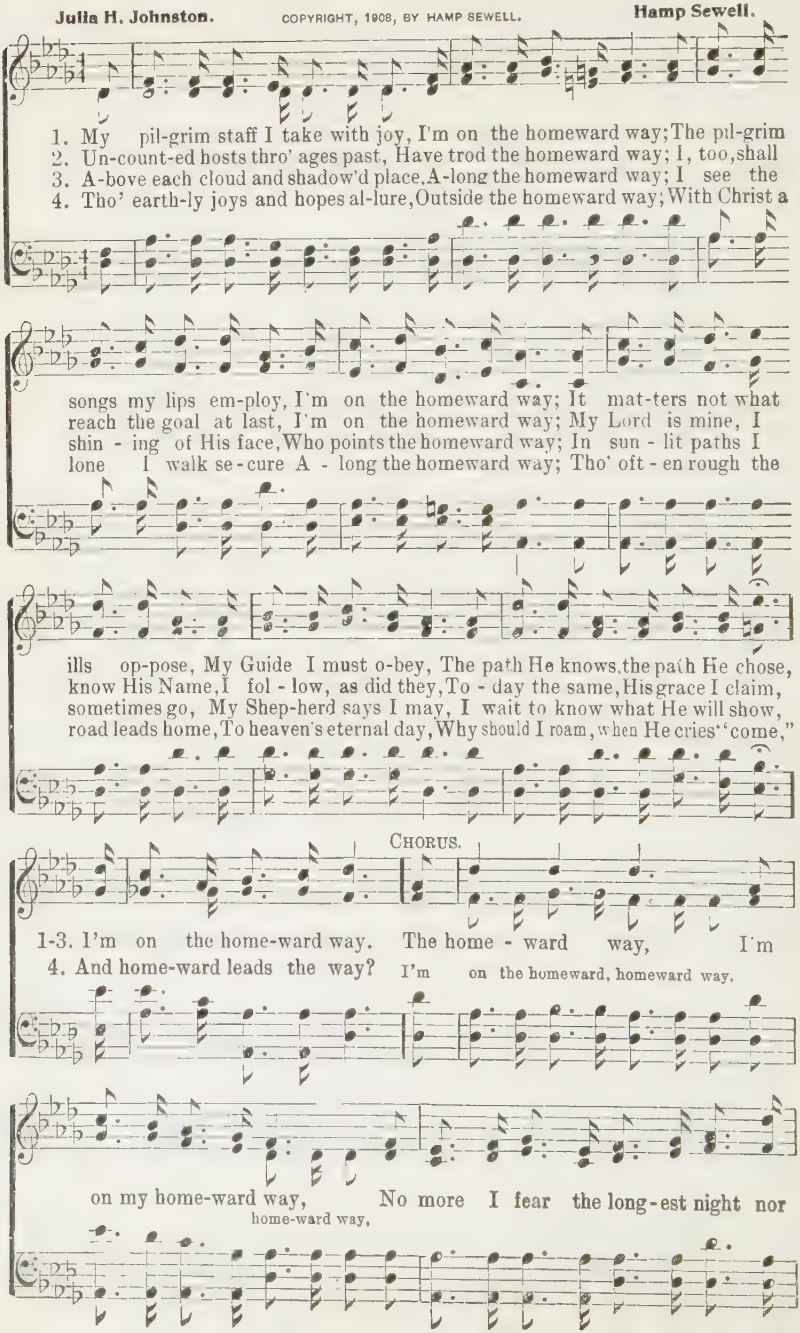
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
Fine.
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en-tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name.

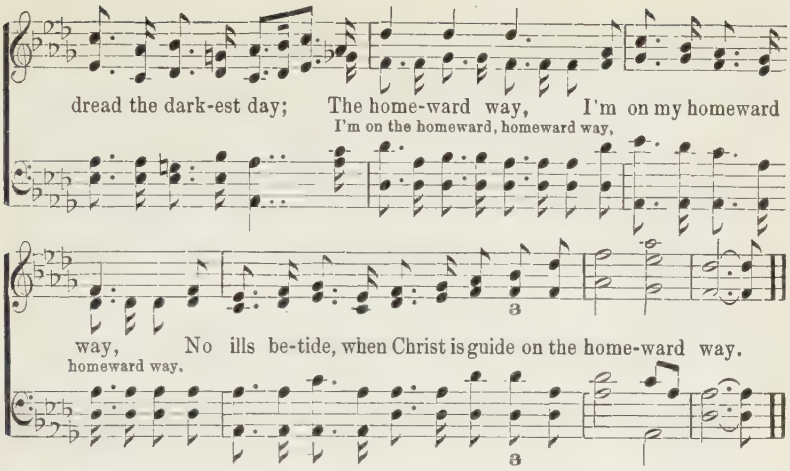
D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.*



No. 136. The Homeward Way.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. My pil-grim staff I take with joy, I'm on the homeward way; The pil-grim
2. Un-count-ed hosts thro' ages past, Have trod the homeward way; I, too, shall
3. A-bove each cloud and shadow'd place, A-long the homeward way; I see the
4. Tho' earth-ly joys and hopes al-lure, Outside the homeward way; With Christ a
songs my lips em-ploy, I'm on the homeward way; It mat-ters not what
reach the goal at last, I'm on the homeward way; My Lord is mine, I
shin - ing of His face, Who points the homeward way; In sun - lit paths I
lone I walk se - cure A - long the homeward way; Tho' oft - en rough the
ills op-pose, My Guide I must o-bey, The path He knows, the path He chose,
know His Name, I fol - low, as did they, To - day the same, His grace I claim,
sometimes go, My Shep-herd says I may, I wait to know what He will show,
road leads home, To heaven's eternal day, Why should I roam, when He cries "come,"
CHORUS.
1-3. I'm on the home-ward way. The home - ward way, I'm
4. And home-ward leads the way? I'm on the homeward, homeward way,
on my home-ward way, No more I fear the long-est night nor
home-ward way,

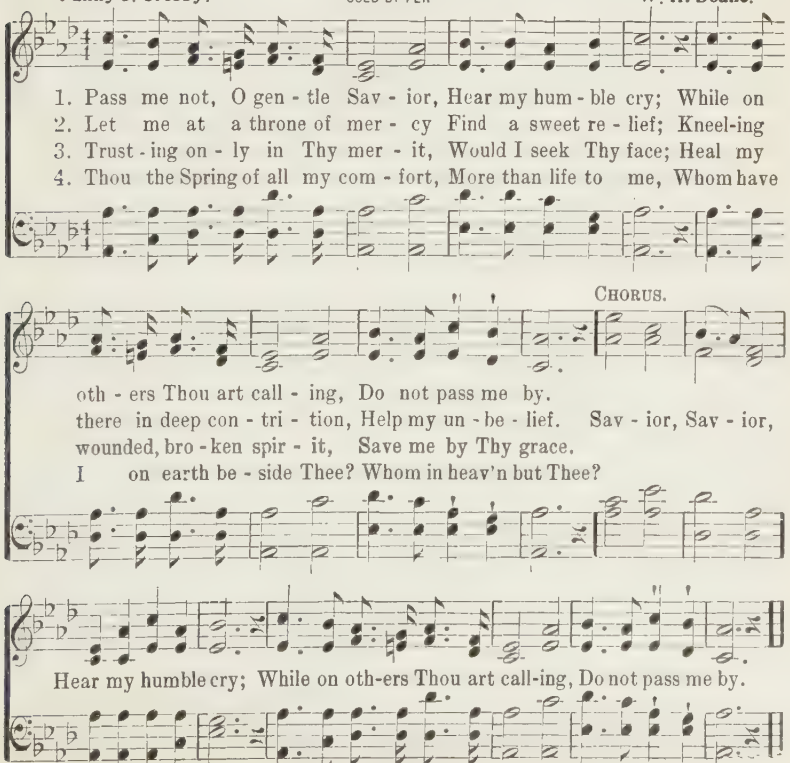
The Homeward Way.


dread the dark-est day; The home-ward way, I'm on my homeward
I'm on the homeward, homeward way,
way, No ills be-tide, when Christ is guide on the home-ward way.
homeward way.

No. 137. Pass Me Not.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER

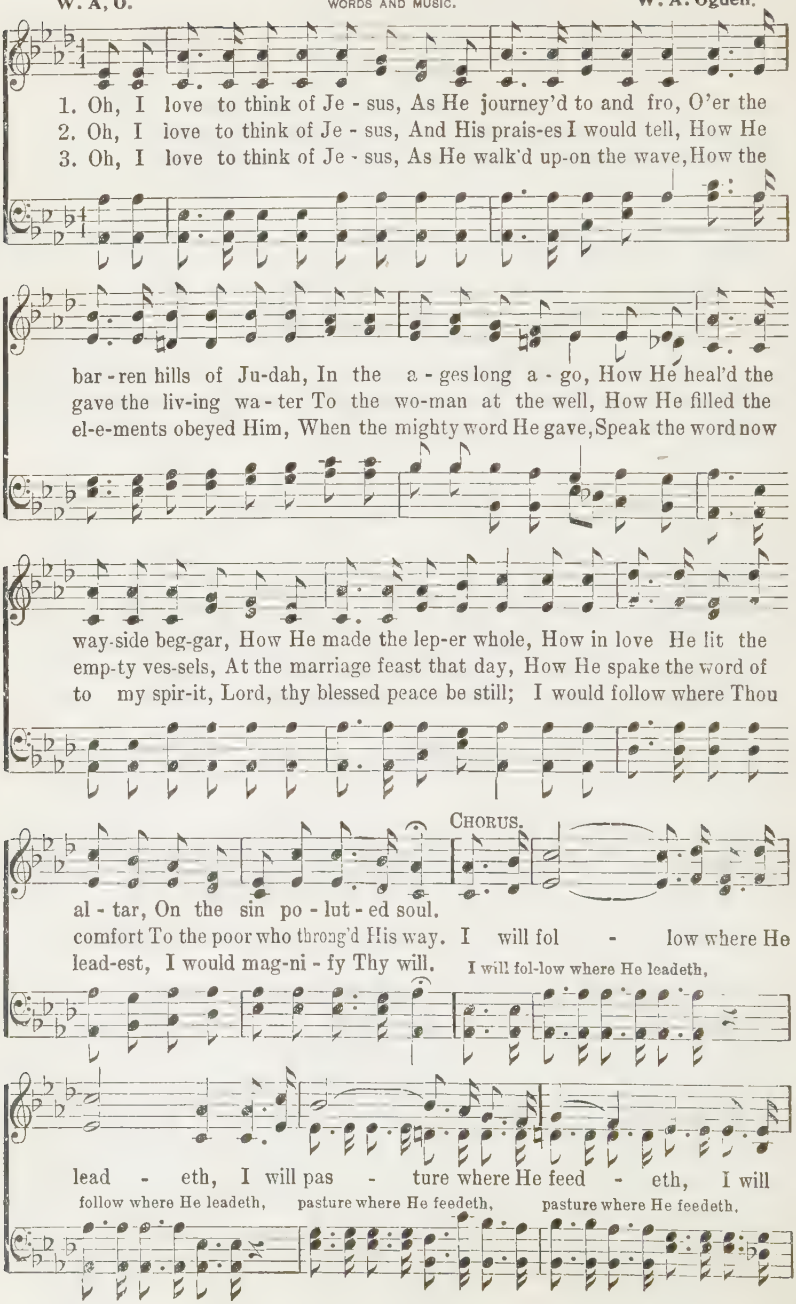
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

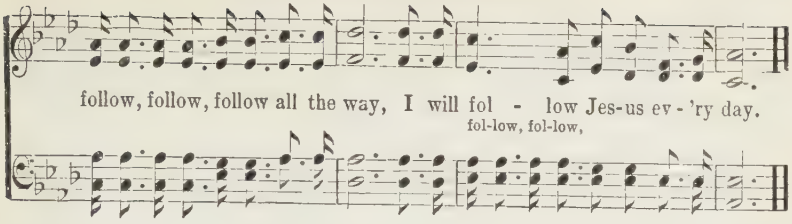
No. 138. Follow all the Way?

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A, O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

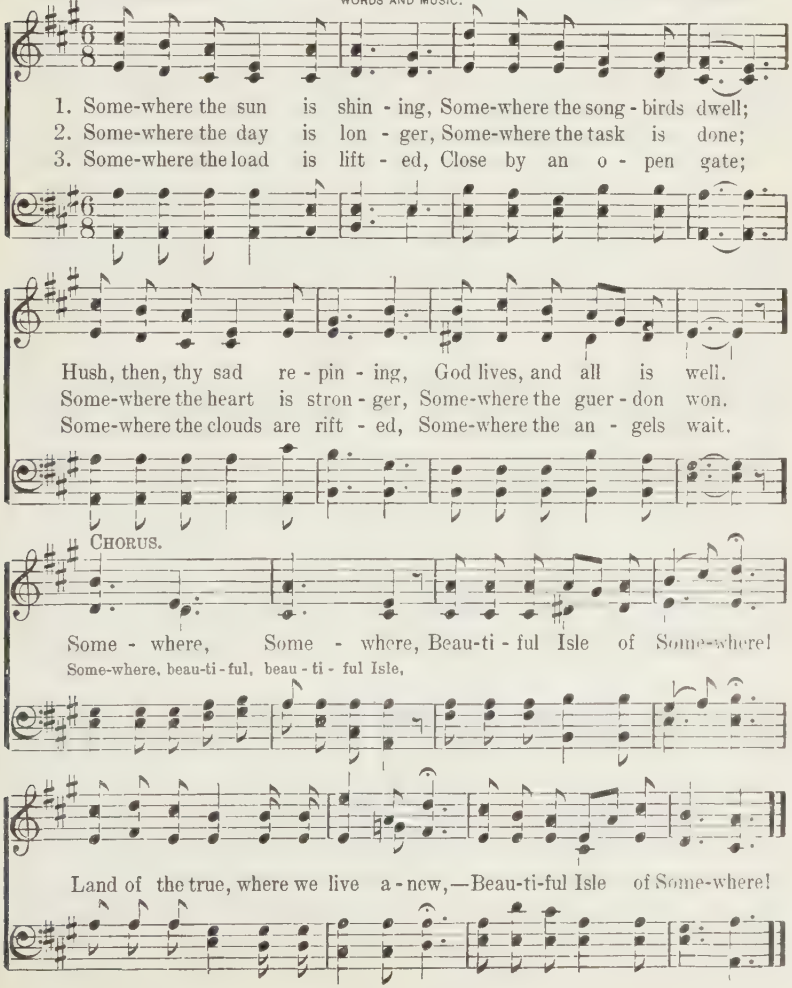

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As He journey'd to and fro, O'er the
2. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, And His prais-es I would tell, How He
3. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As He walk'd up-on the wave, How the
bar - ren hills of Ju-dah, In the a - ges long a - go, How He heal'd the
gave the liv-ing wa - ter To the wo-man at the well, How He filled the
el-e-ments obeyed Him, When the mighty word He gave, Speak the word now
way-side beg-gar, How He made the lep-er whole, How in love He lit the
emp-ty ves-sels, At the marriage feast that day, How He spake the word of
to my spir-it, Lord, thy blessed peace be still; I would follow where Thou
CHORUS.
al - tar, On the sin po - lut - ed soul.
comfort To the poor who throng'd His way. I will fol - low where He
lead-est, I would mag-ni - fy Thy will.
I will fol-low where He leadeth,
lead - eth, I will pas - ture where He feed - eth, I will
follow where He leadeth, pasture where He feedeth, pasture where He feedeth.

Follow All The Way.



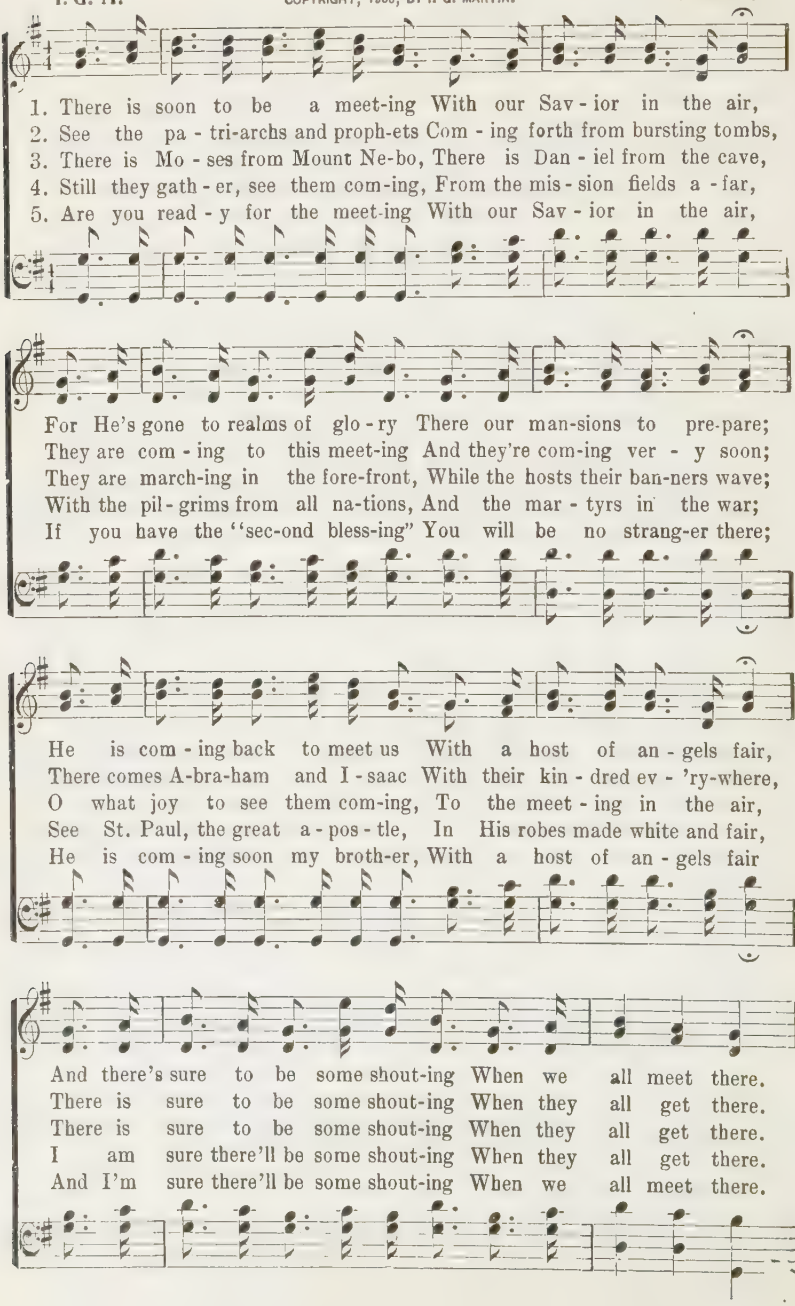
No. 139. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. S. Fearis.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

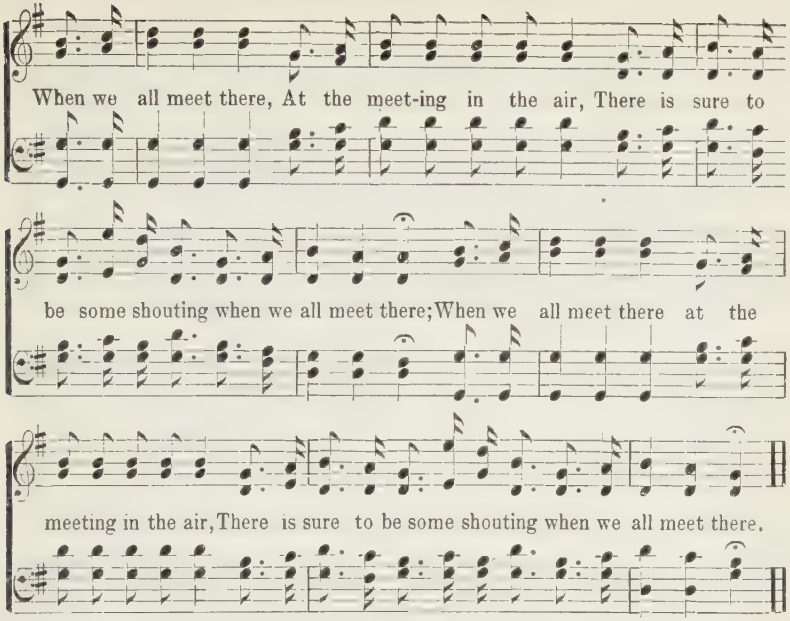

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 140. The Meeting in the Air.

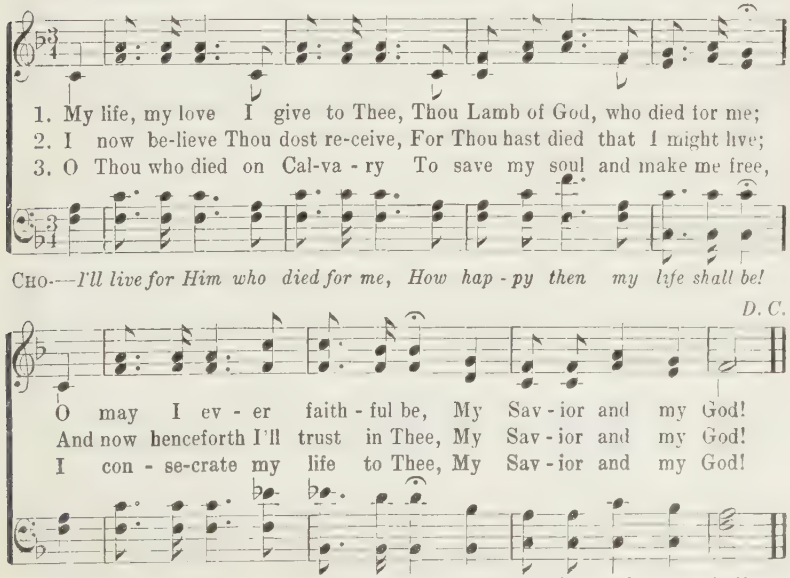
I. G. M. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY I. G. MARTIN. I. G. Martin.


1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air,
2. See the pa - tri-archs and proph-ets Com - ing forth from bursting tombs,
3. There is Mo - ses from Mount Ne-bo, There is Dan - iel from the cave,
4. Still they gath - er, see them com-ing, From the mis - sion fields a - far,
5. Are you read - y for the meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air,
For He's gone to realms of glo - ry There our man-sions to pre-pare;
They are com - ing to this meet-ing And they're com-ing ver - y soon;
They are march-ing in the fore-front, While the hosts their ban-ners wave;
With the pil - grims from all na-tions, And the mar - tyrs in the war;
If you have the "sec-ond bless-ing" You will be no strang-er there;
He is com - ing back to meet us With a host of an - gels fair,
There comes A-bra-ham and I - saac With their kin - dred ev - 'ry-where,
O what joy to see them com-ing, To the meet - ing in the air,
See St. Paul, the great a - pos - tle, In His robes made white and fair,
He is com - ing soon my broth-er, With a host of an - gels fair
And there's sure to be some shout-ing When we all meet there.
There is sure to be some shout-ing When they all get there.
There is sure to be some shout-ing When they all get there.
I am sure there'll be some shout-ing When they all get there.
And I'm sure there'll be some shout-ing When we all meet there.

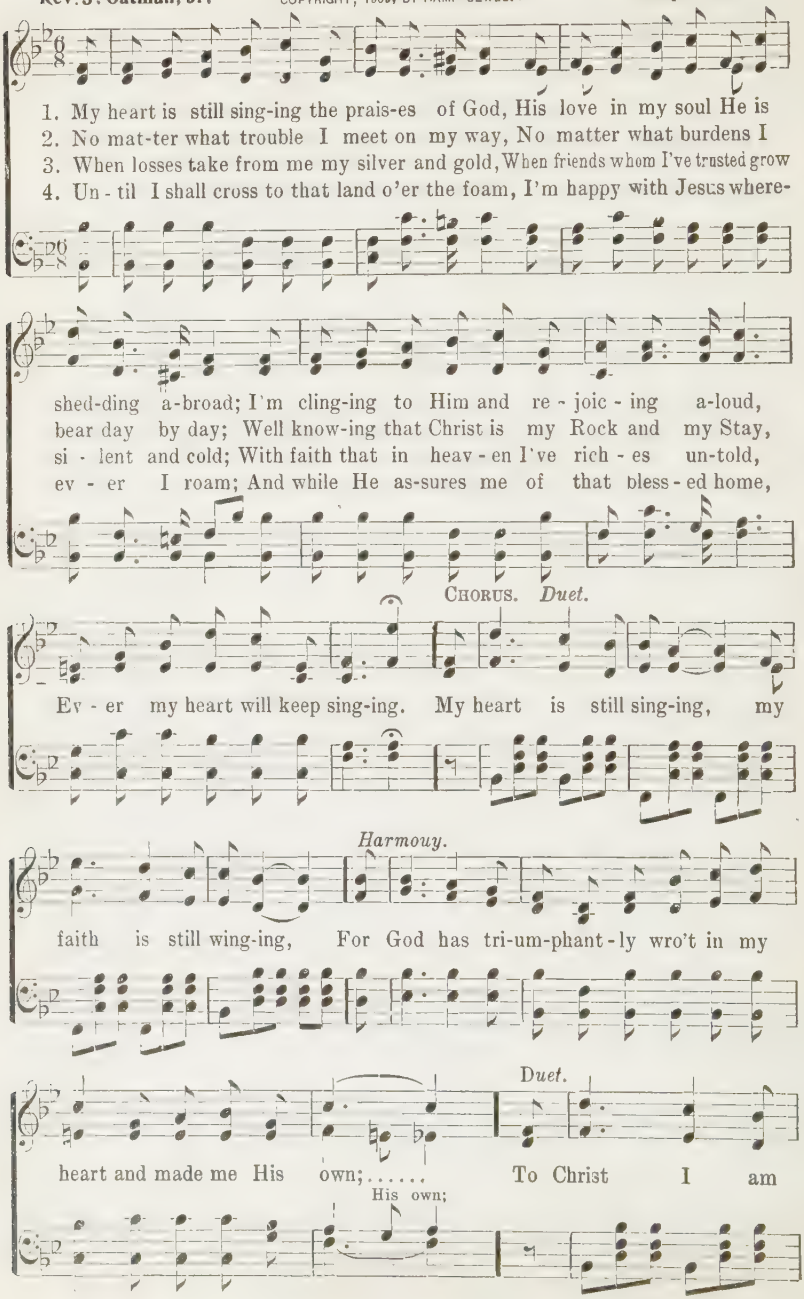
The Meeting in the Air.


When we all meet there, At the meet-ing in the air, There is sure to
be some shouting when we all meet there; When we all meet there at the
meeting in the air, There is sure to be some shouting when we all meet there.

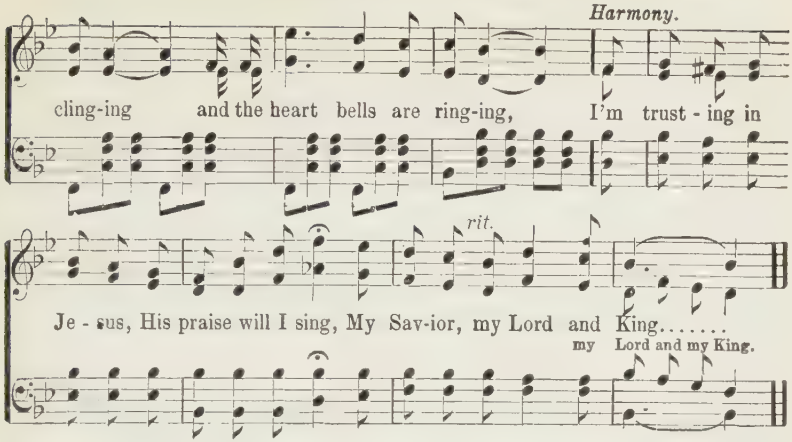
No. 141. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C.
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 142. My Heart is Still Singing.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. My heart is still sing-ing the prais-es of God, His love in my soul He is
2. No mat-ter what trouble I meet on my way, No matter what burdens I
3. When losses take from me my silver and gold, When friends whom I've trusted grow
4. Un - til I shall cross to that land o'er the foam, I'm happy with Jesus where-
shed-ding a-broad; I'm cling-ing to Him and re - joic - ing a-loud,
bear day by day; Well know-ing that Christ is my Rock and my Stay,
si - lent and cold; With faith that in heav - en I've rich - es un-told,
ev - er I roam; And while He as-sures me of that bless - ed home,
CHORUS. Duet.
Ev - er my heart will keep sing-ing. My heart is still sing-ing, my
Harmony.
faith is still wing-ing, For God has tri-um-phant - ly wro't in my
Duet.
heart and made me His own;..... To Christ I am
His own;

My Heart is Still Singing.


Harmony.
cling-ing and the heart bells are ring-ing, I'm trust - ing in
rit.
Je - sus, His praise will I sing, My Sav-ior, my Lord and King.....
my Lord and my King.

No. 143. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

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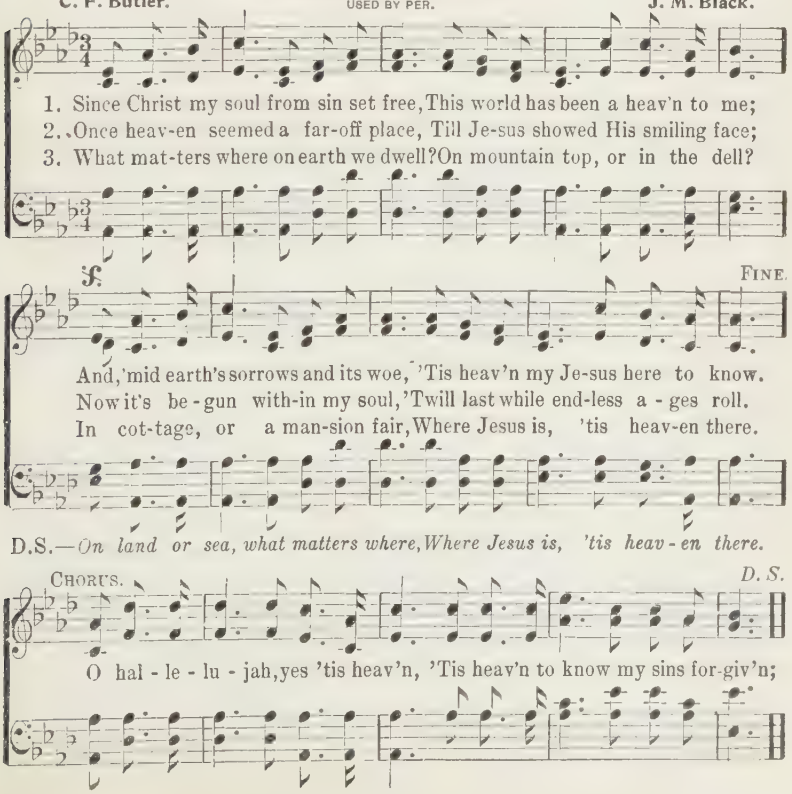
USED BY PER.

C. F. Butler. J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smiling face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?
f.
FINE.
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.
D.S.—On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

No. 144. Keep Up The Fight.

President Roosevelt to Spreckles, leader of the Reform Movement, San Francisco, Cal., "Keep up the Fight."

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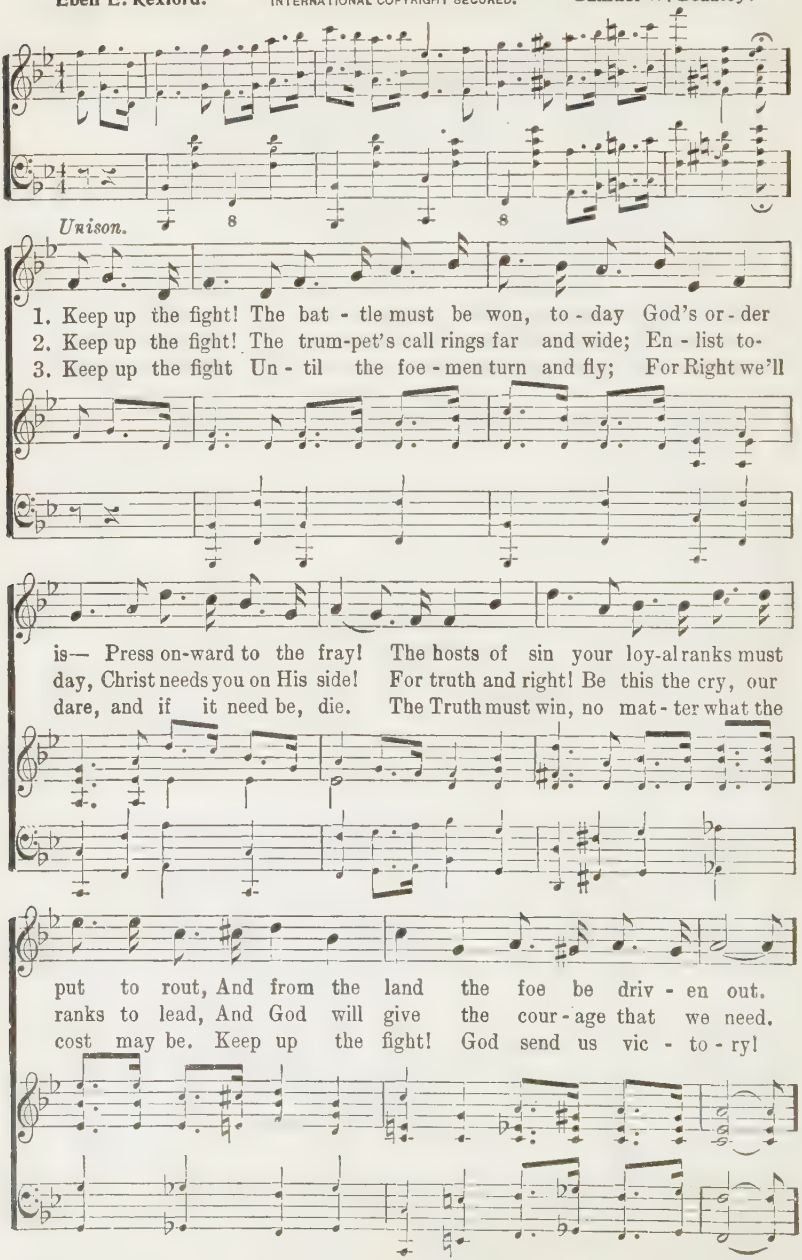
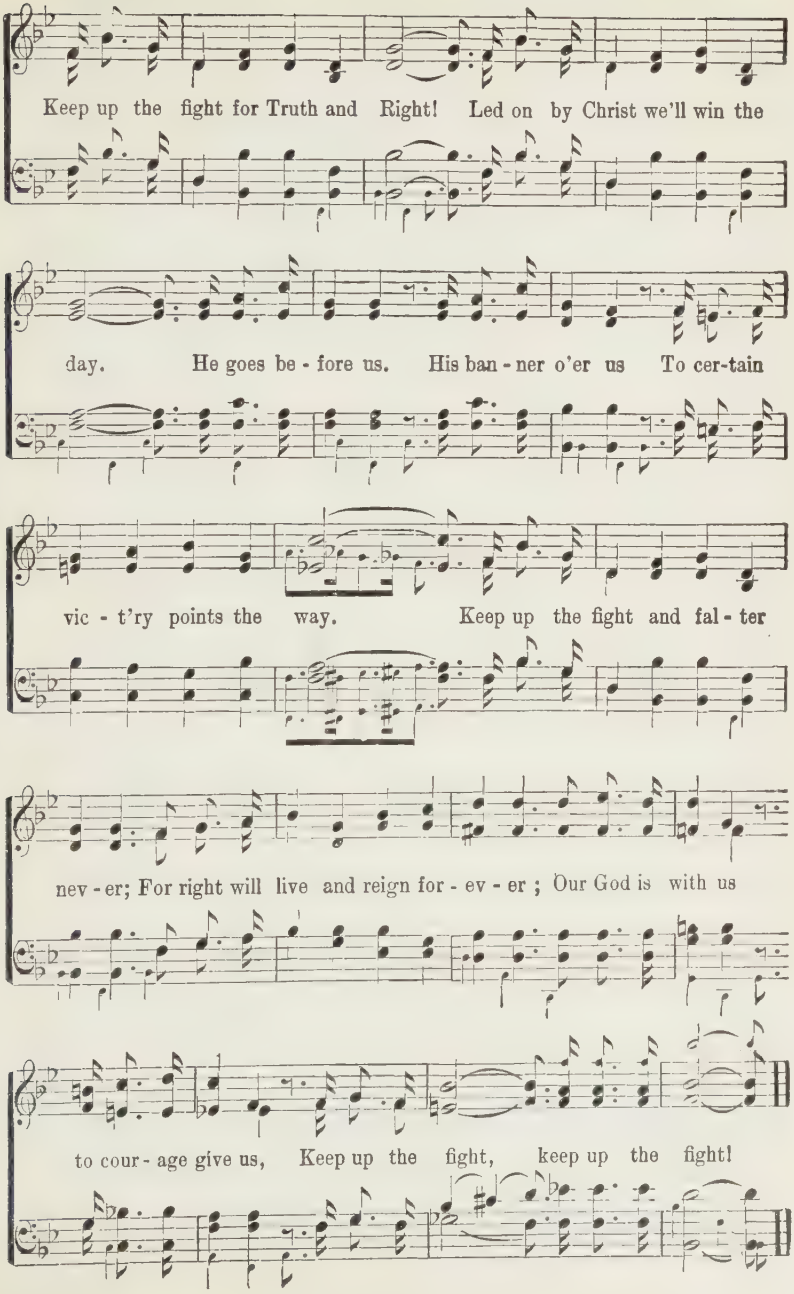
Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.
1. Keep up the fight! The bat - tle must be won, to - day God's or - der
2. Keep up the fight! The trum-pet's call rings far and wide; En - list to-
3. Keep up the fight Un - til the foe - men turn and fly; For Right we'll
is— Press on-ward to the fray! The hosts of sin your loy-al ranks must
day, Christ needs you on His side! For truth and right! Be this the cry, our
dare, and if it need be, die. The Truth must win, no mat - ter what the
put to rout, And from the land the foe be driv - en out.
ranks to lead, And God will give the cour - age that we need.
cost may be. Keep up the fight! God send us vic - to - ry!

Keep Up the Fight.

CHORUS.

Keep up the fight for Truth and Right! Led on by Christ we'll win the
day. He goes be - fore us. His ban - ner o'er us To cer-tain
vic - t'ry points the way. Keep up the fight and fal - ter
nev - er; For right will live and reign for - ev - er ; Our God is with us
to cour - age give us, Keep up the fight, keep up the fight!

No. 145. How the Fire Fell.

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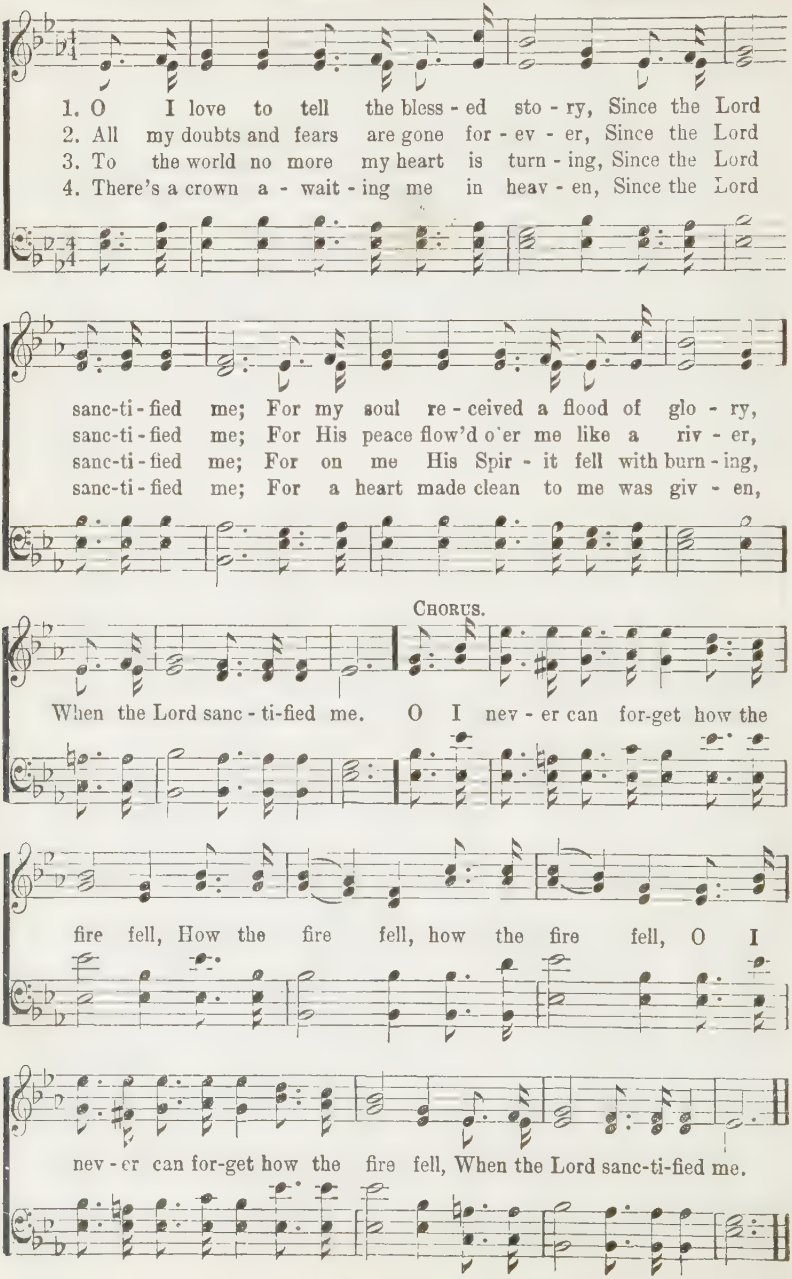
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord
sanc-ti-fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc-ti-fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc-ti-fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc-ti-fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,
CHORUS.
When the Lord sanc - ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the
fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I
nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

No. 146. The Sunday School Brigade.

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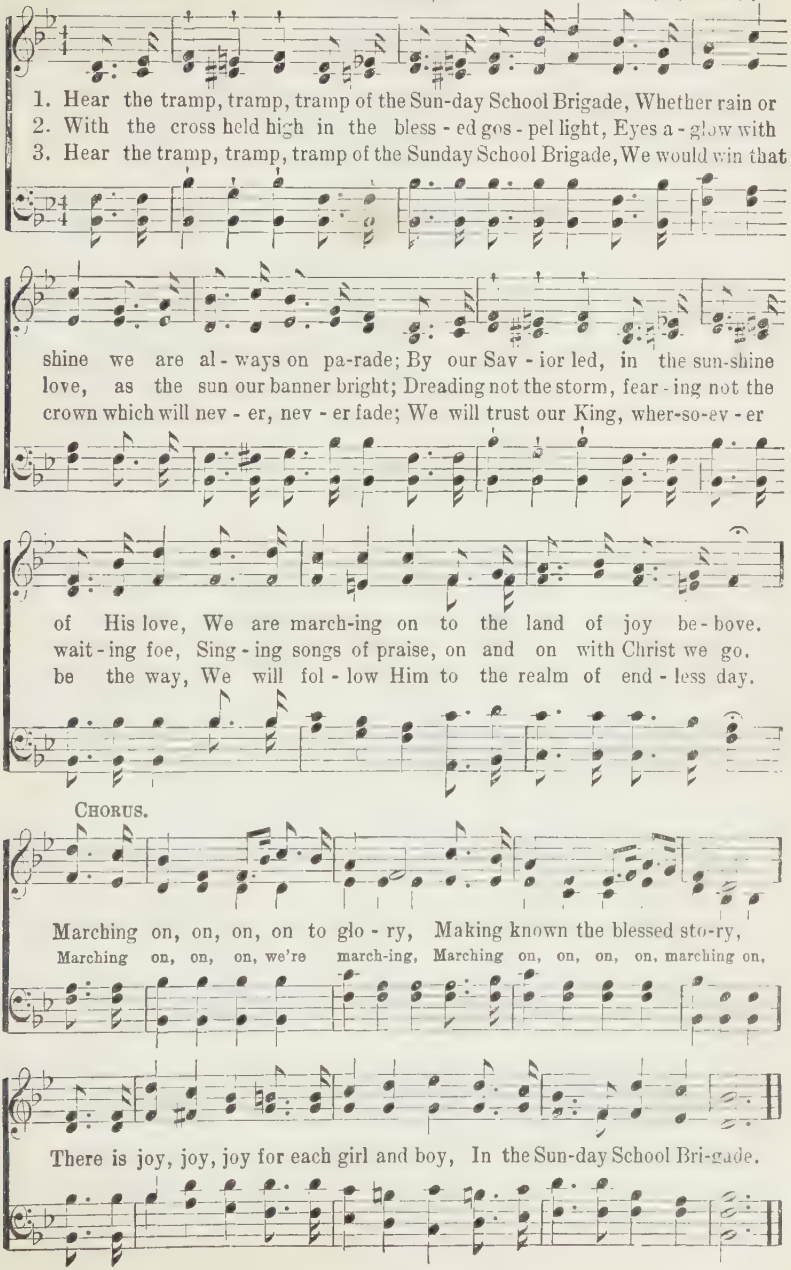
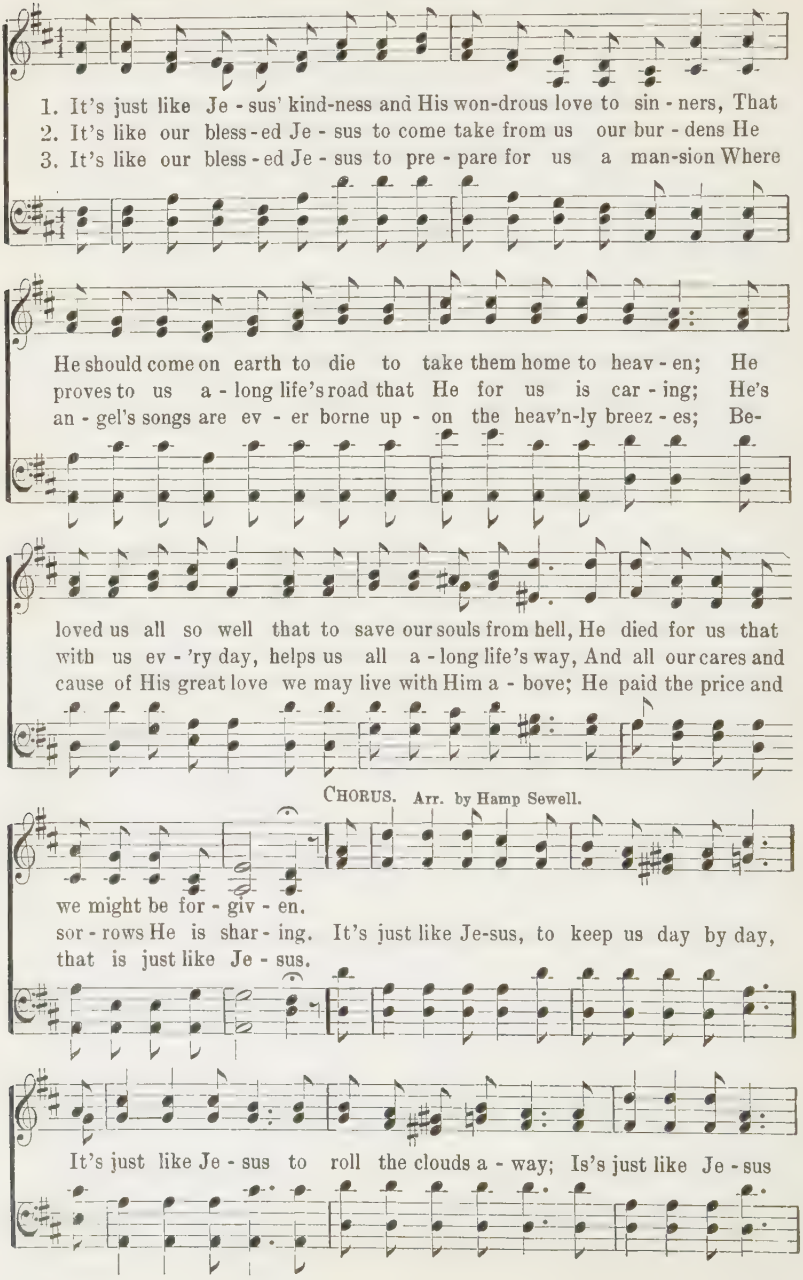
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

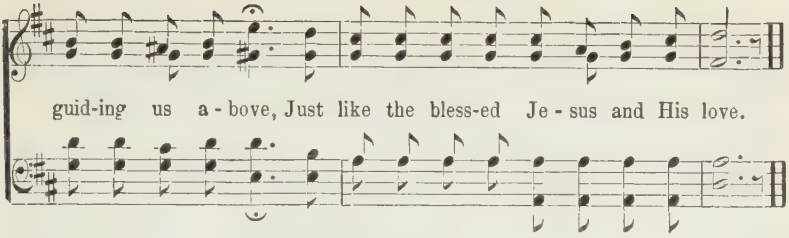

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that
shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine
love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the
crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er
of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be - bove.
wait - ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.
CHORUS.
Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry,
Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

No. 147. It's Just Like Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. It's just like Je - sus' kind-ness and His won-drous love to sin - ners, That
2. It's like our bless - ed Je - sus to come take from us our bur - dens He
3. It's like our bless - ed Je - sus to pre - pare for us a man-sion Where
He should come on earth to die to take them home to heav - en; He
proves to us a - long life's road that He for us is car - ing; He's
an - gel's songs are ev - er borne up - on the heav'n-ly breez - es; Be-
loved us all so well that to save our souls from hell, He died for us that
with us ev - 'ry day, helps us all a - long life's way, And all our cares and
cause of His great love we may live with Him a - bove; He paid the price and
CHORUS. Arr. by Hamp Sewell.
we might be for - giv - en.
sor - rows He is shar - ing. It's just like Je-sus, to keep us day by day,
that is just like Je - sus.
It's just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a - way; Is's just like Je - sus

It's Just Like Jesus.



No. 148. No, Not One.

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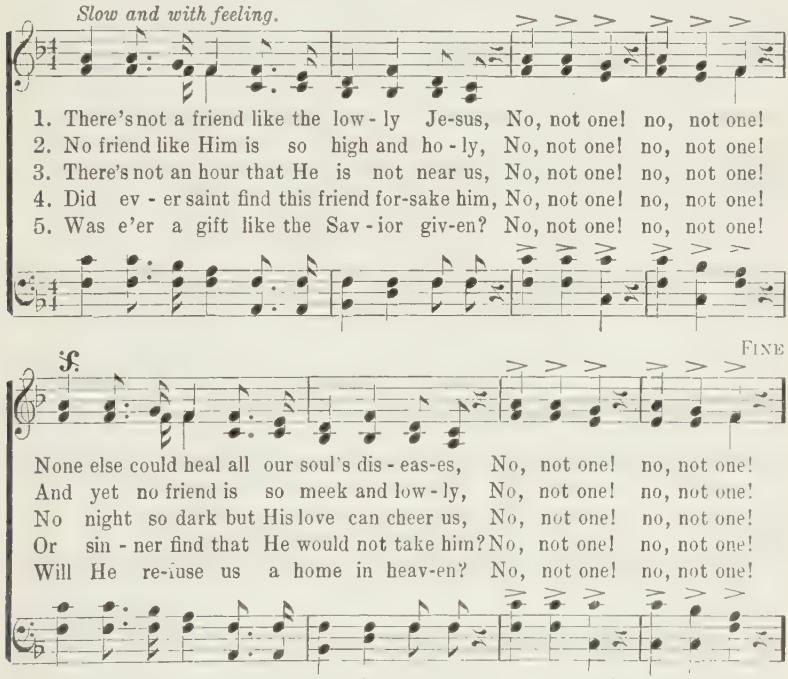
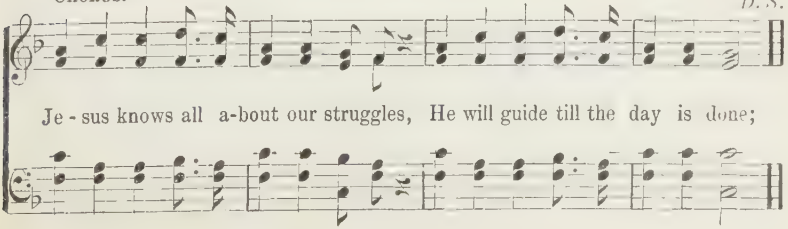
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

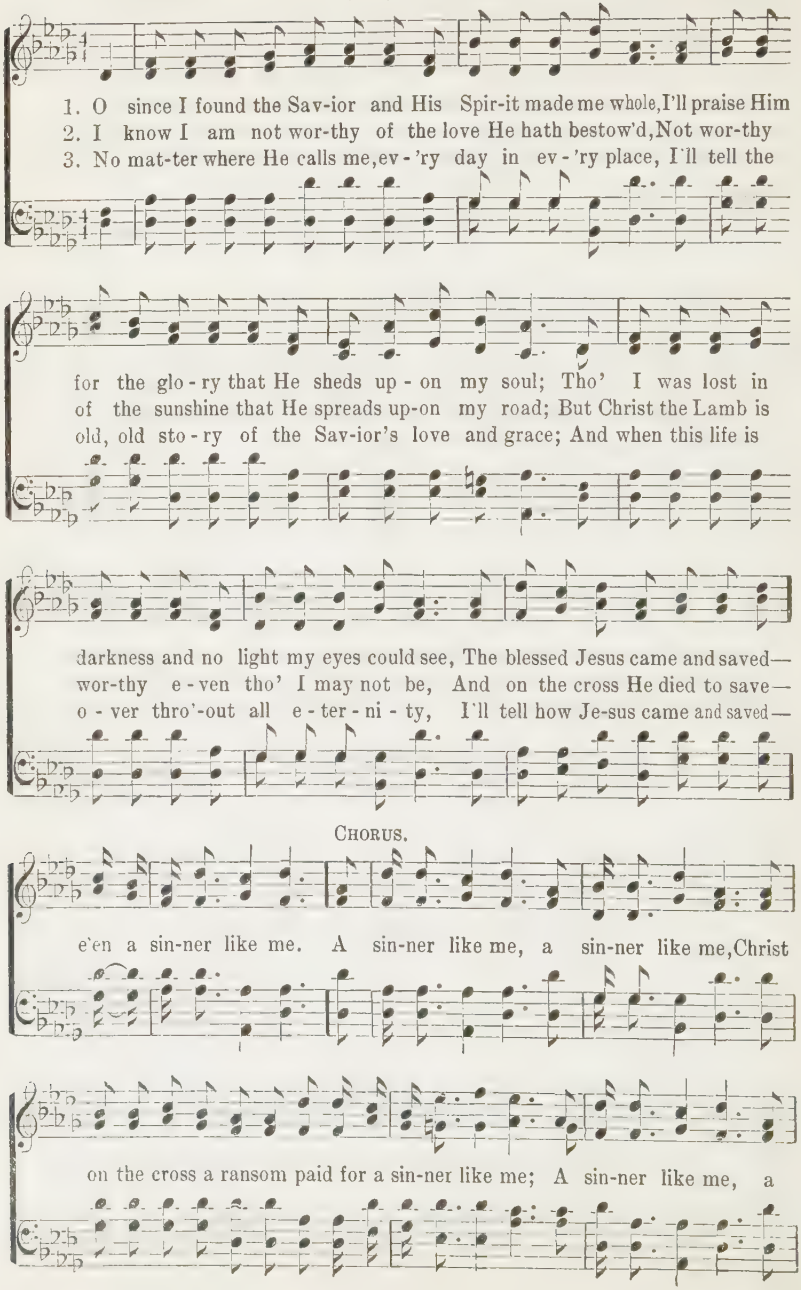

Slow and with feeling.
1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!
f.
FINE
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

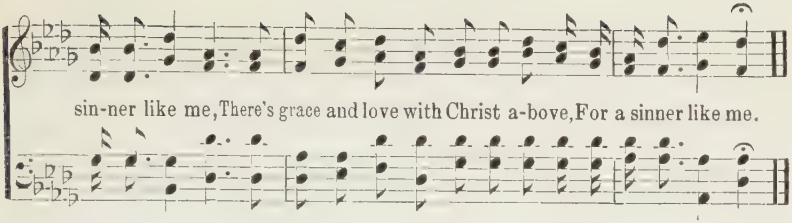
D.S.–*There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

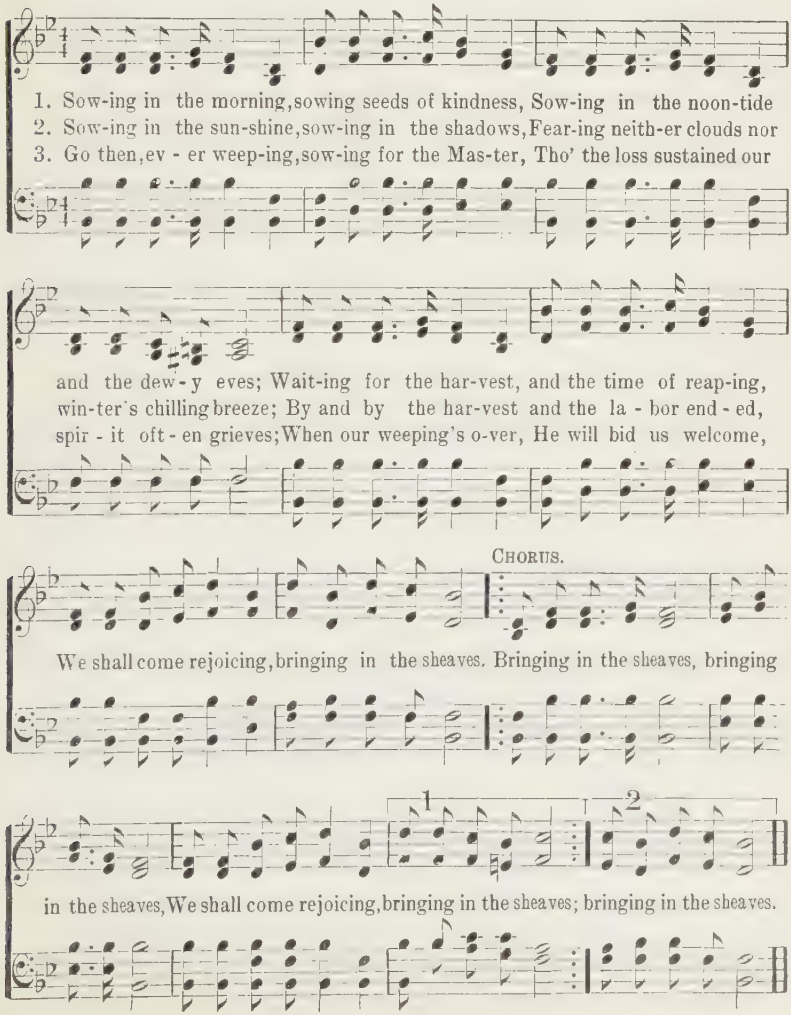


No. 149. A Sinner Like Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell


1. O since I found the Sav-ior and His Spir-it made me whole, I'll praise Him
2. I know I am not wor-thy of the love He hath bestow'd, Not wor-thy
3. No mat-ter where He calls me, ev-'ry day in ev-'ry place, I'll tell the
for the glo-ry that He sheds up-on my soul; Tho' I was lost in
of the sunshine that He spreads up-on my road; But Christ the Lamb is
old, old sto-ry of the Sav-ior's love and grace; And when this life is
darkness and no light my eyes could see, The blessed Jesus came and saved—
wor-thy e-ven tho' I may not be, And on the cross He died to save—
o-ver thro'-out all e-ter-ni-ty, I'll tell how Je-sus came and saved—
CHORUS.
e'en a sin-ner like me. A sin-ner like me, a sin-ner like me, Christ
on the cross a ransom paid for a sin-ner like me; A sin-ner like me, a

A Sinner Like Me.

No. 150. Bringing in the Sheaves.


1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing neith-er clouds nor
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome,
Chorus.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
1
2
in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.

No. 151. He Saves Me.

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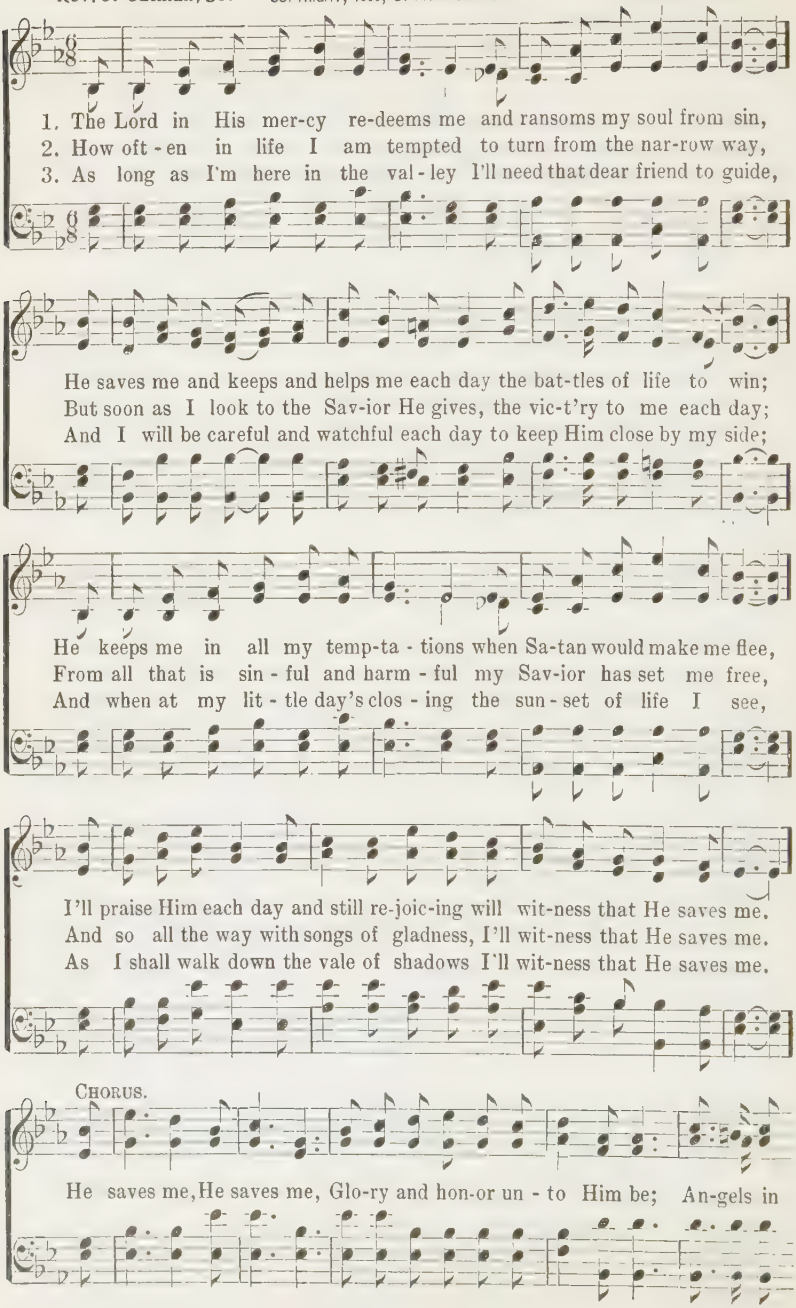
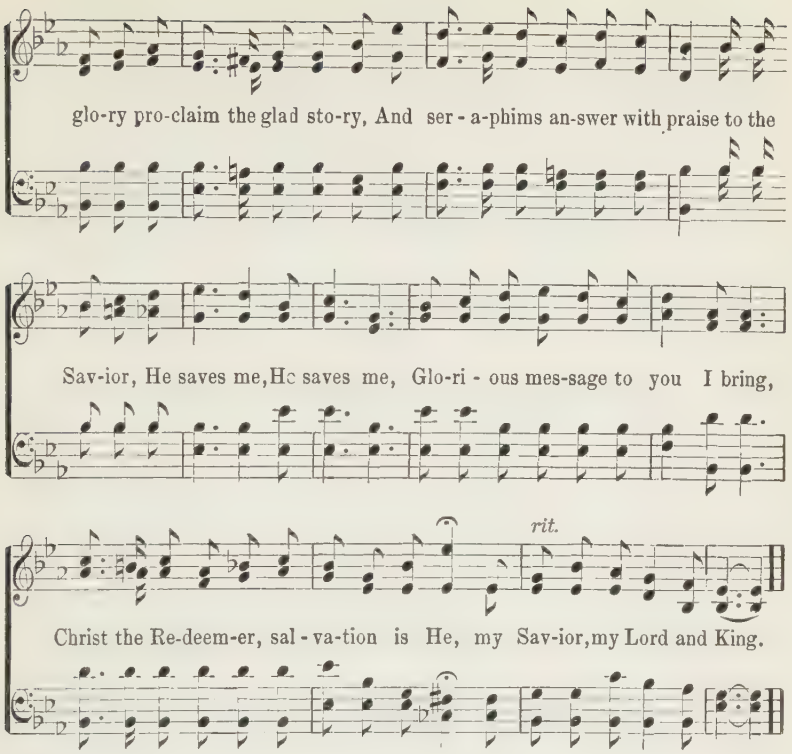

1. The Lord in His mer-cy re-deems me and ransoms my soul from sin,
2. How oft-en in life I am tempted to turn from the nar-row way,
3. As long as I'm here in the val-ley I'll need that dear friend to guide,
He saves me and keeps and helps me each day the bat-tles of life to win;
But soon as I look to the Sav-ior He gives, the vic-t'ry to me each day;
And I will be careful and watchful each day to keep Him close by my side;
He keeps me in all my temp-ta-tions when Sa-tan would make me flee,
From all that is sin-ful and harm-ful my Sav-ior has set me free,
And when at my lit-tle day's clos-ing the sun-set of life I see,
I'll praise Him each day and still re-joic-ing will wit-ness that He saves me.
And so all the way with songs of gladness, I'll wit-ness that He saves me.
As I shall walk down the vale of shadows I'll wit-ness that He saves me.
CHORUS.
He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry and hon-or un-to Him be; An-gels in

He Saves Me.


glo-ry pro-claim the glad sto-ry, And ser - a-phims an-swer with praise to the
Sav-ior, He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ri - ous mes-sage to you I bring,
rit.
Christ the Re-deem-er, sal - va-tion is He, my Sav-ior, my Lord and King.

No. 152. The Ninety and Nine.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer; "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And altho' the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierc'd tonight by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

No. 153. The Pearly White City.

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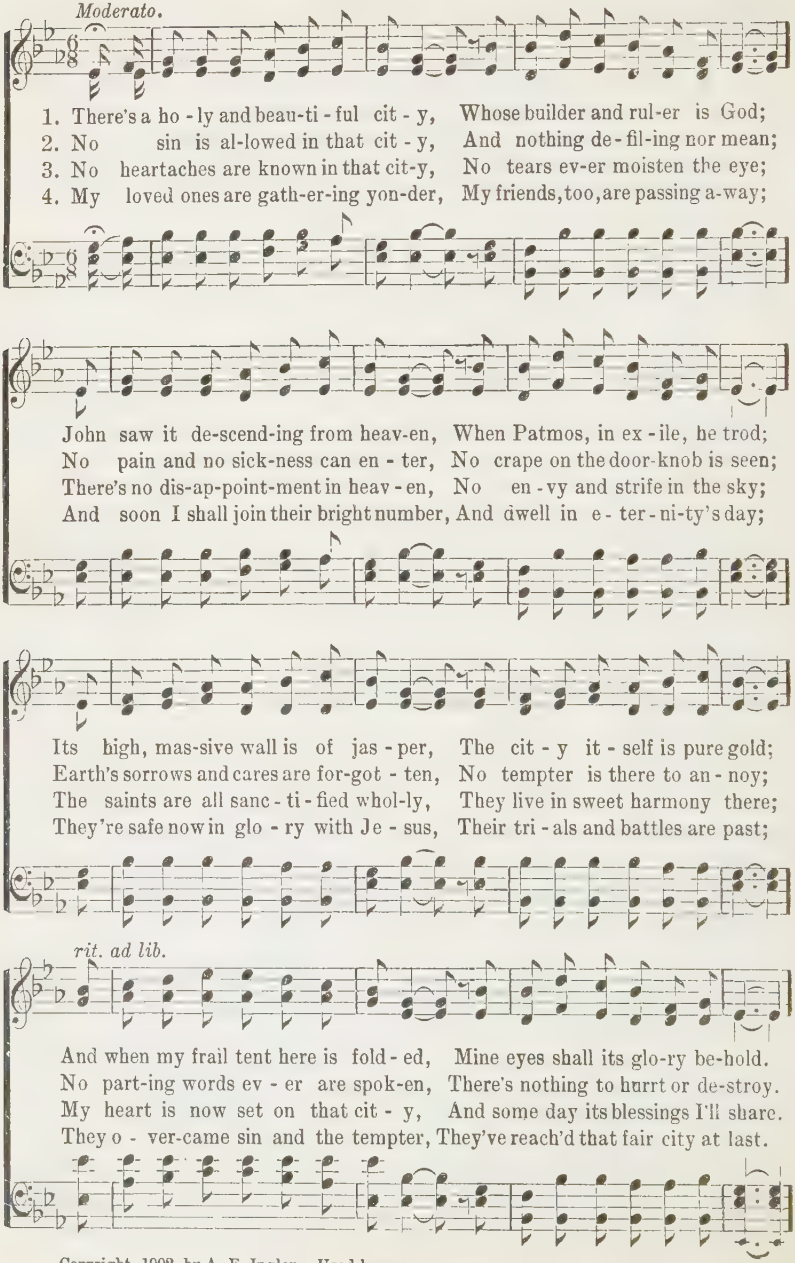
A. F. I. Arthur F. Ingler.

Moderato.


1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-lowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni-ty's day;
Its high, mas-sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got - ten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and battles are past;
rit. ad lib.
And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurrt or de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reach'd that fair city at last.

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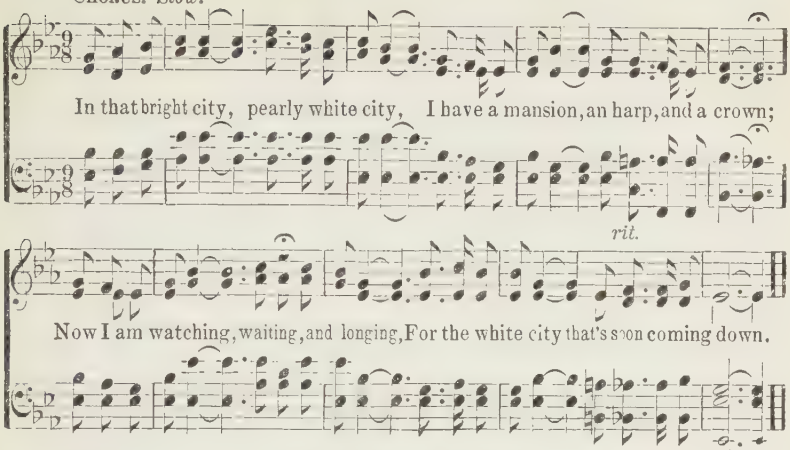
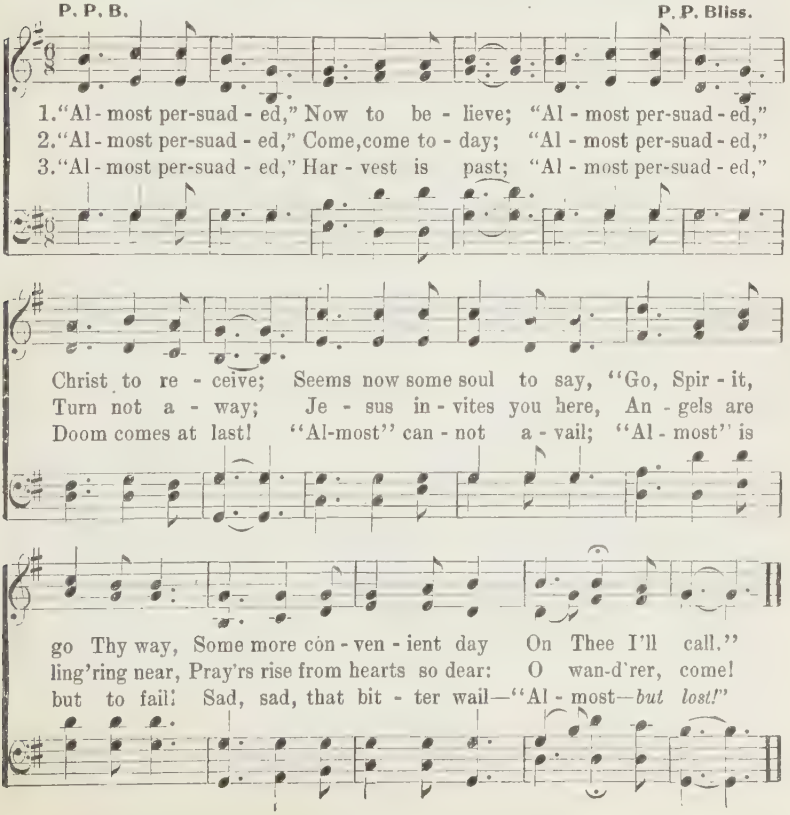
The Pearly White City.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

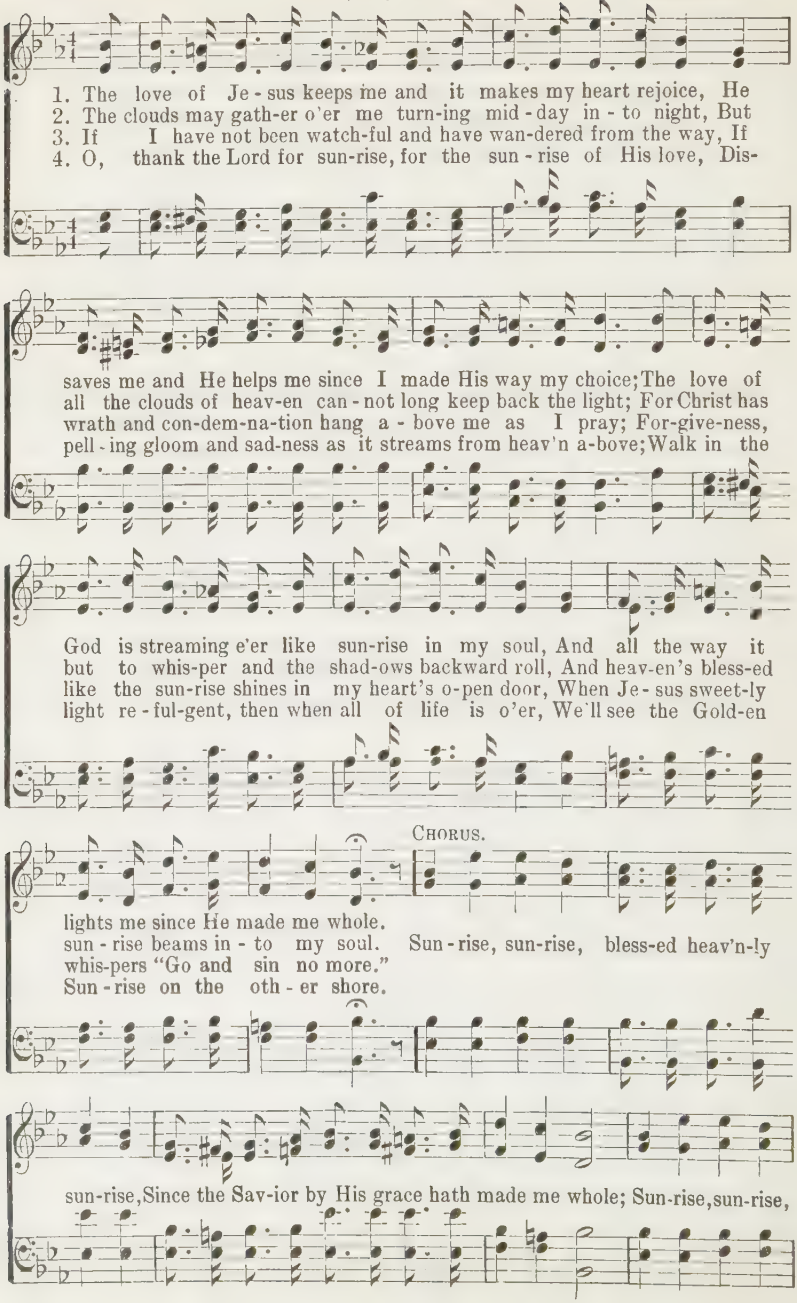

In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, an harp, and a crown;
rit.
Now I am watching, waiting, and longing, For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 154. Almost Persuaded.

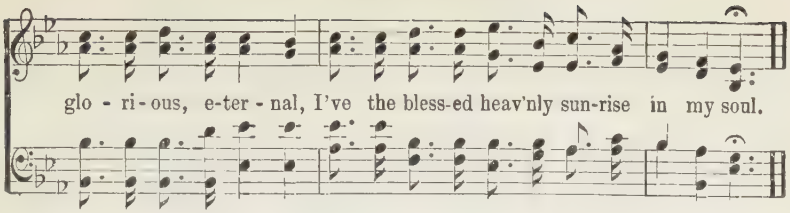
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al-most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

No. 155. Sunrise.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. The love of Je - sus keeps me and it makes my heart rejoice, He
2. The clouds may gath-er o'er me turn-ing mid - day in - to night, But
3. If I have not been watch-ful and have wan-dered from the way, If
4. O, thank the Lord for sun-rise, for the sun - rise of His love, Dis-
saves me and He helps me since I made His way my choice; The love of
all the clouds of heav-en can - not long keep back the light; For Christ has
wrath and con-dem-na-tion hang a - bove me as I pray; For-give-ness,
pell - ing gloom and sad-ness as it streams from heav'n a-bove; Walk in the
God is streaming e'er like sun-rise in my soul, And all the way it
but to whis-per and the shad-ows backward roll, And heav-en's bless-ed
like the sun-rise shines in my heart's o-pen door, When Je - sus sweet-ly
light re - ful-gent, then when all of life is o'er, We'll see the Gold-en
CHORUS.
lights me since He made me whole.
sun - rise beams in - to my soul. Sun - rise, sun-rise, bless-ed heav'n-ly
whis-pers "Go and sin no more."
Sun - rise on the oth - er shore.
sun-rise, Since the Sav-ior by His grace hath made me whole; Sun-rise, sun-rise,

Sunrise.



No. 156. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

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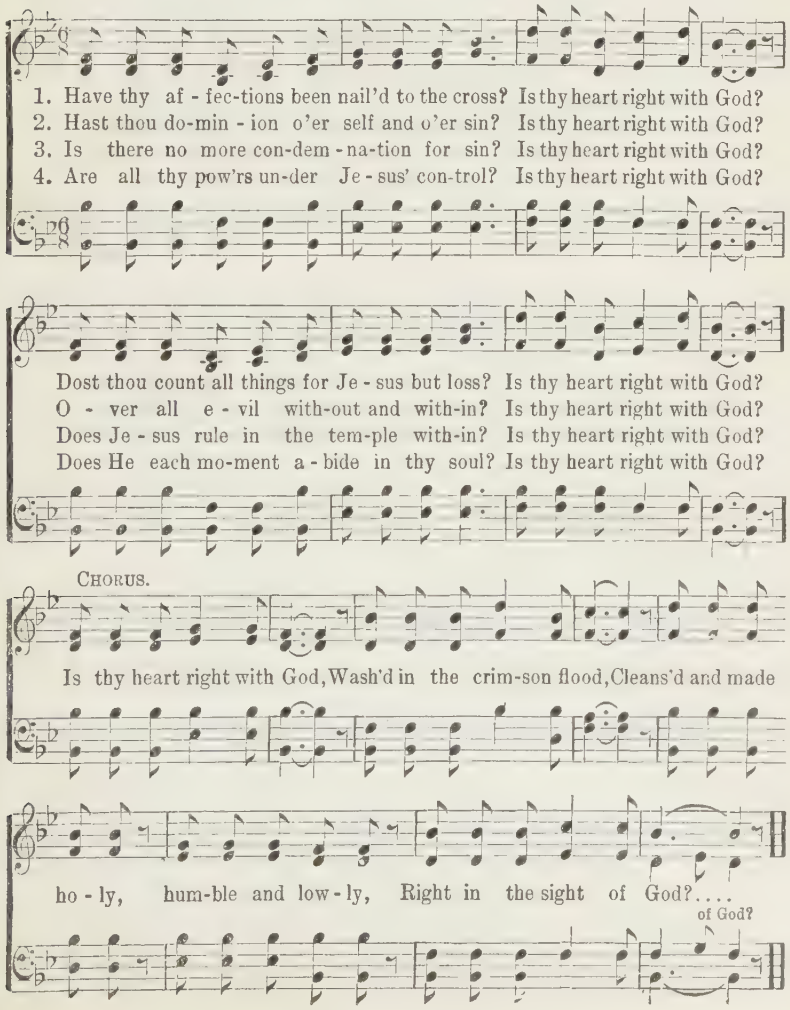
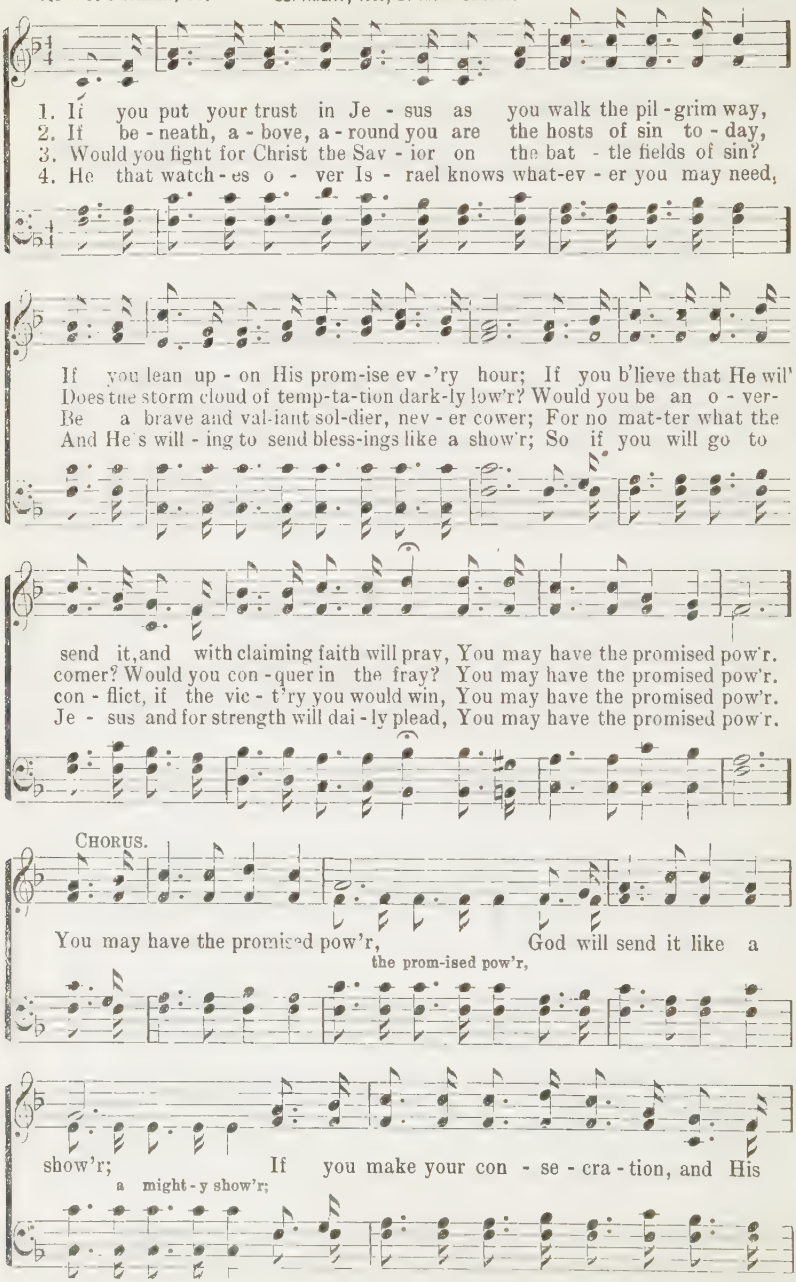
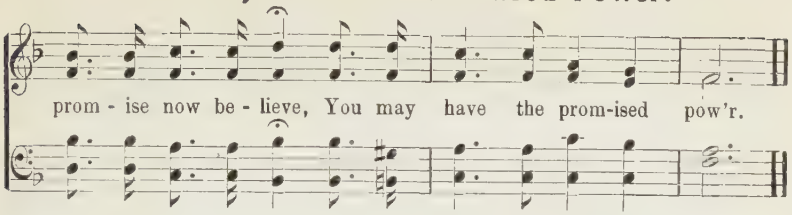
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem - na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleans'd and made
ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?

No. 157. You May Have the Promised Power.

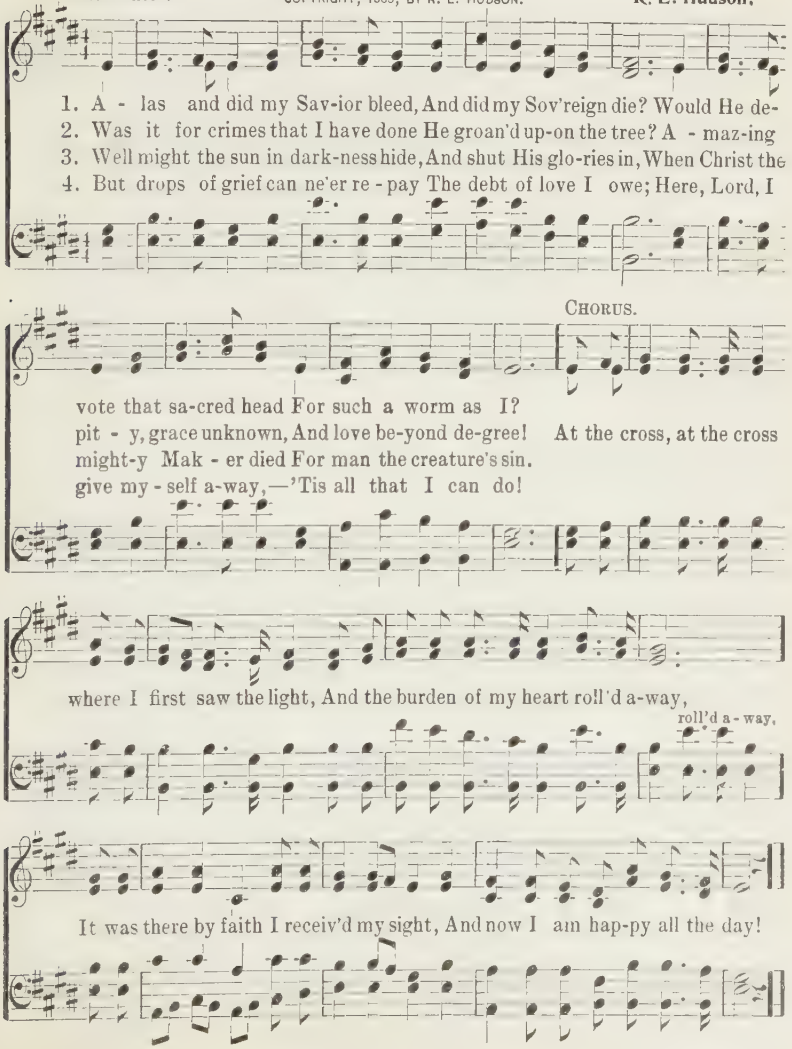
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. If you put your trust in Je - sus as you walk the pil - grim way,
2. If be - neath, a - bove, a - round you are the hosts of sin to - day,
3. Would you fight for Christ the Sav - ior on the bat - tle fields of sin?
4. He that watch - es o - ver Is - rael knows what-ev - er you may need,
If you lean up - on His prom-ise ev - 'ry hour; If you b'lieve that He will
Does the storm cloud of temp-ta-tion dark-ly low'r? Would you be an o - ver-
Be a brave and val-iant sol-dier, nev - er cower; For no mat-ter what the
And He's will - ing to send bless-ings like a show'r; So if you will go to
send it, and with claiming faith will pray, You may have the promised pow'r.
comer? Would you con - quer in the fray? You may have the promised pow'r.
con - flict, if the vic - t'ry you would win, You may have the promised pow'r.
Je - sus and for strength will dai - ly plead, You may have the promised pow'r.
CHORUS.
You may have the promised pow'r, God will send it like a
the prom-ised pow'r,
show'r; If you make your con - se - cra - tion, and His
a might - y show'r;

You May Have the Promised Power.



No. 158. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

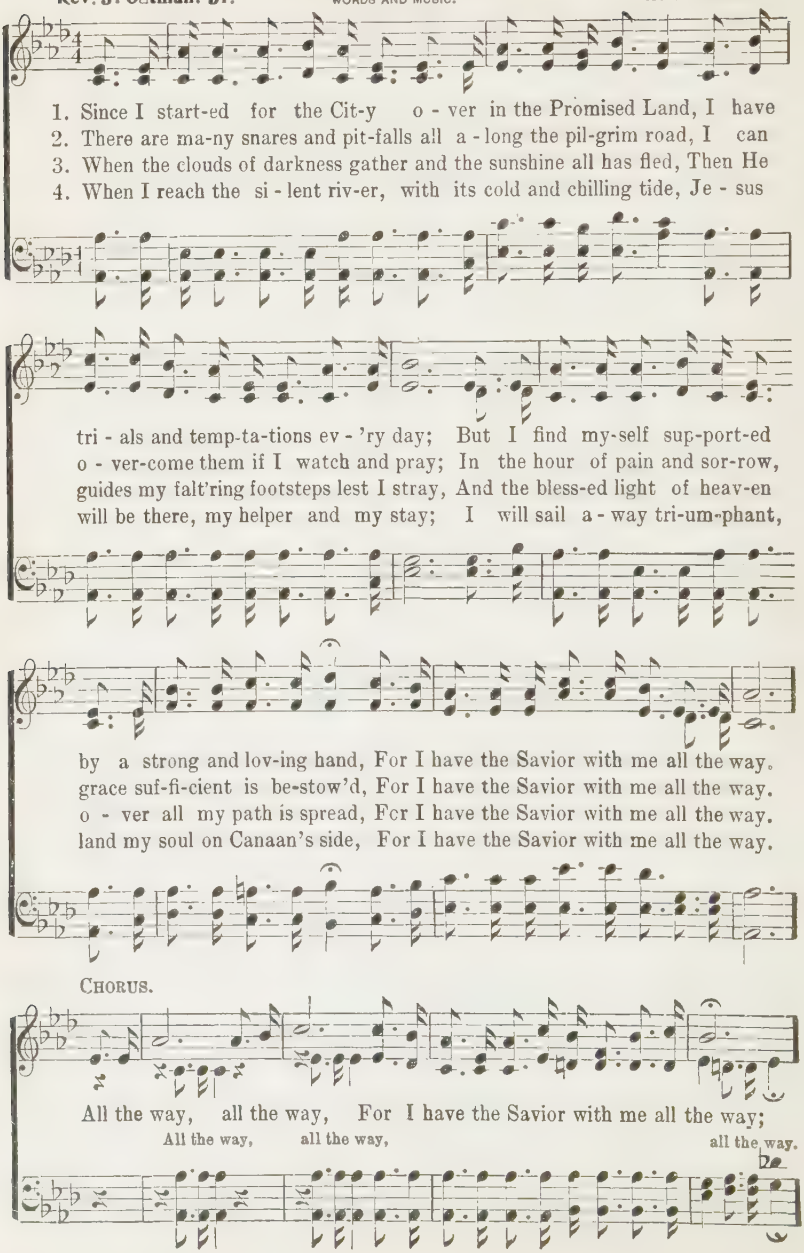

1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I
CHORUS.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross
might-y Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!
where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way,
roll'd a - way,
It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 159. All the Way.

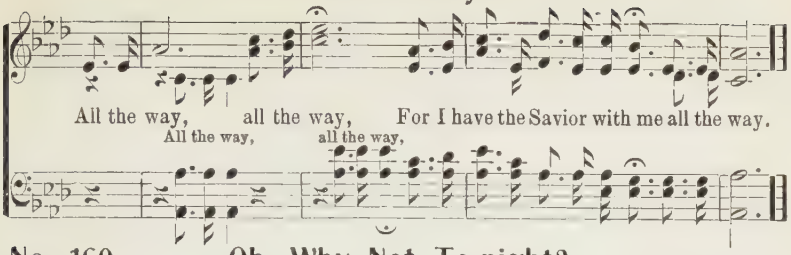
To the Singing Bishop C. C. McCabe,

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.

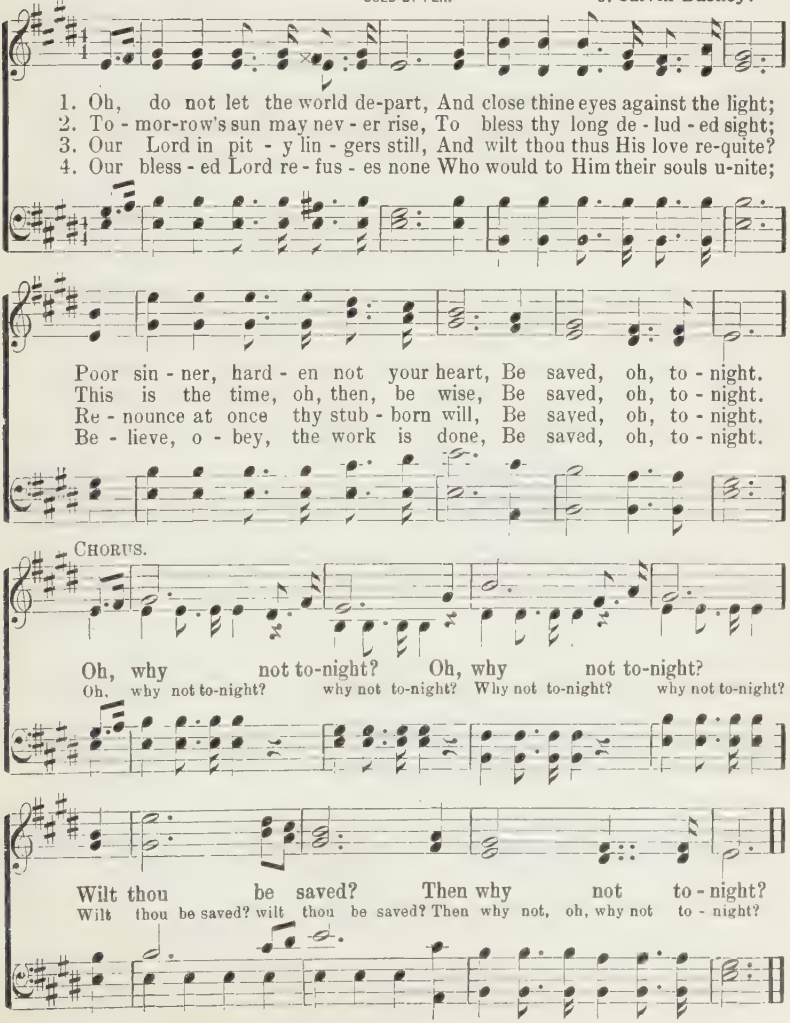
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus
tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my helper and my stay; I will sail a - way tri-um-phant,
by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is be-stow'd, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
CHORUS.
All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, all the way.

All the Way.

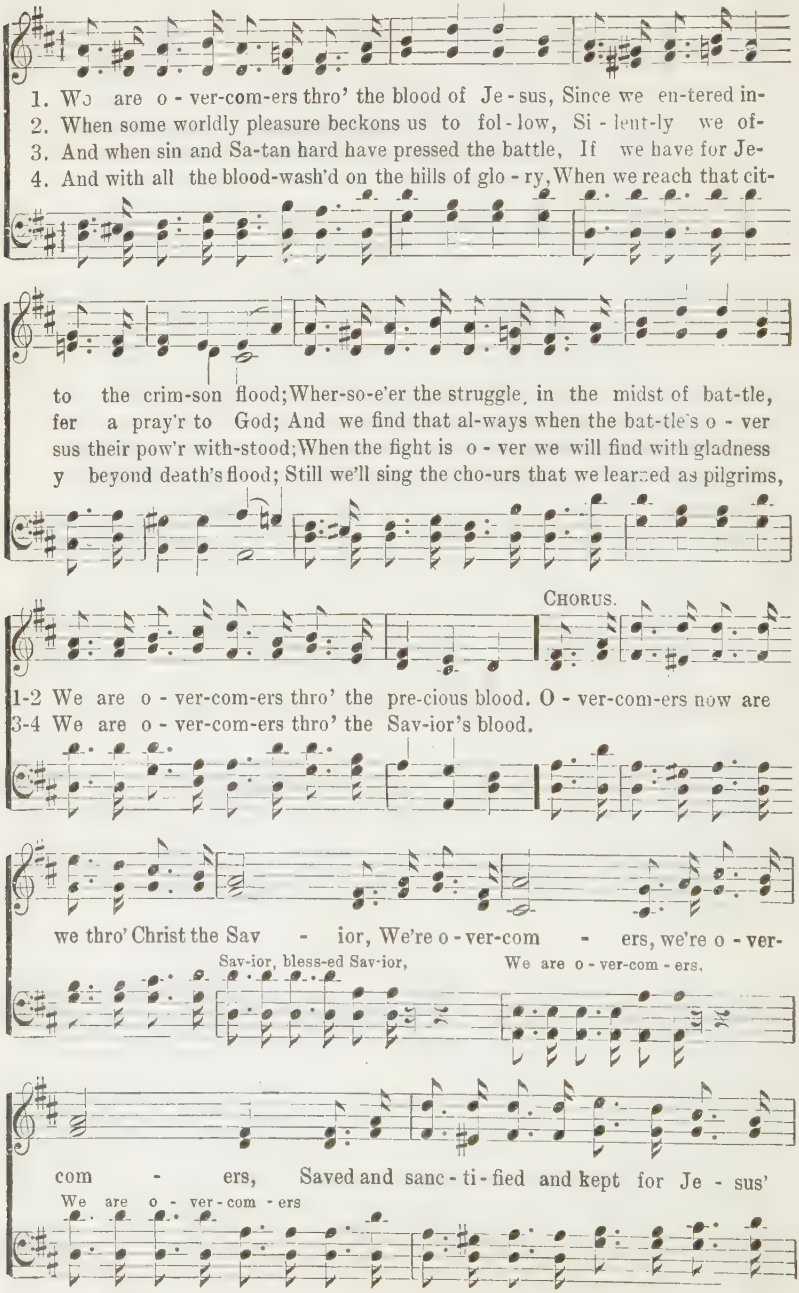


No. 160. Oh, Why Not To-night?

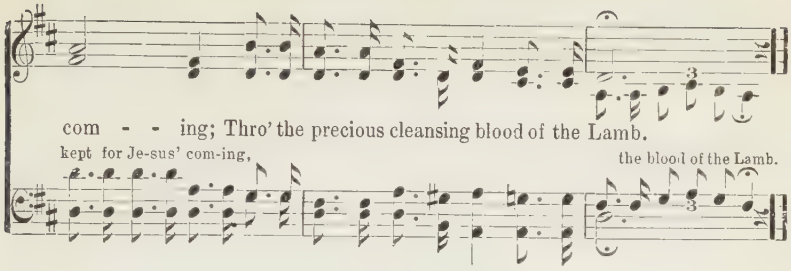
USED BY PER. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the world de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.
CHORUS.
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

No. 161. Overcomers Thro' the Blood.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

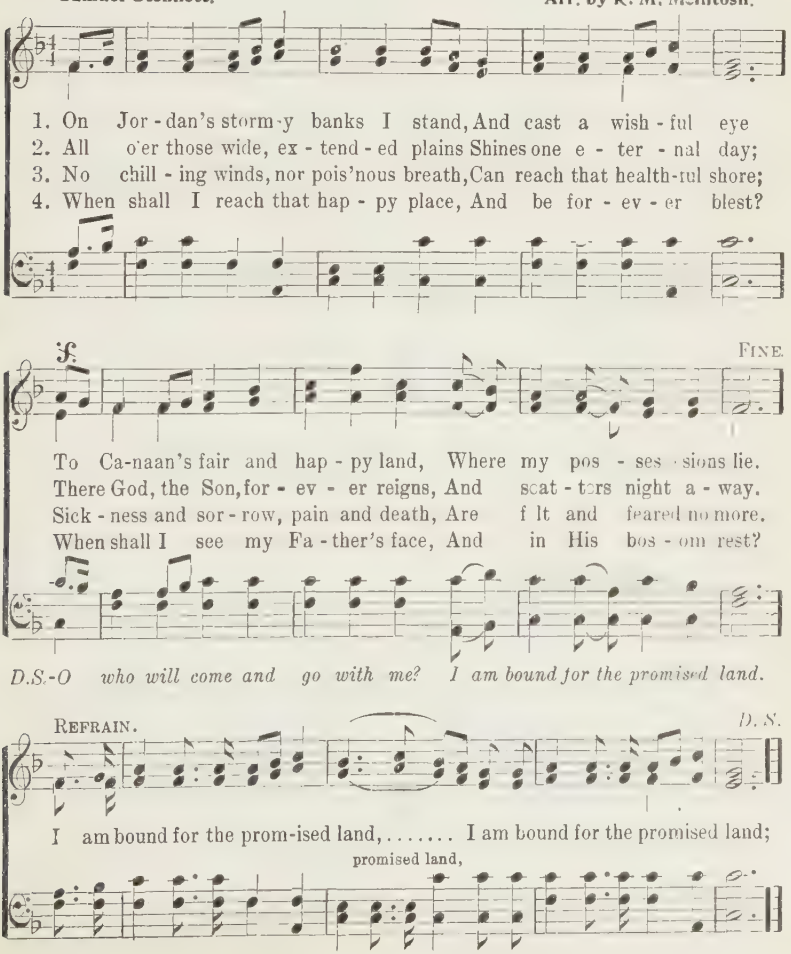

1. We are o - ver-com-ers thro' the blood of Je - sus, Since we en-tered in-
2. When some worldly pleasure beckons us to fol - low, Si - lent-ly we of-
3. And when sin and Sa-tan hard have pressed the battle, If we have for Je-
4. And with all the blood-wash'd on the hills of glo - ry, When we reach that cit-
to the crim-son flood; Wher-so-e'er the struggle in the midst of bat-tle,
fer a pray'r to God; And we find that al-ways when the bat-tle's o - ver
sus their pow'r with-stood; When the fight is o - ver we will find with gladness
y beyond death's flood; Still we'll sing the cho-urs that we learned as pilgrims,
CHORUS.
1-2 We are o - ver-com-ers thro' the pre-cious blood. O - ver-com-ers now are
3-4 We are o - ver-com-ers thro' the Sav-ior's blood.
we thro' Christ the Sav - ior, We're o - ver-com - ers, we're o - ver-
Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior, We are o - ver-com - ers.
com - ers, Saved and sanc - ti - fied and kept for Je - sus'
We are o - ver - com - ers

Overcomers Thro' the Blood.

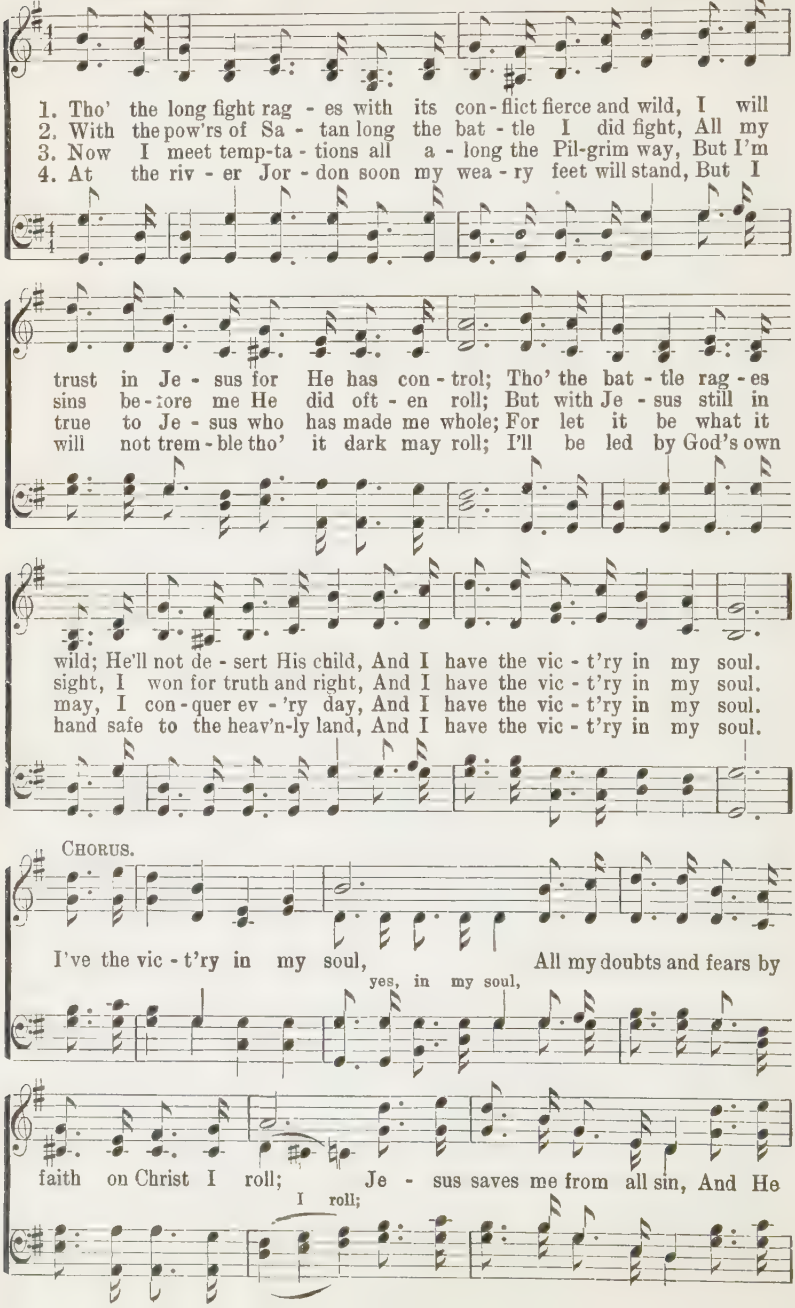


No. 162. The Promised Land.

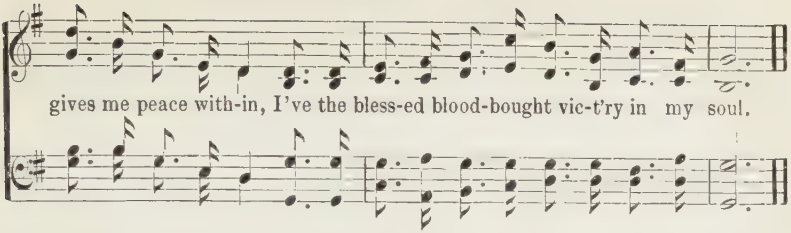
Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
FINE.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are f lt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D.S.-O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I am bound for the prom-ised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

No. 163. I've the Victory in My Soul.

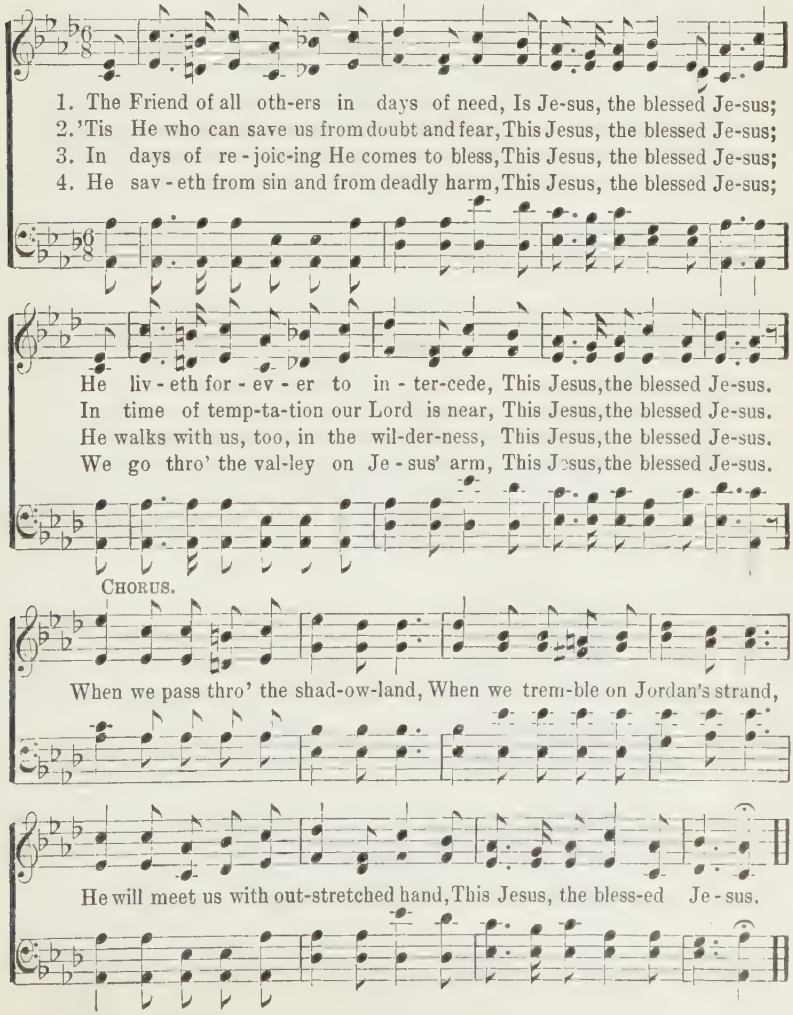
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Tho' the long fight rag - es with its con - flict fierce and wild, I will
2. With the pow'rs of Sa - tan long the bat - tle I did fight, All my
3. Now I meet temp-ta - tions all a - long the Pil-grim way, But I'm
4. At the riv - er Jor - don soon my wea - ry feet will stand, But I
trust in Je - sus for He has con - trol; Tho' the bat - tle rag - es
sins be - fore me He did oft - en roll; But with Je - sus still in
true to Je - sus who has made me whole; For let it be what it
will not trem - ble tho' it dark may roll; I'll be led by God's own
wild; He'll not de - sert His child, And I have the vic - t'ry in my soul.
sight, I won for truth and right, And I have the vic - t'ry in my soul.
may, I con - quer ev - 'ry day, And I have the vic - t'ry in my soul.
hand safe to the heav'n-ly land, And I have the vic - t'ry in my soul.
CHORUS.
I've the vic - t'ry in my soul, All my doubts and fears by
yes, in my soul,
faith on Christ I roll; Je - sus saves me from all sin, And He
I roll;

I've the Victory in My Soul.



No. 164. Jesus, the Blessed Jesus.

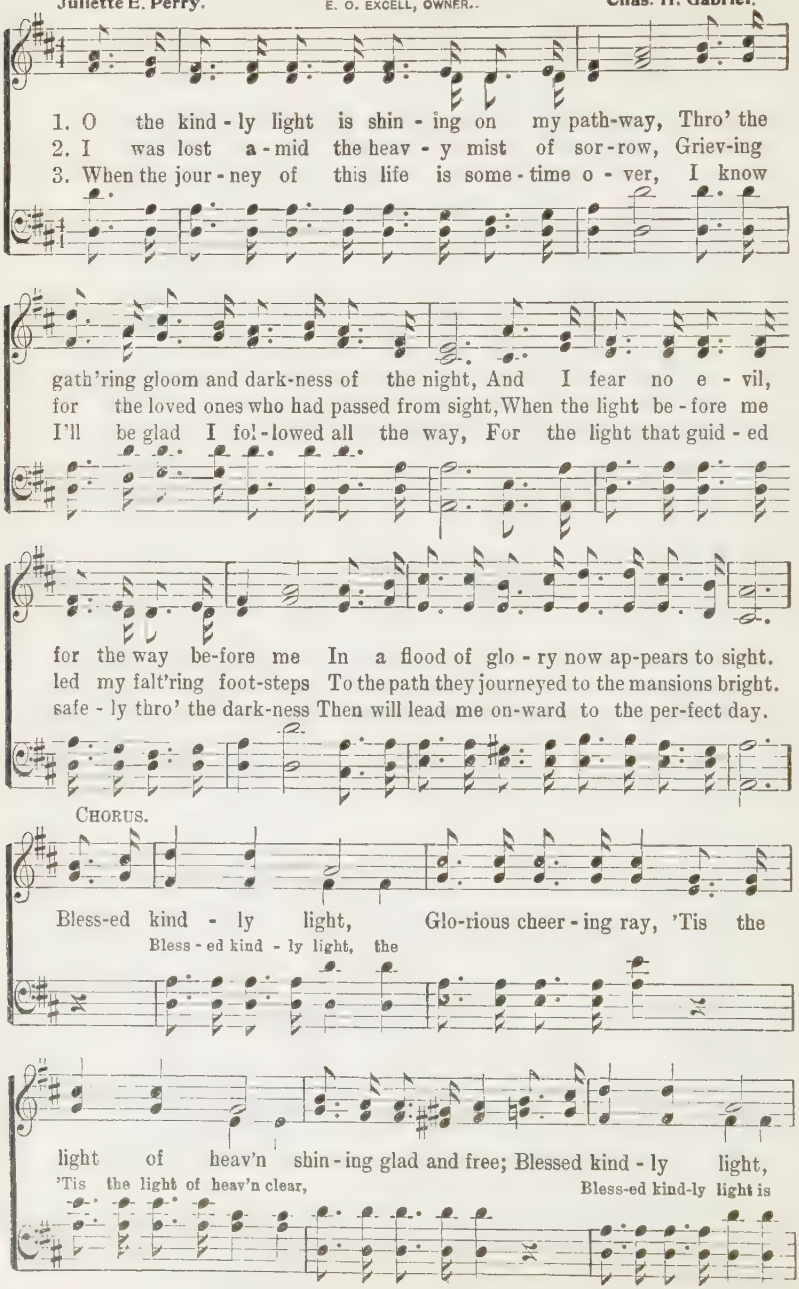
Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. The Friend of all oth-ers in days of need, Is Je-sus, the blessed Je-sus;
2. 'Tis He who can save us from doubt and fear, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus;
3. In days of re-joic-ing He comes to bless, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus;
4. He sav-eth from sin and from deadly harm, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus;
He liv-eth for-ev-er to in-ter-cede, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus.
In time of temp-ta-tion our Lord is near, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus.
He walks with us, too, in the wil-der-ness, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus.
We go thro' the val-ley on Je-sus' arm, This Jesus, the blessed Je-sus.
CHORUS.
When we pass thro' the shad-ow-land, When we trem-ble on Jordan's strand,
He will meet us with out-stretched hand, This Jesus, the bless-ed Je-sus.

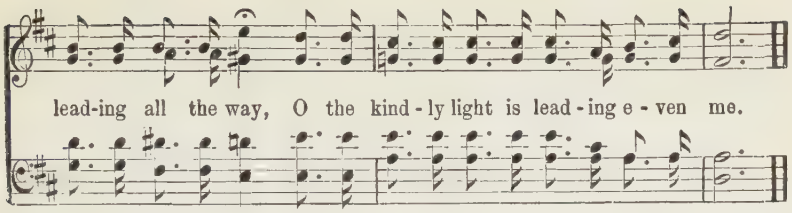
No. 165. The Kindly Light is Leading.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Juliette E. Perry. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O the kind - ly light is shin - ing on my path-way, Thro' the
2. I was lost a - mid the heav - y mist of sor - row, Griev-ing
3. When the jour - ney of this life is some - time o - ver, I know
gath'ring gloom and dark-ness of the night, And I fear no e - vil,
for the loved ones who had passed from sight, When the light be - fore me
I'll be glad I fol - lowed all the way, For the light that guid - ed
for the way be-fore me In a flood of glo - ry now ap-pears to sight.
led my falt'ring foot-steps To the path they journeyed to the mansions bright.
safe - ly thro' the dark-ness Then will lead me on-ward to the per-fect day.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed kind - ly light, Glo-rious cheer - ing ray, 'Tis the
Bless - ed kind - ly light, the
light of heav'n shin - ing glad and free; Blessed kind - ly light,
'Tis the light of heav'n clear,
Bless-ed kind-ly light is

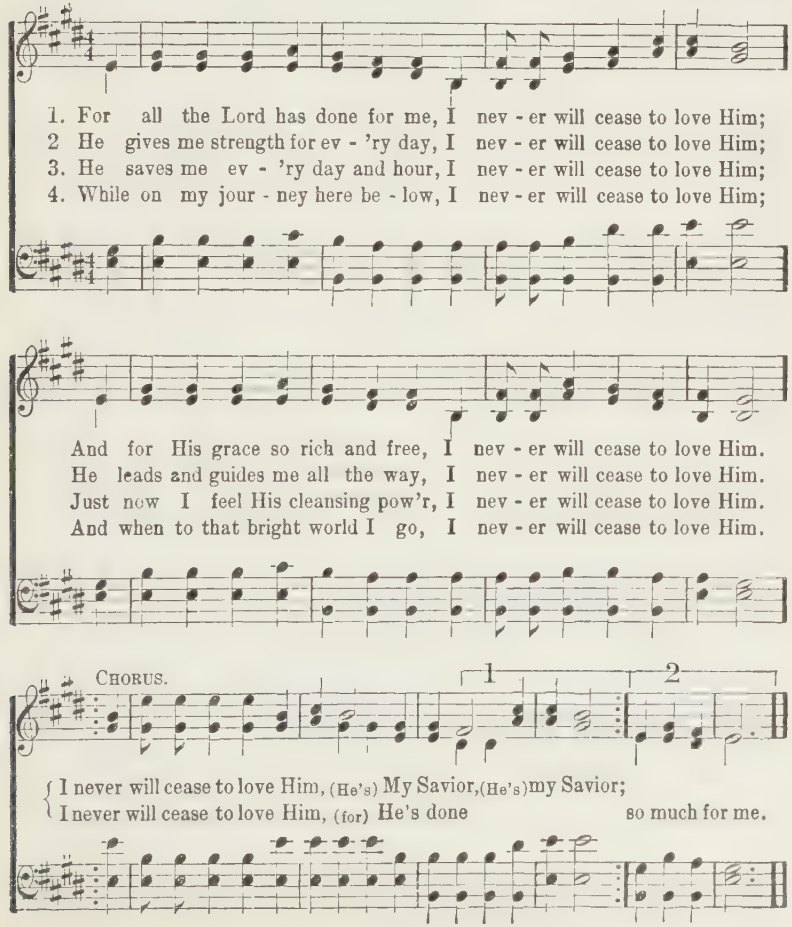
The Kindly Light is Leading.



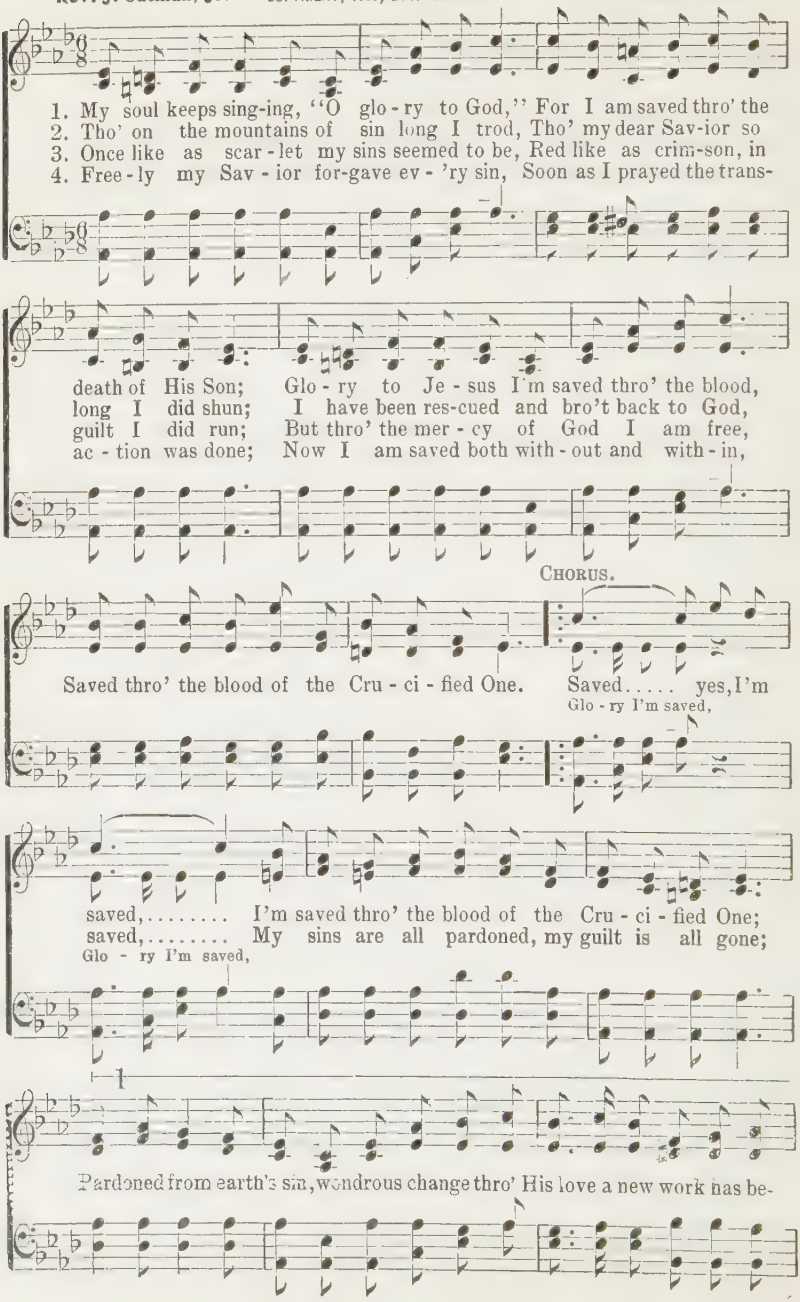
No. 166. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

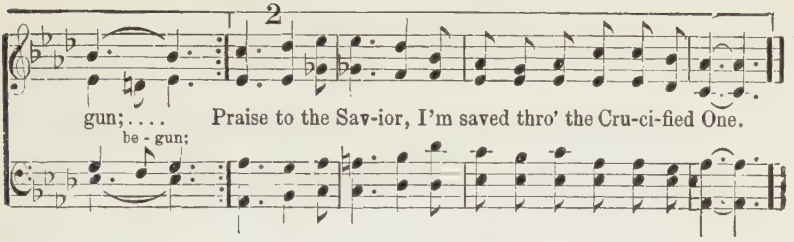
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2 He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
CHORUS.
1
2
I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

No. 167. Saved Through the Blood.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. My soul keeps sing-ing, "O glo-ry to God," For I am saved thro' the
2. Tho' on the mountains of sin long I trod, Tho' my dear Sav-ior so
3. Once like as scar-let my sins seemed to be, Red like as crim-son, in
4. Free-ly my Sav-ior for-gave ev-'ry sin, Soon as I prayed the trans-
death of His Son; Glo-ry to Je-sus I'm saved thro' the blood,
long I did shun; I have been res-cued and bro't back to God,
guilt I did run; But thro' the mer-cy of God I am free,
ac-tion was done; Now I am saved both with-out and with-in,
CHORUS.
Saved thro' the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One. Saved..... yes, I'm
Glo-ry I'm saved,
saved,..... I'm saved thro' the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One;
saved,..... My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone;
Glo-ry I'm saved,
Pardoned from earth's sin, wondrous change thro' His love a new work has be-

Saved Thro' the Blood.



No. 168. More Like Jesus.

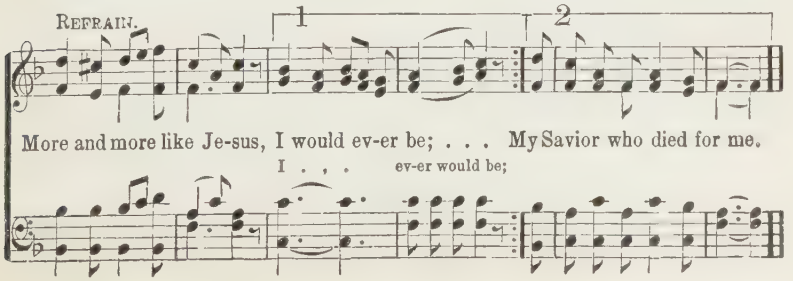
J. M. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY J. M. STILLMAN.
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

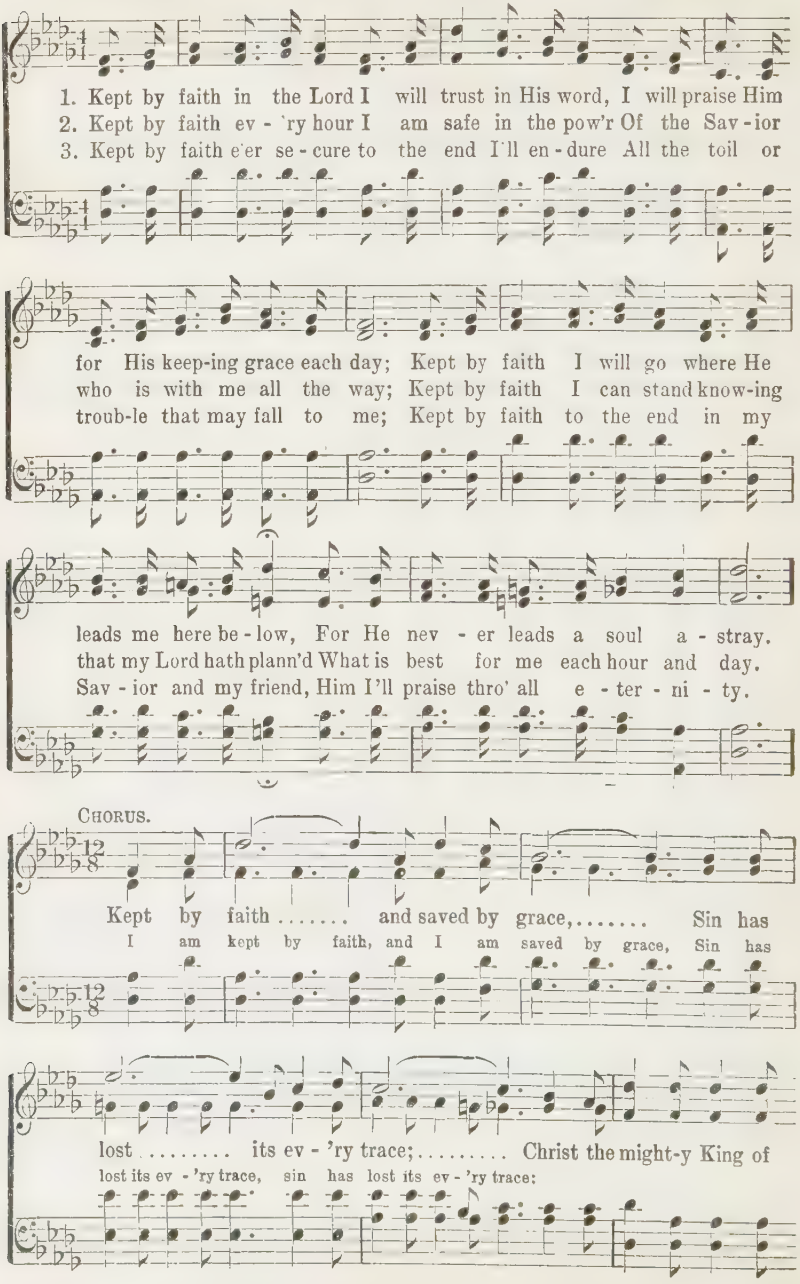
J. M. Stillman.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and king;
4. I want to be pure and ho- - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

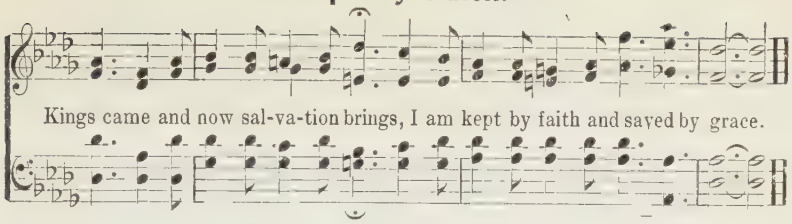
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart - ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.



No. 169. Kept by Faith.

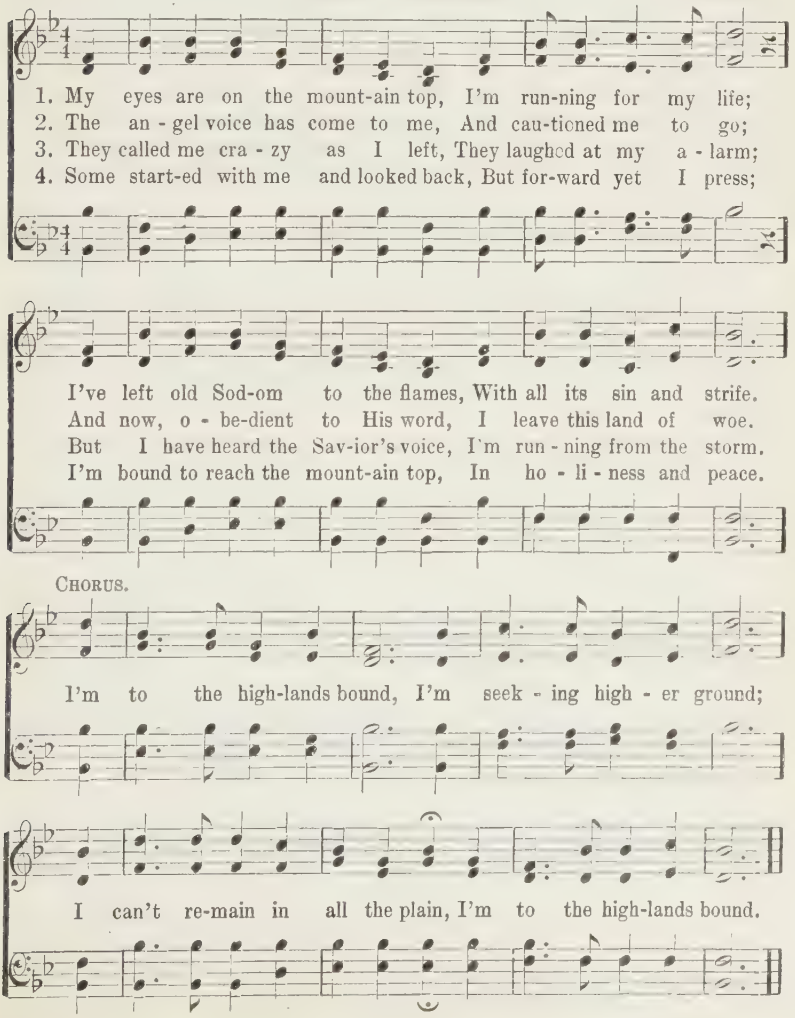
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Kept by faith in the Lord I will trust in His word, I will praise Him
2. Kept by faith ev - 'ry hour I am safe in the pow'r Of the Sav - ior
3. Kept by faith e'er se - cure to the end I'll en - dure All the toil or
for His keep-ing grace each day; Kept by faith I will go where He
who is with me all the way; Kept by faith I can stand know-ing
troub-le that may fall to me; Kept by faith to the end in my
leads me here be - low, For He nev - er leads a soul a - stray.
that my Lord hath plann'd What is best for me each hour and day.
Sav - ior and my friend, Him I'll praise thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Kept by faith ..... and saved by grace, ... Sin has
I am kept by faith, and I am saved by grace, Sin has
lost ..... its ev - 'ry trace; ..... Christ the might-y King of
lost its ev - 'ry trace, sin has lost its ev - 'ry trace;

Kept by Faith.

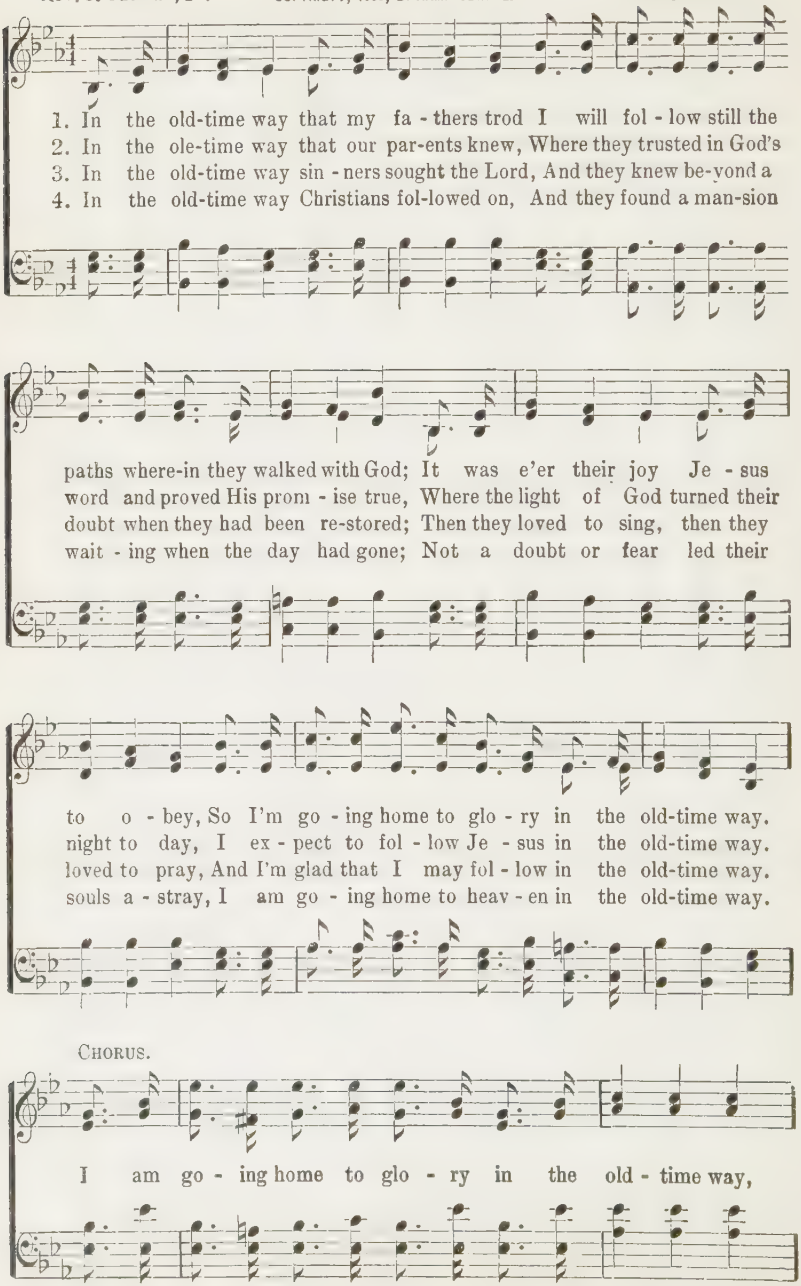


No. 170. I'm to the Highlands Bound.

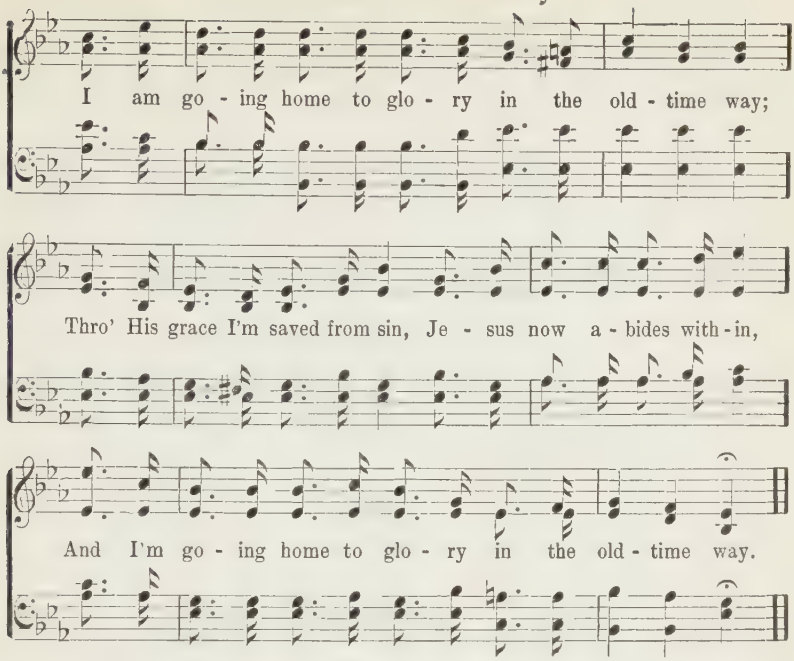
C. P. J. BY PER. OF C. P. JONES, OWNER. C. P. Jones.


1. My eyes are on the mount-ain top, I'm run-ning for my life;
2. The an - gel voice has come to me, And cau-tioned me to go;
3. They called me cra - zy as I left, They laughed at my a - larm;
4. Some start-ed with me and looked back, But for-ward yet I press;
I've left old Sod-om to the flames, With all its sin and strife.
And now, o - be-dient to His word, I leave this land of woe.
But I have heard the Sav-ior's voice, I'm run - ning from the storm.
I'm bound to reach the mount-ain top, In ho - li - ness and peace.
CHORUS.
I'm to the high-lands bound, I'm seek - ing high - er ground;
I can't re-main in all the plain, I'm to the high-lands bound.

No, 171. In the Old Time Way.

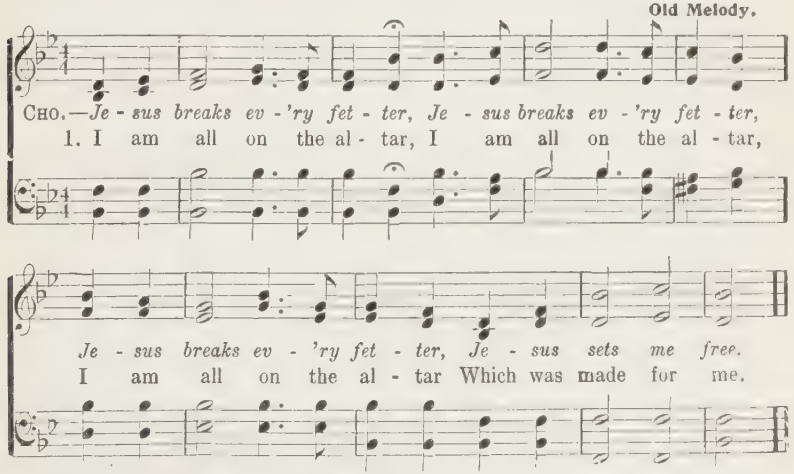
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGTT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. In the old-time way that my fa - thers trod I will fol - low still the
2. In the ole-time way that our par-ents knew, Where they trusted in God's
3. In the old-time way sin - ners sought the Lord, And they knew be-yond a
4. In the old-time way Christians fol-lowed on, And they found a man-sion
paths where-in they walked with God; It was e'er their joy Je - sus
word and proved His prom - ise true, Where the light of God turned their
doubt when they had been re-stored; Then they loved to sing, then they
wait - ing when the day had gone; Not a doubt or fear led their
to o - bey, So I'm go - ing home to glo - ry in the old-time way.
night to day, I ex - pect to fol - low Je - sus in the old-time way.
loved to pray, And I'm glad that I may fol - low in the old-time way.
souls a - stray, I am go - ing home to heav - en in the old-time way.
CHORUS.
I am go - ing home to glo - ry in the old - time way,

In the Old Time Way.


I am go - ing home to glo - ry in the old - time way;
Thro' His grace I'm saved from sin, Je - sus now a - bides with - in,
And I'm go - ing home to glo - ry in the old - time way.

No. 172. Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

Old Melody.


Cho.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter,
1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar,
Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.
I am all on the al - tar Which was made for me.

2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him,:‖
And that's even me.

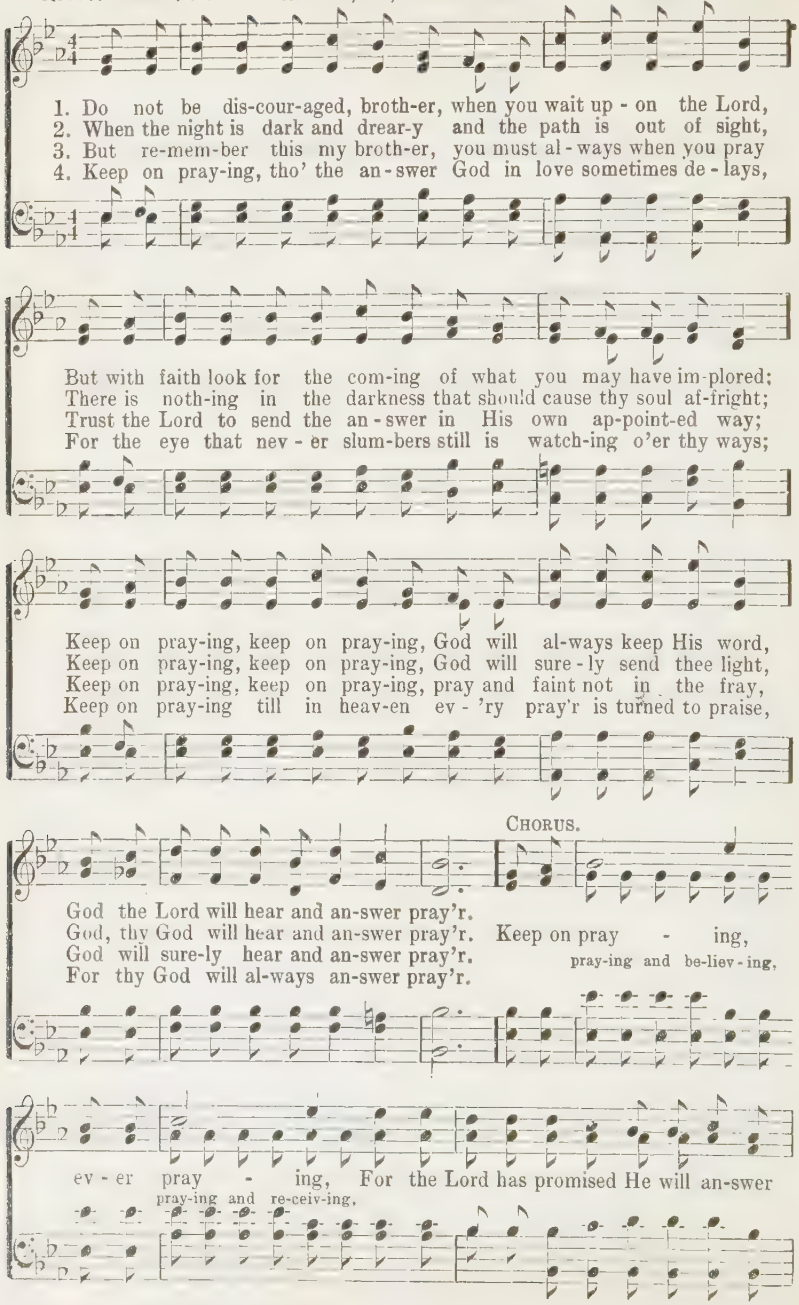
3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

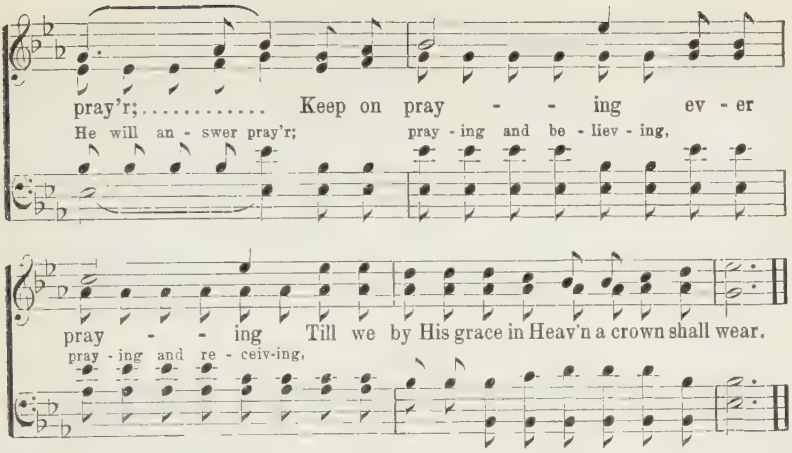
5 ‖: Hallelujah! I will praise Him ,:‖
For He sets me free.

No. 173. Keep On Praying.

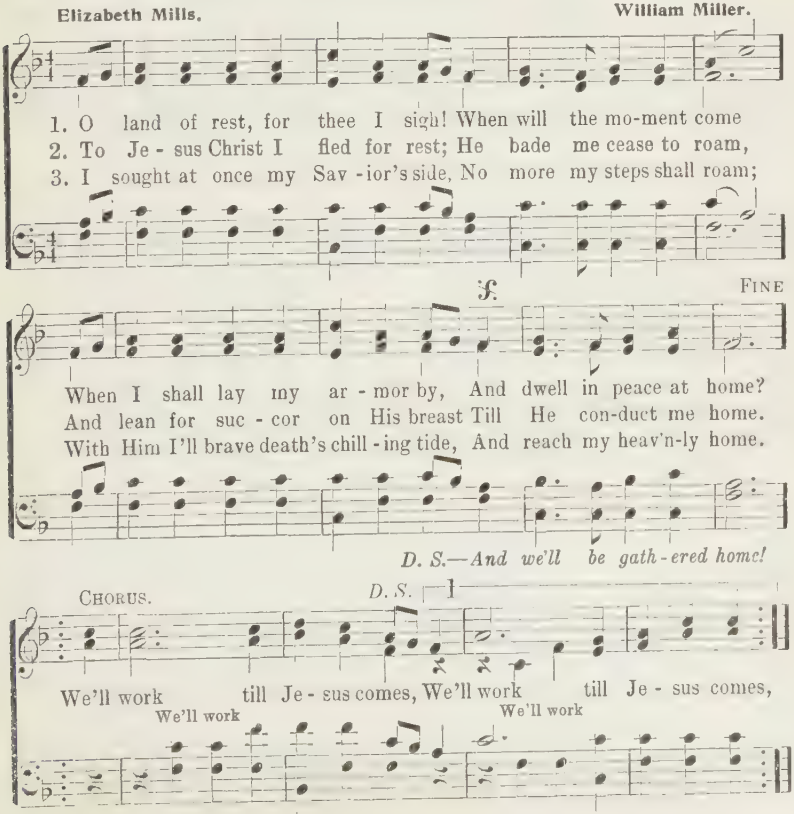
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. Do not be dis-cour-aged, broth-er, when you wait up - on the Lord,
2. When the night is dark and drear-y and the path is out of sight,
3. But re-mem-ber this my broth-er, you must al - ways when you pray
4. Keep on pray-ing, tho' the an - swer God in love sometimes de - lays,
But with faith look for the com-ing of what you may have im-plored;
There is noth-ing in the darkness that should cause thy soul af-fright;
Trust the Lord to send the an - swer in His own ap-point-ed way;
For the eye that nev - er slum-bers still is watch-ing o'er thy ways;
Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, God will al-ways keep His word,
Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, God will sure - ly send thee light,
Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, pray and faint not in the fray,
Keep on pray-ing till in heav-en ev - 'ry pray'r is turned to praise,
CHORUS.
God the Lord will hear and an-swer pray'r.
God, thy God will hear and an-swer pray'r.
God will sure-ly hear and an-swer pray'r.
For thy God will al-ways an-swer pray'r.
Keep on pray - ing,
pray-ing and be-liev - ing,
ev - er pray - ing, For the Lord has promised He will an-swer
pray-ing and re-ceiv-ing,

Keep On Praying.


pray'r;..... Keep on pray - - ing ev - er
He will an - swer pray'r; pray - ing and be - liev - ing,
pray - - ing Till we by His grace in Heav'n a crown shall wear.
pray - ing and re - ceiv-ing,

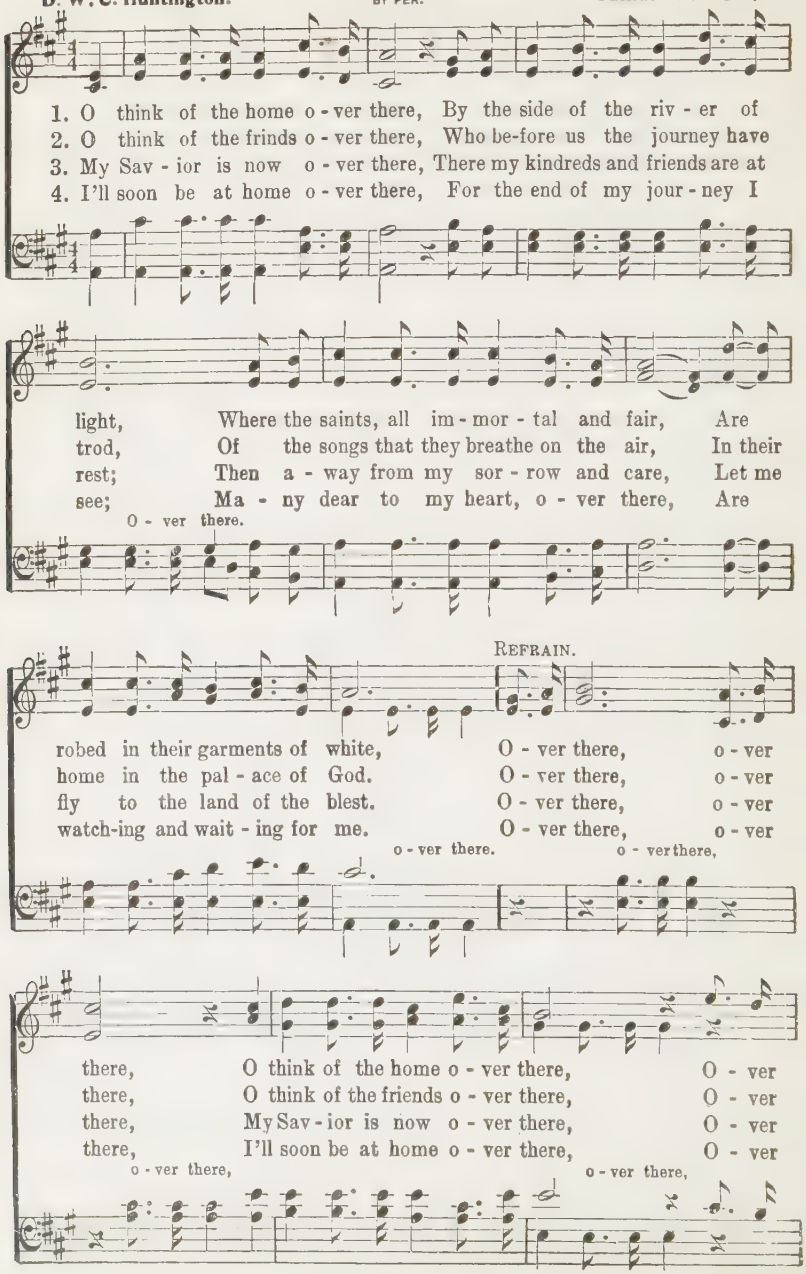
No. 174. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
f.
FINE
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
D. S.—And we'll be gath - ered home!
CHORUS.
D. S.
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
We'll work
We'll work

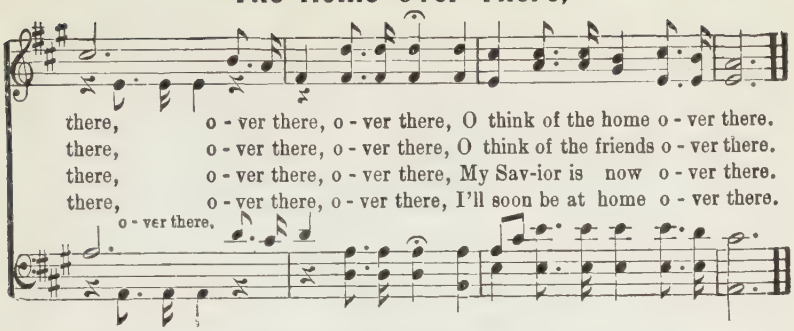
No. 175. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

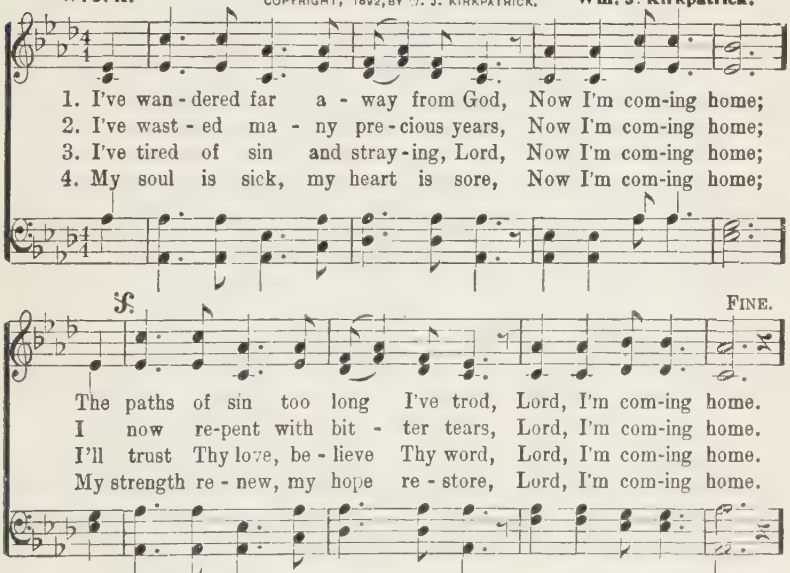
T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. BY PER.

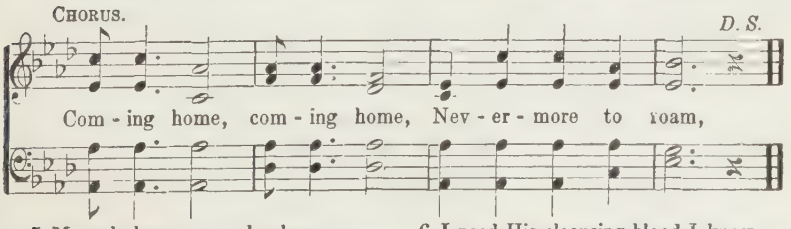
Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the frinds o - ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
O - ver there.
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.
o - ver there.
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
o - ver there,

The Home Over There.


there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav-ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
o - ver there.

No. 176. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
f.
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.-O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

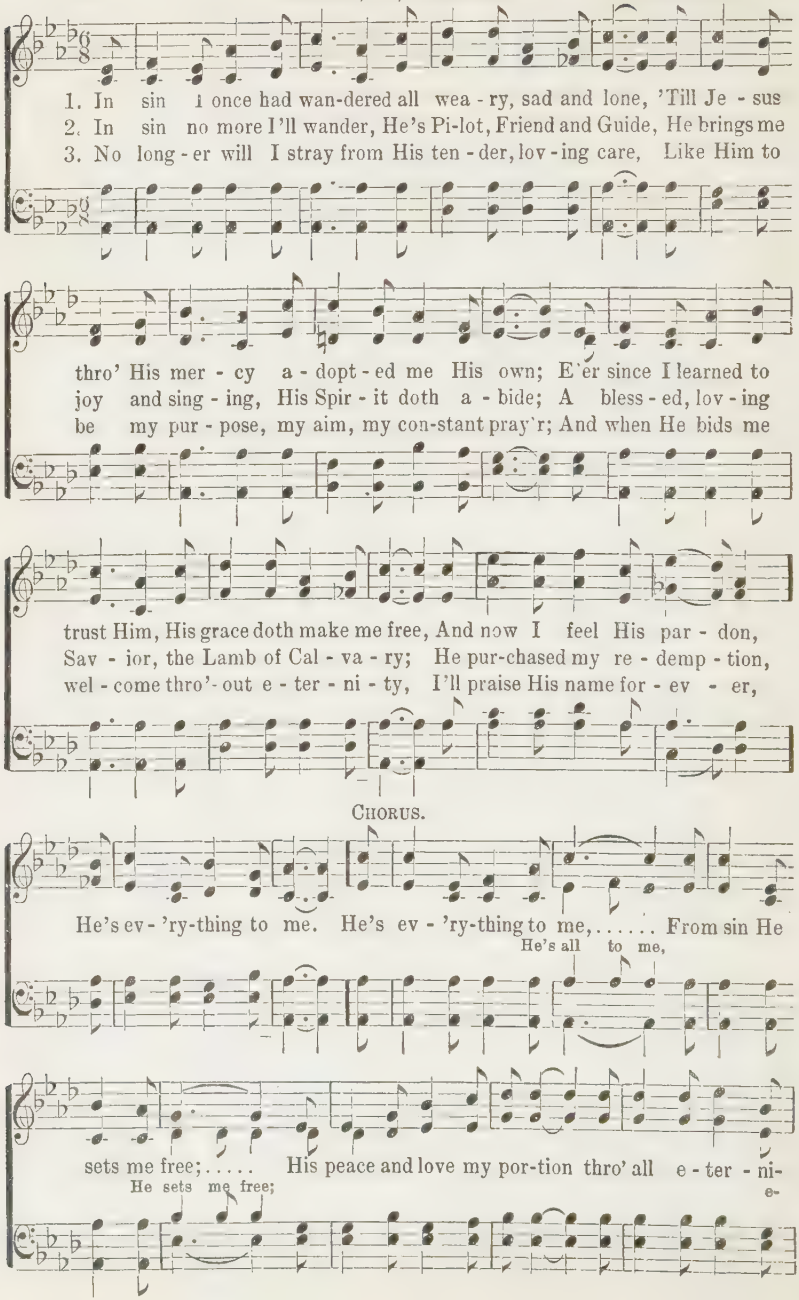


5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

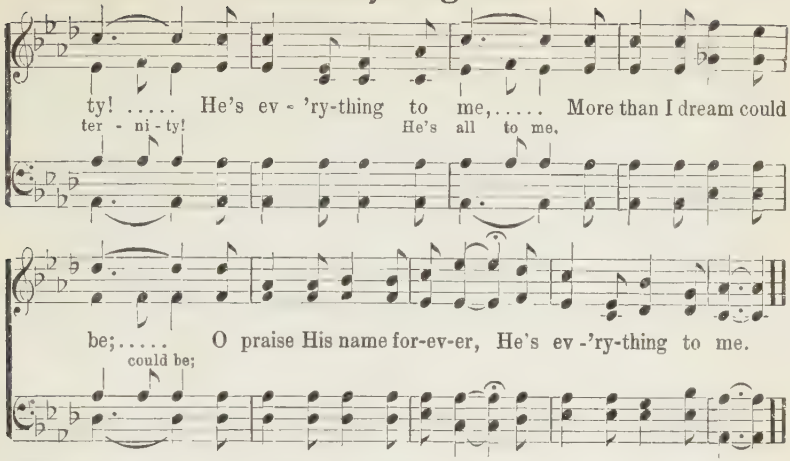
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 177. He's Everything to Me.

H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. In sin I once had wan-dered all wea - ry, sad and lone, 'Till Je - sus
2. In sin no more I'll wander, He's Pi-lot, Friend and Guide, He brings me
3. No long - er will I stray from His ten - der, lov - ing care, Like Him to
thro' His mer - cy a - dopt - ed me His own; E'er since I learned to
joy and sing - ing, His Spir - it doth a - bide; A bless - ed, lov - ing
be my pur - pose, my aim, my con-stant pray'r; And when He bids me
trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And now I feel His par - don,
Sav - ior, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; He pur-chased my re - demp - tion,
wel - come thro'- out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise His name for - ev - er,
CHORUS.
He's ev - 'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing to me,..... From sin He
He's all to me,
sets me free;..... His peace and love my por-tion thro' all e - ter - ni-
He sets me free;
e-

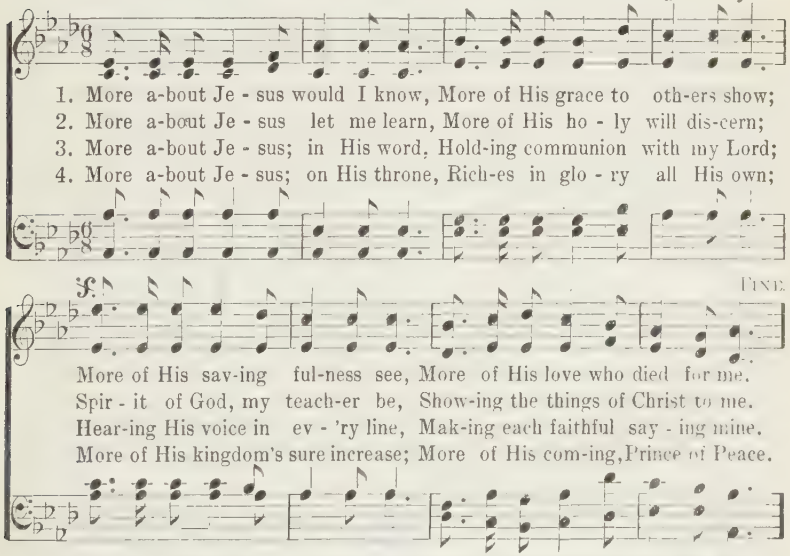
He's Everything to Me.


ty! ..... He's ev - 'ry-thing to me,..... More than I dream could be;..... O praise His name for-ev-er, He's ev -'ry-thing to me.
ter - ni - ty!
He's all to me.
could be;

No. 178. More About Jesus.

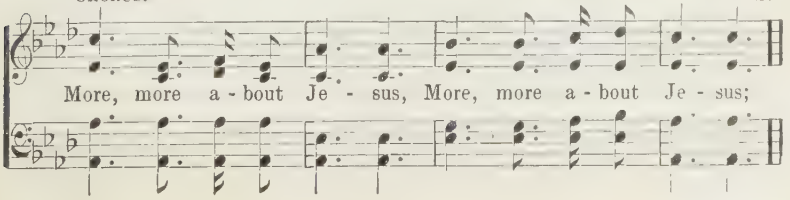
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PER. OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—*More of His sav-ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

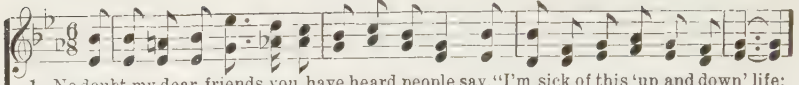
CHORUS. *D. S.*



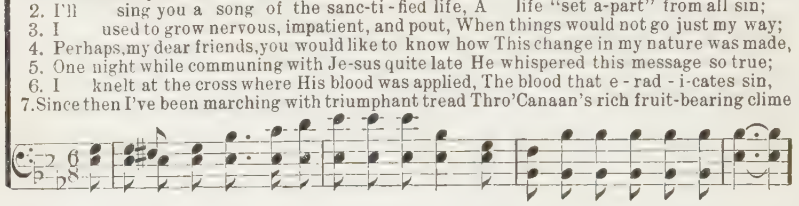
No. 179. The Sanctified Life.

A. F. I. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. F. INGLER. BY PER. A. F. Ingler.

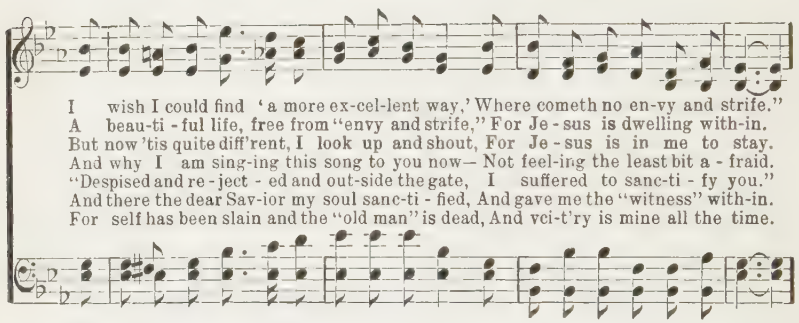
Moderato.



1. No doubt, my dear friends, you have heard people say, "I'm sick of this 'up and down' life;
2. I'll sing you a song of the sanc-ti-fied life, A life "set a-part" from all sin;
3. I used to grow nervous, impatient, and pout, When things would not go just my way;
4. Perhaps, my dear friends, you would like to know how This change in my nature was made,
5. One night while communing with Je-sus quite late He whispered this message so true;
6. I knelt at the cross where His blood was applied, The blood that e-rad-i-cates sin,
7. Since then I've been marching with triumphant tread Thro' Canaan's rich fruit-bearing clime

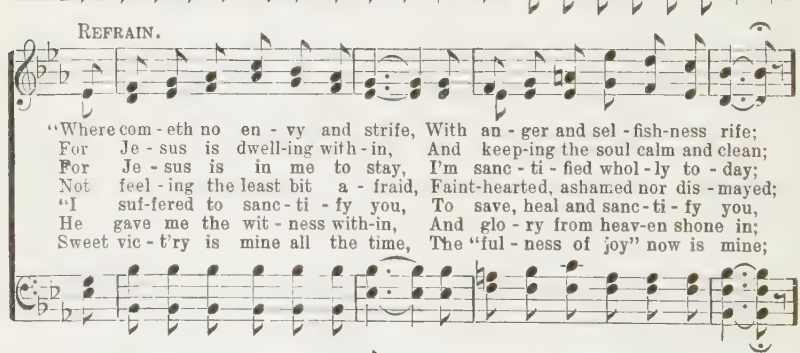


I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way,' Where cometh no en-vy and strife."
A beau-ti-ful life, free from "envy and strife," For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.
But now 'tis quite diff'rent, I look up and shout, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
And why I am sing-ing this song to you now— Not feel-ing the least bit a-fraid.
"Despised and re-ject-ed and out-side the gate, I suffered to sanc-ti-fy you."
And there the dear Sav-ior my soul sanc-ti-fied, And gave me the "witness" with-in.
For self has been slain and the "old man" is dead, And vci-t'ry is mine all the time.

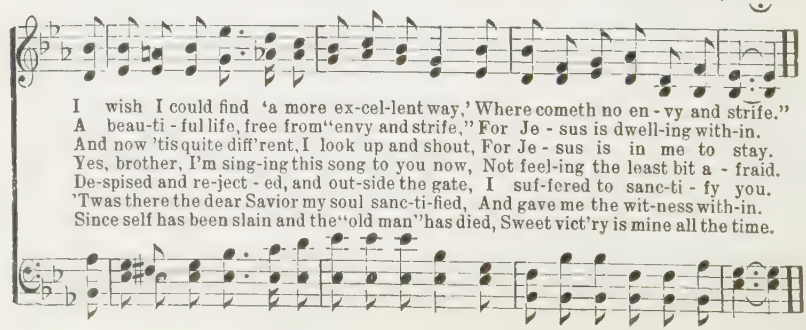


REFRAIN.

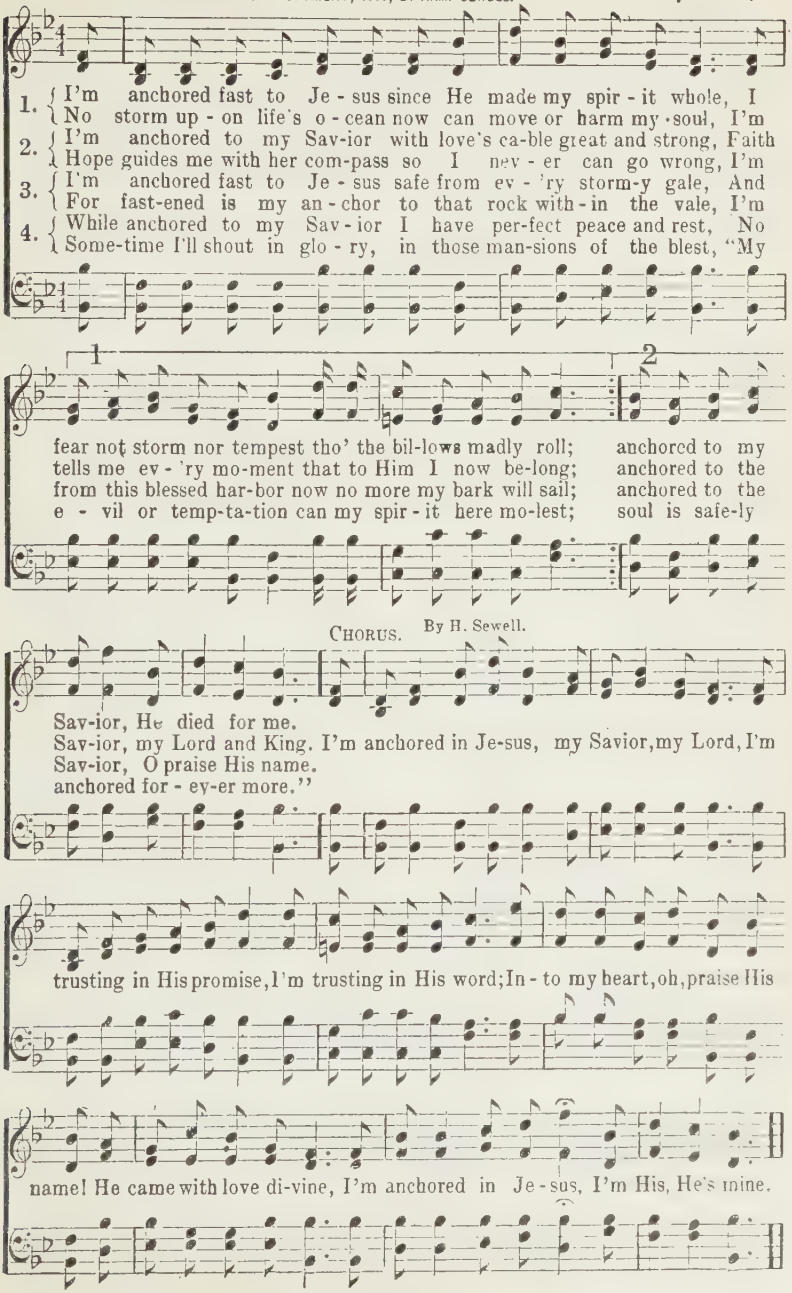
"Where com-eth no en-vy and strife, With an-ger and sel-fish-ness rife;
For Je-sus is dwell-ing with-in, And keep-ing the soul calm and clean;
For Je-sus is in me to stay, I'm sanc-ti-fied whol-ly to-day;
Not feel-ing the least bit a-fraid, Faint-hearted, ashamed nor dis-mayed;
"I suf-fered to sanc-ti-fy you, To save, heal and sanc-ti-fy you,
He gave me the wit-ness with-in, And glo-ry from heav-en shone in;
Sweet vic-t'ry is mine all the time, The "ful-ness of joy" now is mine;



I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way,' Where cometh no en-vy and strife."
A beau-ti-ful life, free from "envy and strife," For Je-sus is dwell-ing with-in.
And now 'tis quite diff'rent, I look up and shout, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
Yes, brother, I'm sing-ing this song to you now, Not feel-ing the least bit a-fraid.
De-spised and re-ject-ed, and out-side the gate, I suf-fered to sanc-ti-fy you.
'Twas there the dear Savior my soul sanc-ti-fied, And gave me the wit-ness with-in.
Since self has been slain and the "old man" has died, Sweet vict'ry is mine all the time.



No. 180. Anchored in Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm anchored fast to Je - sus since He made my spir - it whole, I
No storm up - on life's o - cean now can move or harm my soul, I'm
2. I'm anchored to my Sav-ior with love's ca-ble great and strong, Faith
Hope guides me with her com-pass so I nev - er can go wrong, I'm
3. I'm anchored fast to Je - sus safe from ev - 'ry storm-y gale, And
For fast-ened is my an - chor to that rock with - in the vale, I'm
4. While anchored to my Sav - ior I have per-fect peace and rest, No
Some-time I'll shout in glo - ry, in those man-sions of the blest, "My
1
2
fear not storm nor tempest tho' the bil-lows madly roll; anchored to my
tells me ev - 'ry mo-ment that to Him I now be-long; anchored to the
from this blessed har-bor now no more my bark will sail; anchored to the
e - vil or temp-ta-tion can my spir - it here mo-lest; soul is safe-ly
CHORUS. By H. Sewell.
Sav-ior, He died for me.
Sav-ior, my Lord and King. I'm anchored in Je-sus, my Savior, my Lord, I'm
Sav-ior, O praise His name.
anchored for - ev-er more."
trusting in His promise, I'm trusting in His word; In - to my heart, oh, praise His
name! He came with love di-vine, I'm anchored in Je - sus, I'm His, He's mine.

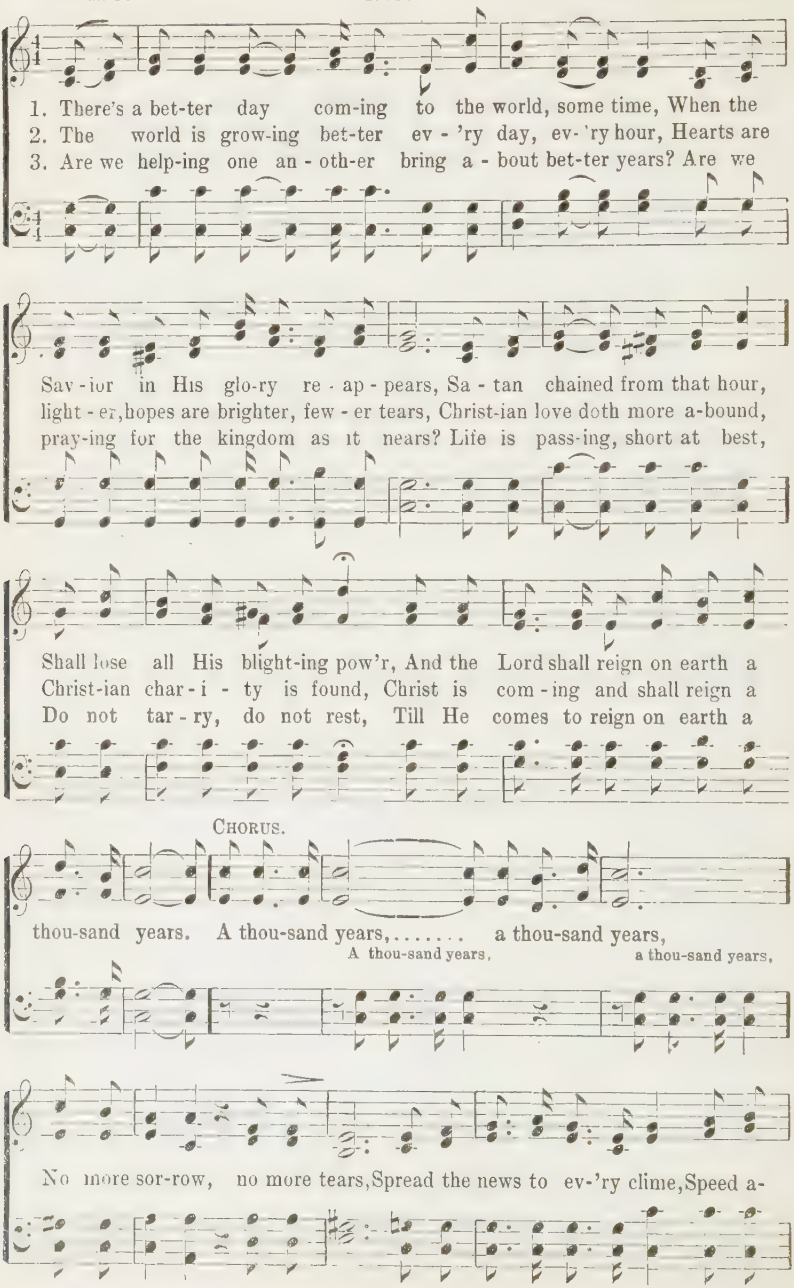
No. 181.

A Thousand Years.

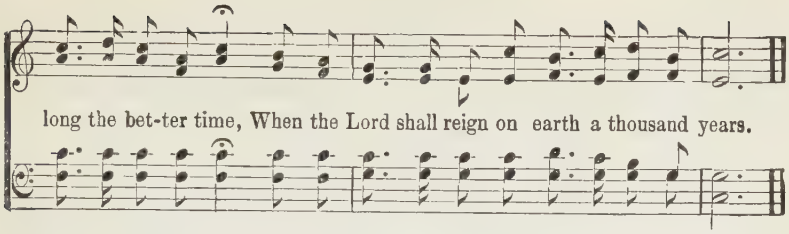
W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
BY PER.

Will L. Thompson.


1. There's a bet-ter day com-ing to the world, some time, When the
2. The world is grow-ing bet-ter ev - 'ry day, ev- 'ry hour, Hearts are
3. Are we help-ing one an - oth-er bring a - bout bet-ter years? Are we
Sav - ior in His glo-ry re - ap - pears, Sa - tan chained from that hour,
light - er, hopes are brighter, few - er tears, Christ-ian love doth more a-bound,
pray-ing for the kingdom as it nears? Life is pass-ing, short at best,
Shall lose all His blight-ing pow'r, And the Lord shall reign on earth a
Christ-ian char - i - ty is found, Christ is com - ing and shall reign a
Do not tar - ry, do not rest, Till He comes to reign on earth a
CHORUS.
thou-sand years. A thou-sand years, ... a thou-sand years,
A thou-sand years, a thou-sand years,
No more sor-row, no more tears, Spread the news to ev-'ry clime, Speed a-

A Thousand Years.

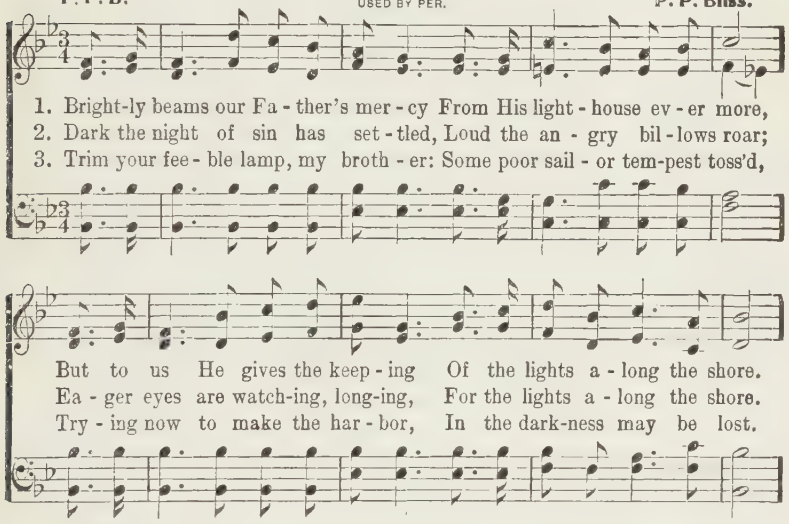


No. 182. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

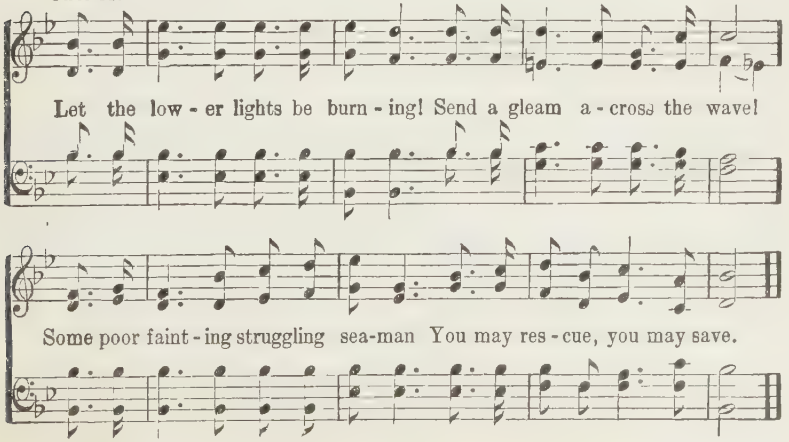
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

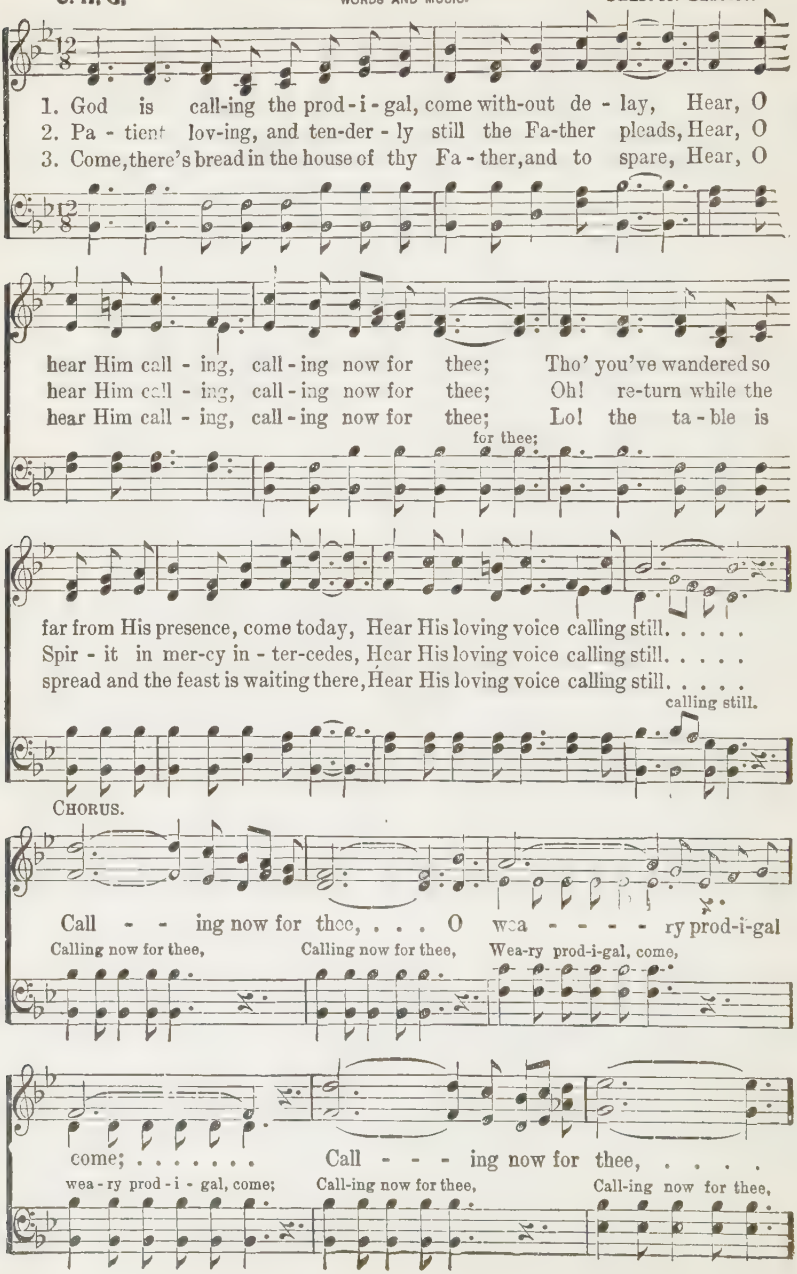

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

No. 183. Calling the Prodigal.

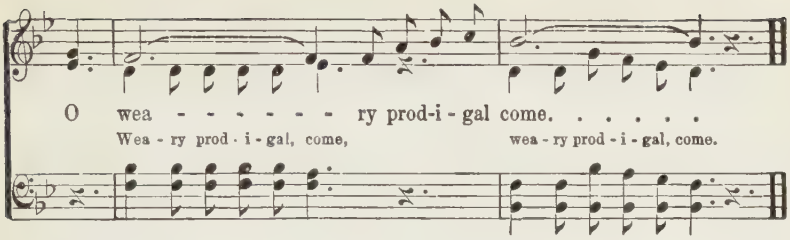
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
for thee;
far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,
come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

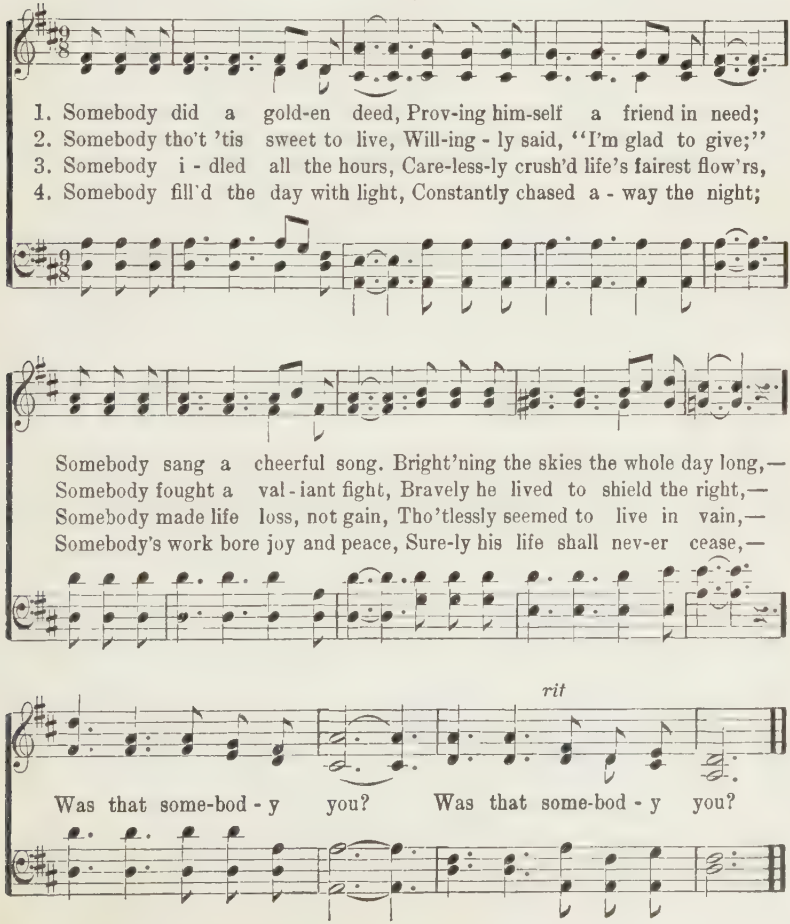
Calling the Prodigal.



No. 184. Somebody.

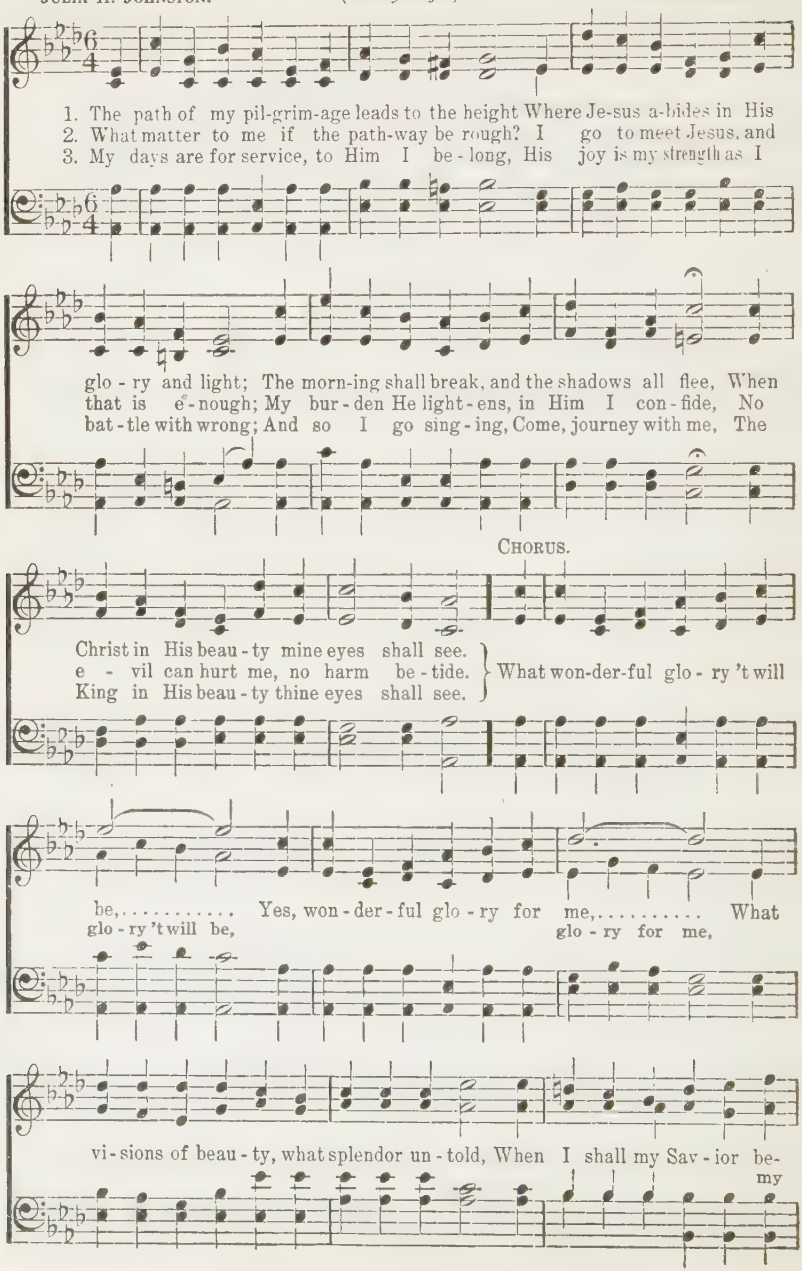
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

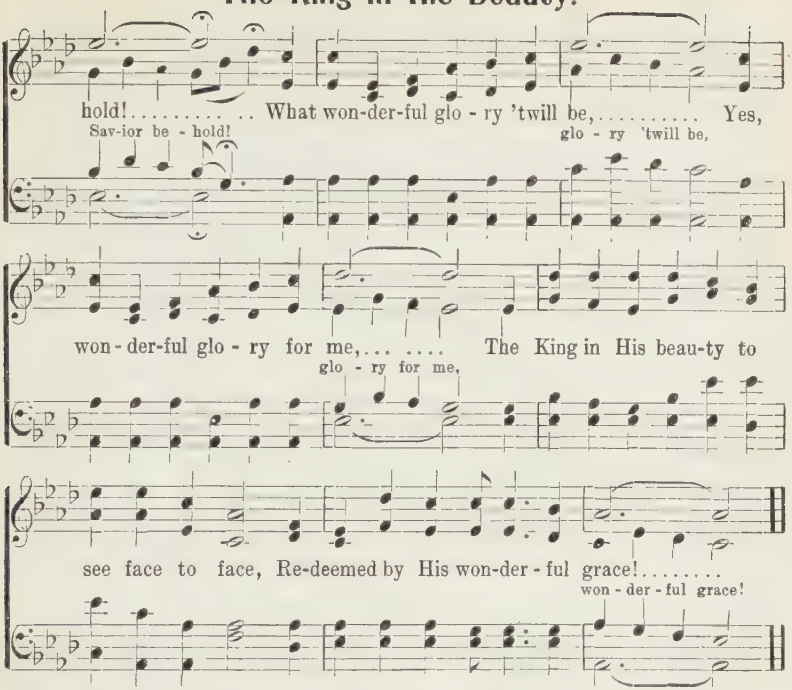
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.


1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Somebody fill'd the day with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Somebody sang a cheerful song. Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Somebody fought a val - iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Tho'tlessly seemed to live in vain,—
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—
rit
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 185. The King in His Beauty.

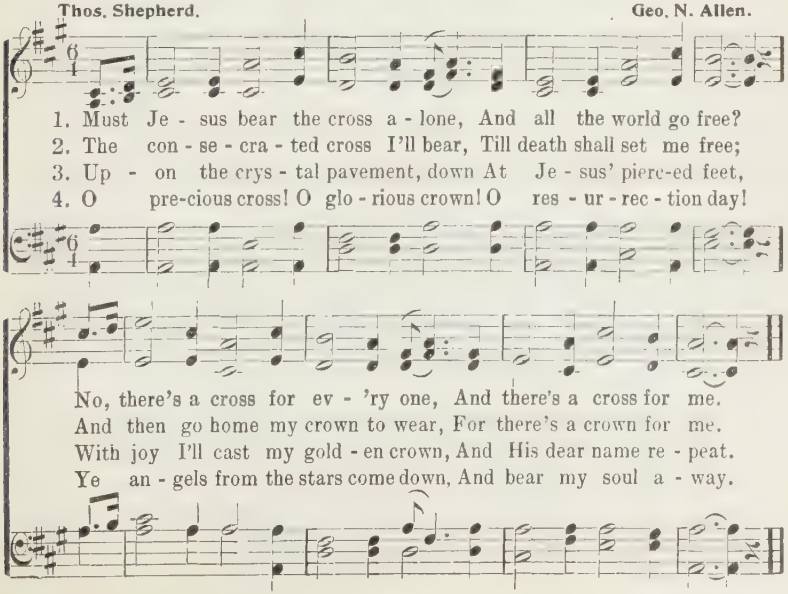
Copyright, 1908, by Hamp Sewell.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. (*To my wife.*) HAMP SEWELL.

1. The path of my pil-grim-age leads to the height Where Je-sus a-bides in His
2. What matter to me if the path-way be rough? I go to meet Jesus, and
3. My days are for service, to Him I be-long, His joy is my strength as I
glo-ry and light; The morn-ing shall break, and the shadows all flee, When
that is e-nough; My bur-den He light-ens, in Him I con-fide, No
bat-tle with wrong; And so I go sing-ing, Come, journey with me, The
CHORUS.
Christ in His beau-ty mine eyes shall see.
e-vil can hurt me, no harm be-tide.
King in His beau-ty thine eyes shall see.
What won-der-ful glo-ry 't will
be, Yes, won-der-ful glo-ry for me, What
glo-ry 't will be,
glo-ry for me,
vi-sions of beau-ty, what splendor un-told, When I shall my Sav-ior be-
my

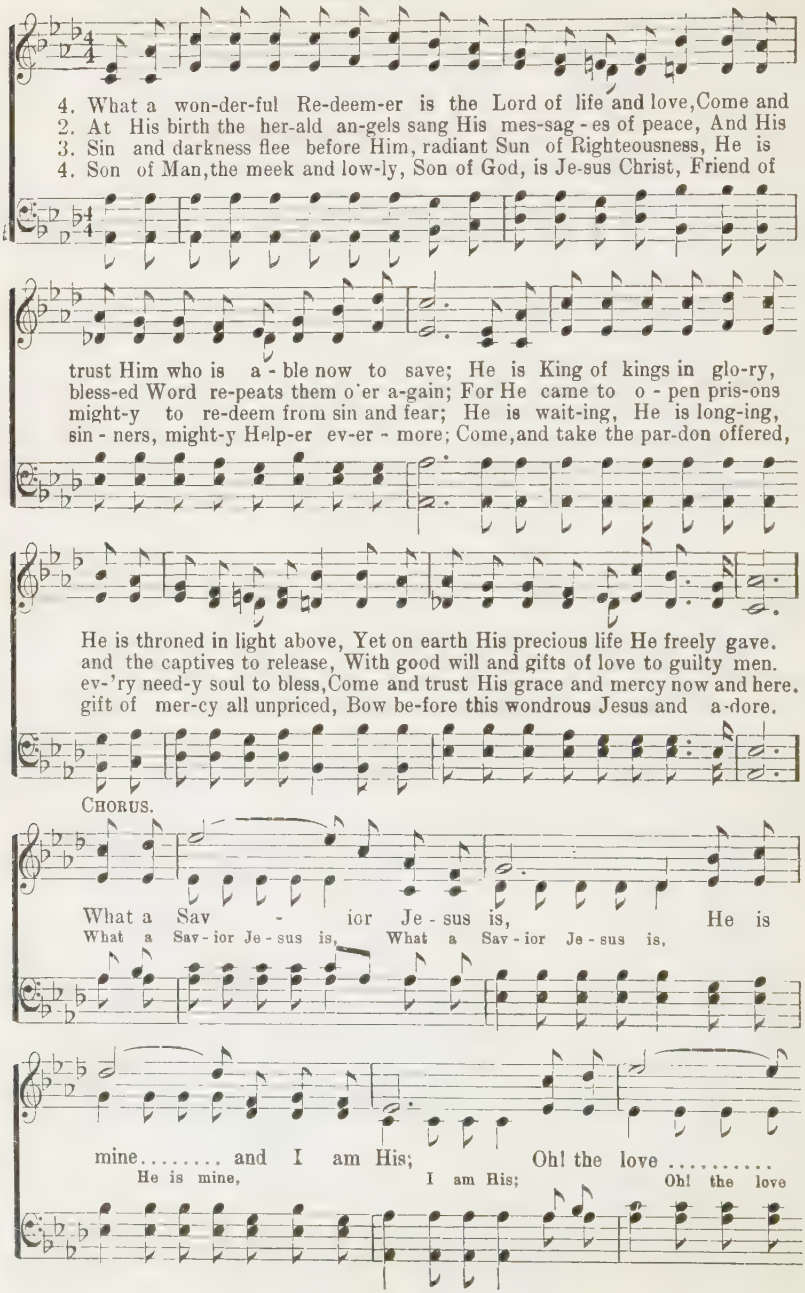
The King in His Beauty.

hold!..... What won-der-ful glo - ry 'twill be,..... Yes,
Sav-ior be - hold!
glo - ry 'twill be,
won - der-ful glo - ry for me,..... The King in His beau-ty to
glo - ry for me,
see face to face, Re-deemed by His won-der - ful grace!.....
won - der - ful grace!

No. 186. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone!

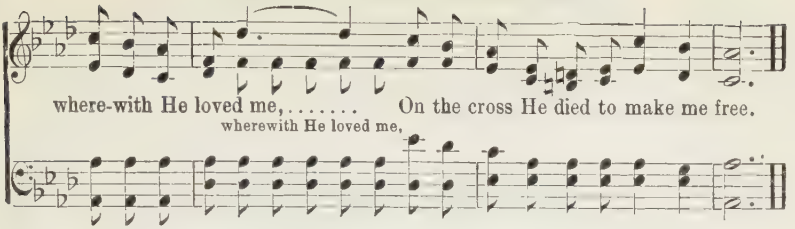
Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piere-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 187 What a Savior Jesus is.

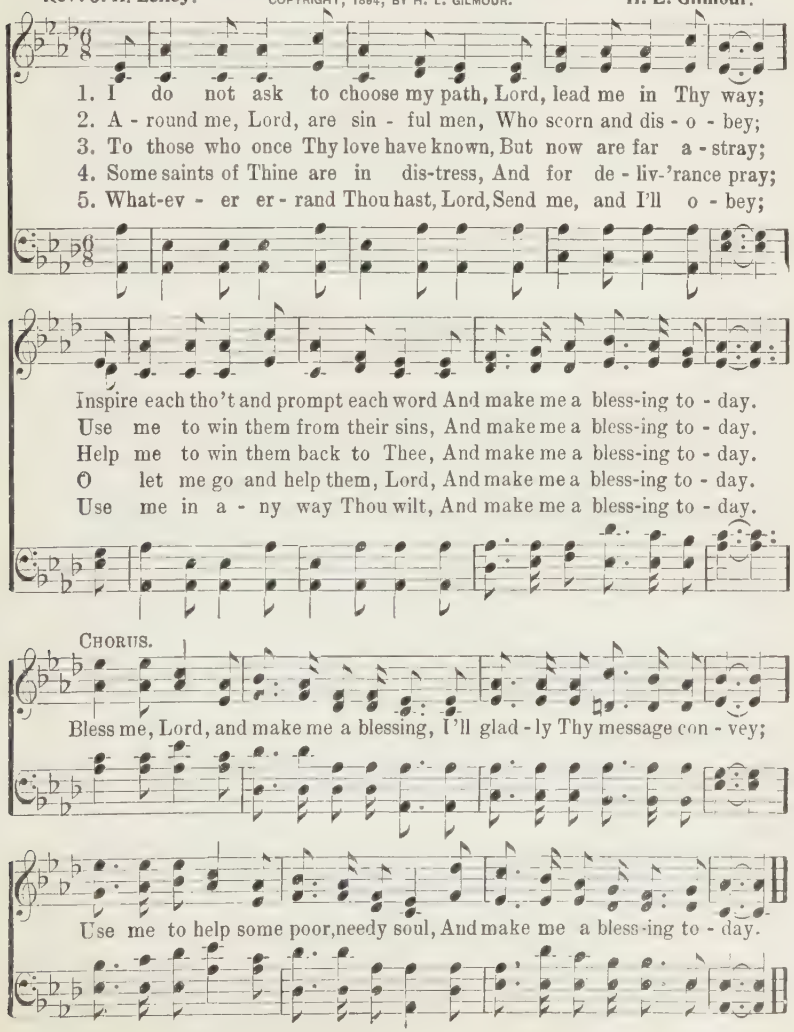
Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

4. What a won-der-ful Re-deem-er is the Lord of life and love, Come and
2. At His birth the her-ald an-gels sang His mes-sag-es of peace, And His
3. Sin and darkness flee before Him, radiant Sun of Righteousness, He is
4. Son of Man, the meek and low-ly, Son of God, is Je-sus Christ, Friend of
trust Him who is a-ble now to save; He is King of kings in glo-ry,
bless-ed Word re-peats them o'er a-gain; For He came to o-pen pris-ons
might-y to re-deem from sin and fear; He is wait-ing, He is long-ing,
sin-ners, might-y Help-er ev-er-more; Come, and take the par-don offered,
He is throned in light above, Yet on earth His precious life He freely gave.
and the captives to release, With good will and gifts of love to guilty men.
ev-'ry need-y soul to bless, Come and trust His grace and mercy now and here.
gift of mer-cy all unpriced, Bow be-fore this wondrous Jesus and a-dore.
CHORUS.
What a Sav - ior Je-sus is, He is
What a Sav-ior Je-sus is, What a Sav-ior Je-sus is,
mine..... and I am His; Oh! the love .....
He is mine, I am His; Oh! the love

What a Savior Jesus is.



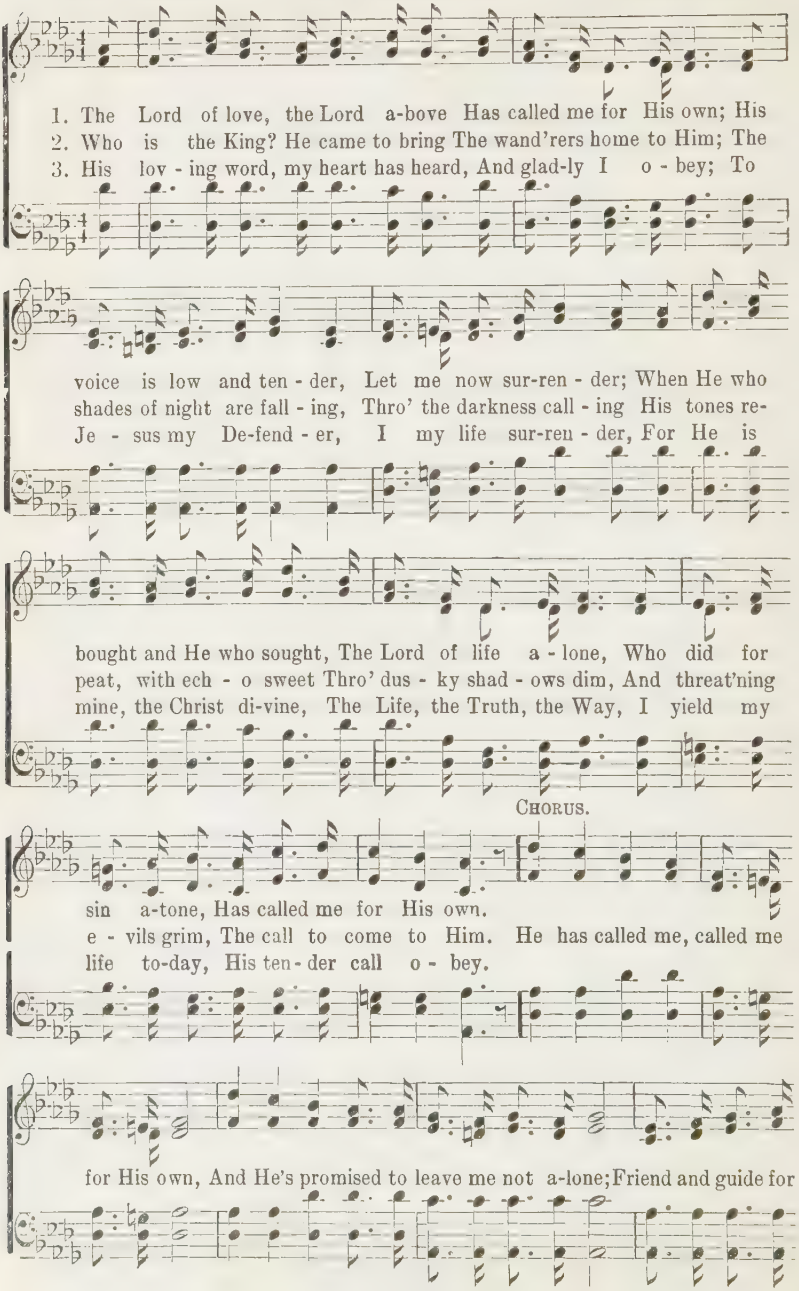
No. 188. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. J. H. Zelley. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY H. L. GILMOUR. H. L. Gilmour.

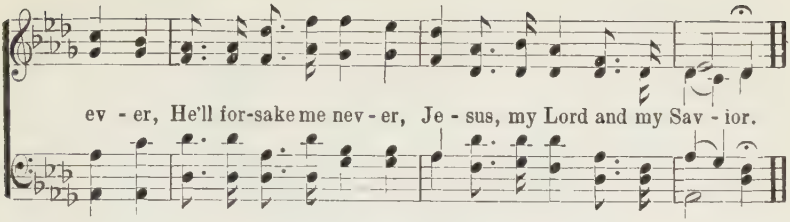

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;
5. What-ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;
Inspire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me in a - ny way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
CHORUS.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad - ly Thy message con - vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

No. 189. He Has Called Me for His Own.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HEMP SEWELL. Hemp Sewell.

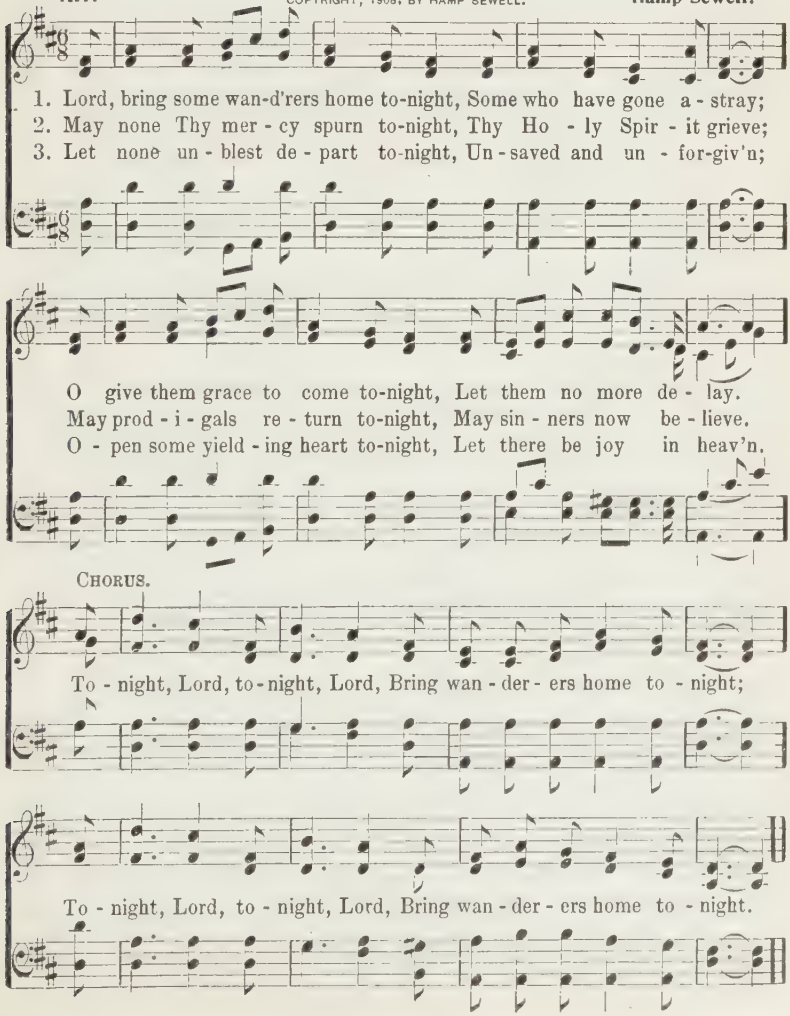

1. The Lord of love, the Lord a-bove Has called me for His own; His
2. Who is the King? He came to bring The wand'rers home to Him; The
3. His lov - ing word, my heart has heard, And glad-ly I o - bey; To
voice is low and ten - der, Let me now sur-ren - der; When He who
shades of night are fall - ing, Thro' the darkness call - ing His tones re-
Je - sus my De-fend - er, I my life sur-ren - der, For He is
bought and He who sought, The Lord of life a - lone, Who did for
peat, with ech - o sweet Thro' dus - ky shad - ows dim, And threat'ning
mine, the Christ di-vine, The Life, the Truth, the Way, I yield my
CHORUS.
sin a-tone, Has called me for His own.
e - vils grim, The call to come to Him. He has called me, called me
life to-day, His ten - der call o - bey.
for His own, And He's promised to leave me not a-lone; Friend and guide for

He Has Called Me For His Own.

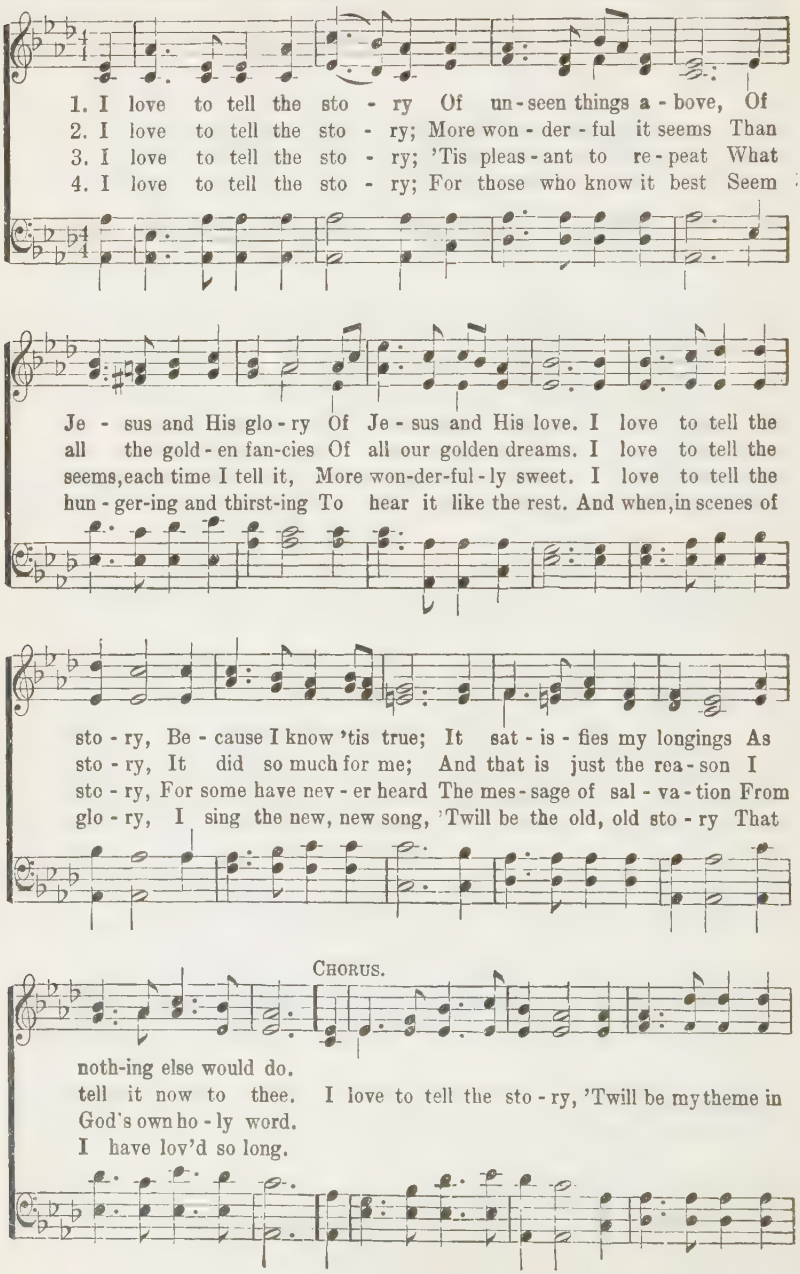


No. 190. Lord, Bring Some Wanderers Home.

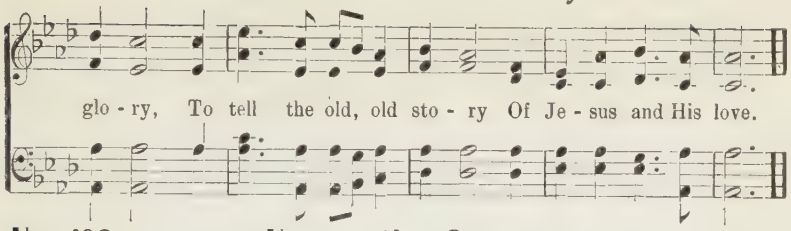
Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. Lord, bring some wan-d'rers home to-night, Some who have gone a - stray;
2. May none Thy mer - cy spurn to-night, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it grieve;
3. Let none un - blest de - part to-night, Un - saved and un - for-giv'n;
O give them grace to come to-night, Let them no more de - lay.
May prod - i - gals re - turn to-night, May sin - ners now be - lieve.
O - pen some yield - ing heart to-night, Let there be joy in heav'n.
CHORUS.
To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord, Bring wan - der - ers home to - night;
To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord, Bring wan - der - ers home to - night.

No. 191. I Love to Tell the Story.

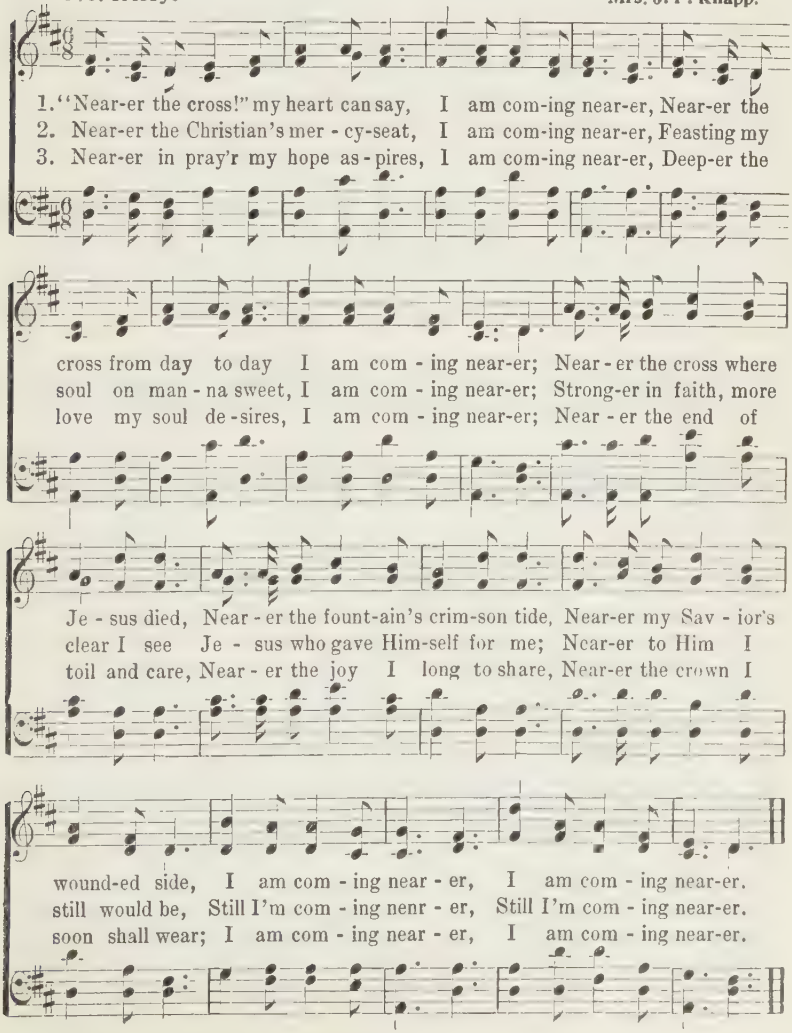
Katharine Hankey. Refrain added. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold - en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That
CHORUS.
noth-ing else would do.
tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

I Love to Tell the Story.



No. 192. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the
cross from day to day I am com - ing near-er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near-er; Near - er the end of
Je - sus died, Near - er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing nenr - er, Still I'm com - ing near-er.
soon shall wear; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near-er.

No. 193. Hallelujah for the Cross!

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

Horatius Bonar, arr. James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

Cres. *ff*

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

SOLO. *Sop. or Ten. of Duet.*

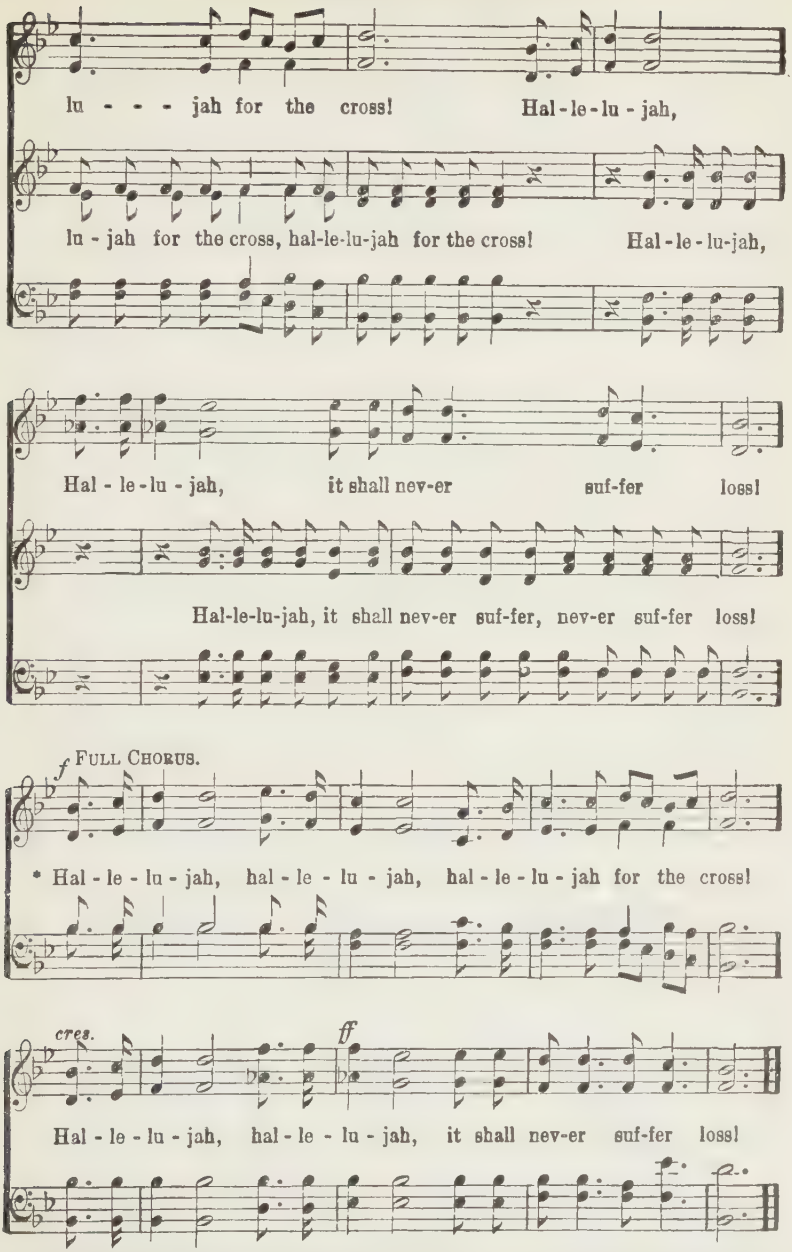
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

SOPRANO AND ALTO.*

CHO. *mp.* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

TENOR AND BASS.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

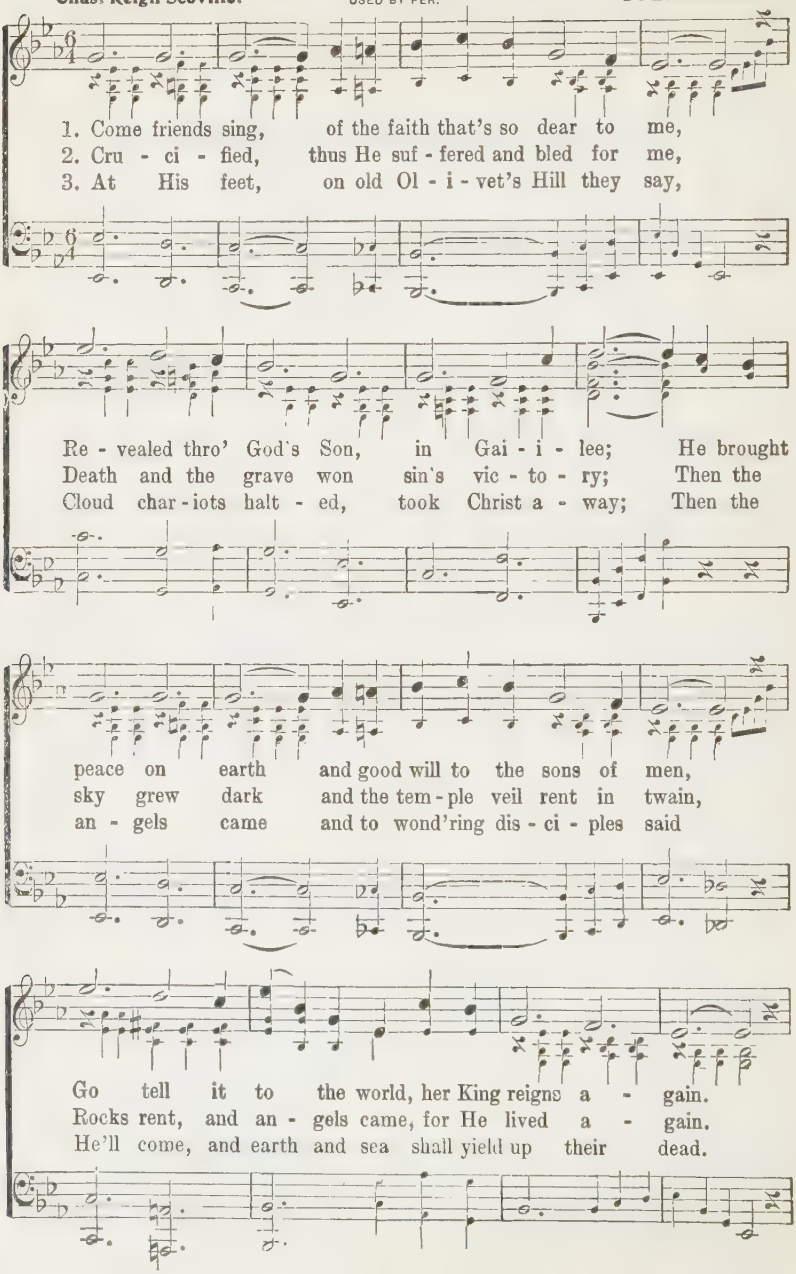
Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu-jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss!
f FULL CHORUS.
* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
cres.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!

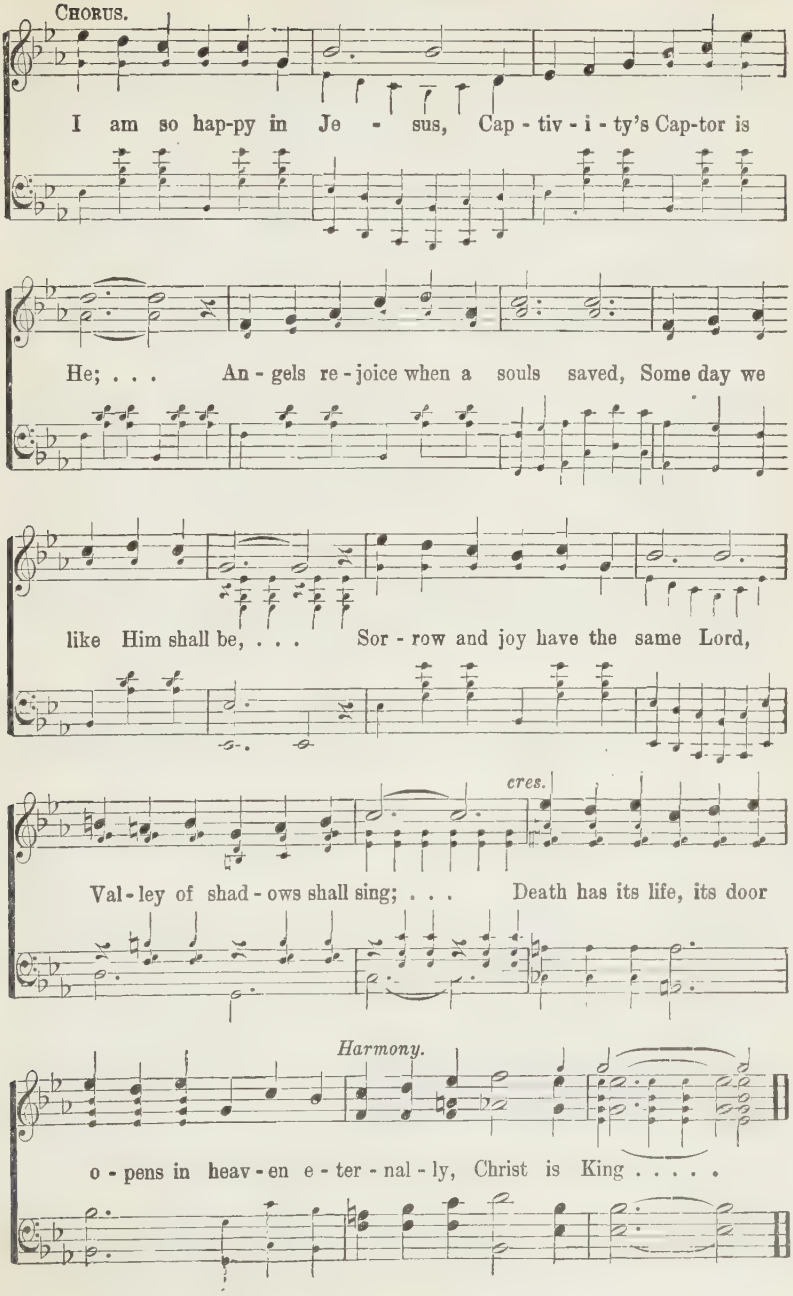
* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 194. Christ is King.

Chas. Reign Scoville.

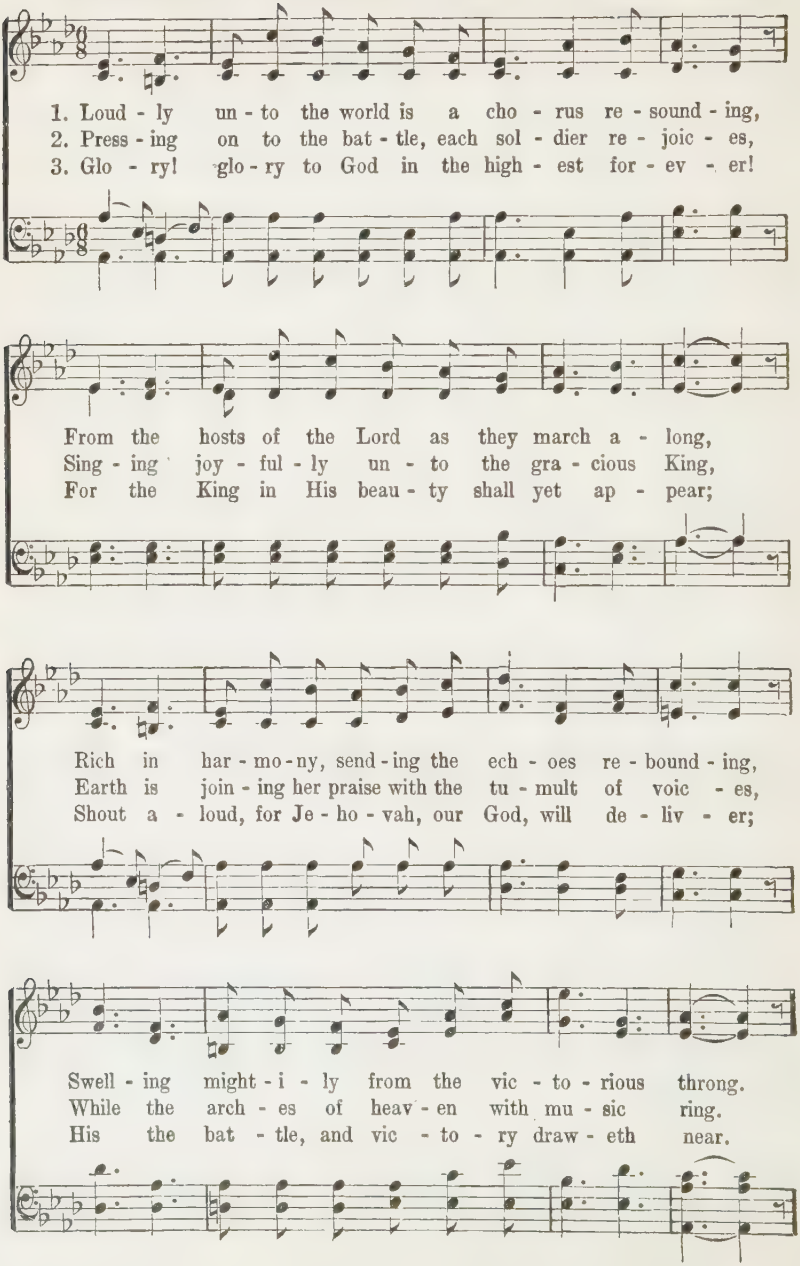
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCVOILLE & SMITH.
USED BY PER.

De Loss Smith.

1. Come friends sing, of the faith that's so dear to me,
2. Cru - ci - fied, thus He suf - fered and bled for me,
3. At His feet, on old Ol - i - vet's Hill they say,
Re - vealed thro' God's Son, in Gai - i - lee; He brought
Death and the grave won sin's vic - to - ry; Then the
Cloud char - iots halt - ed, took Christ a - way; Then the
peace on earth and good will to the sons of men,
sky grew dark and the tem - ple veil rent in twain,
an - gels came and to wond'ring dis - ci - ples said
Go tell it to the world, her King reigns a - gain.
Rocks rent, and an - gels came, for He lived a - gain.
He'll come, and earth and sea shall yield up their dead.

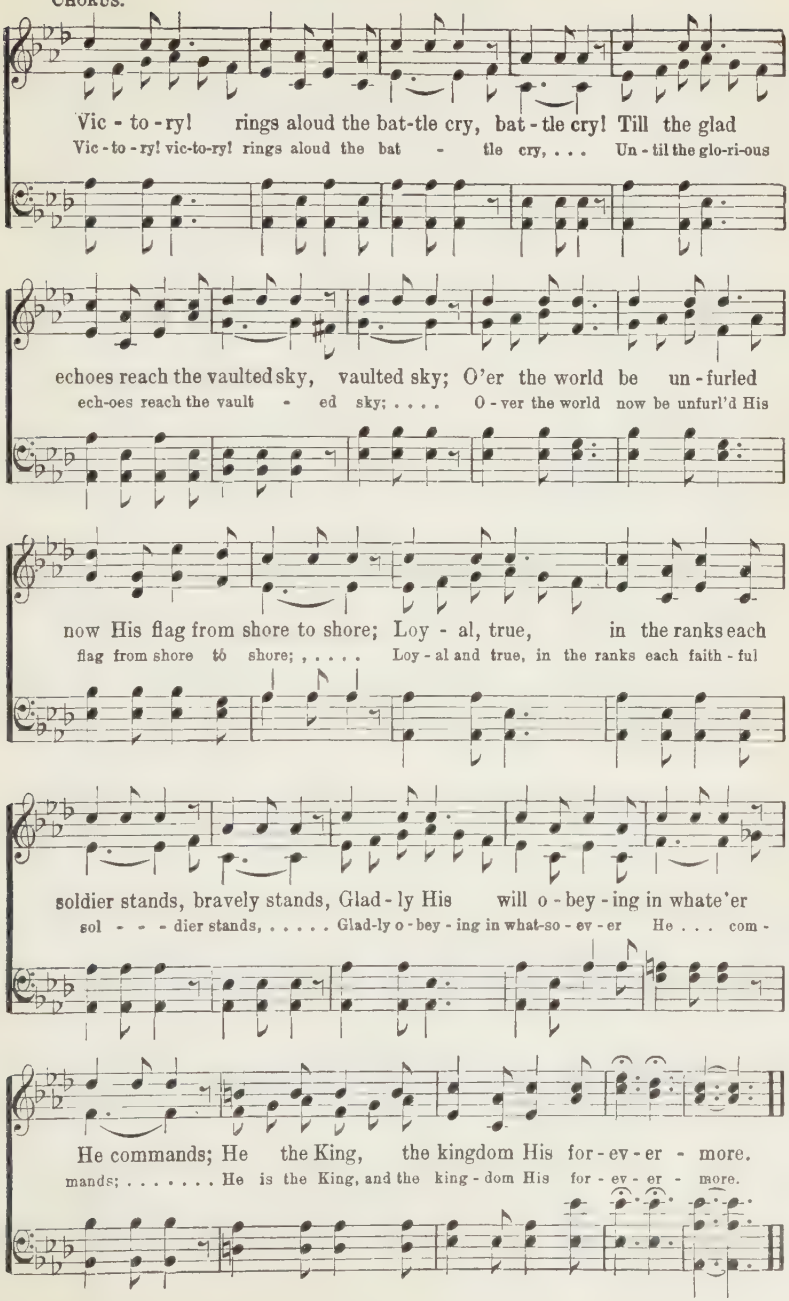
Christ is King.

Chorus.
I am so hap-py in Je - sus, Cap - tiv - i - ty's Cap-tor is
He; . . . An - gels re - joice when a souls saved, Some day we
like Him shall be, . . . Sor - row and joy have the same Lord,
cres.
Val - ley of shad - ows shall sing; . . . Death has its life, its door
Harmony.
o - pens in heav - en e - ter - nal - ly, Christ is King . . . . .

No. 195. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

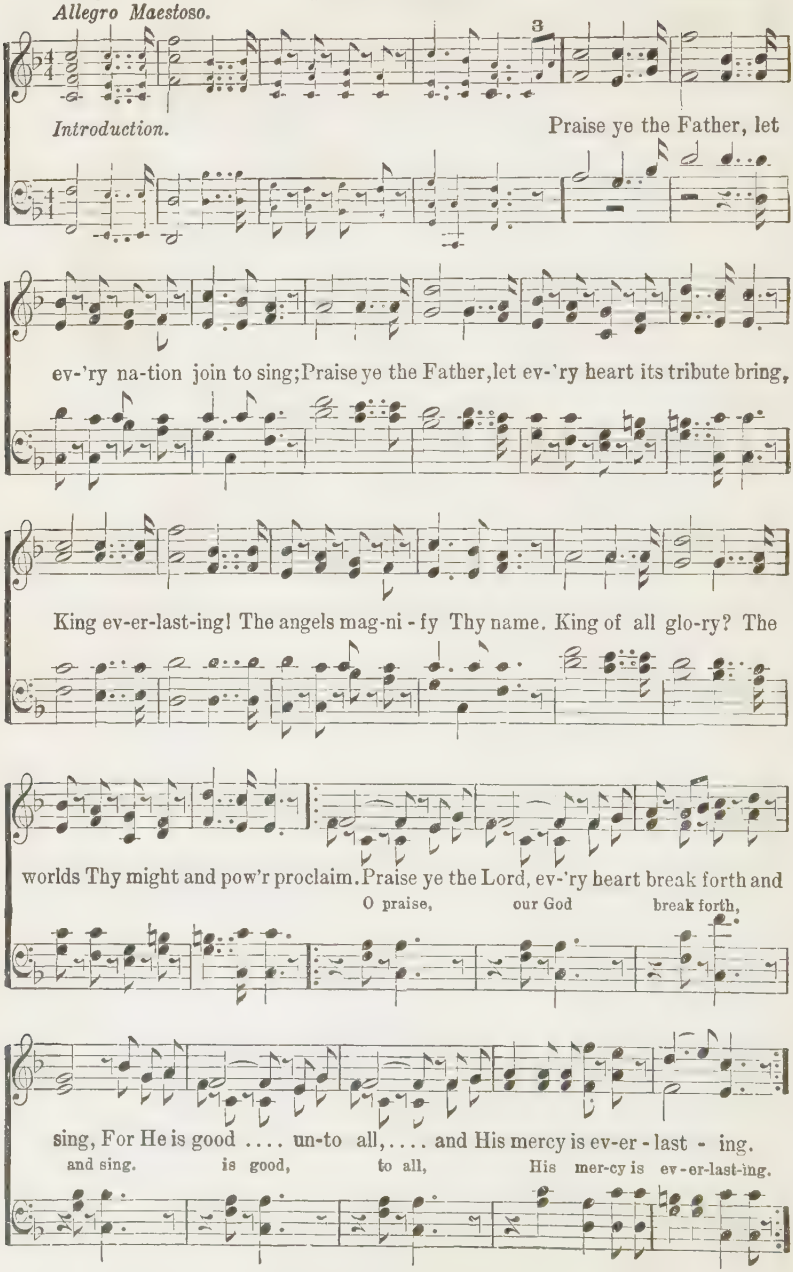
No. 196. Praise Ye the Father.

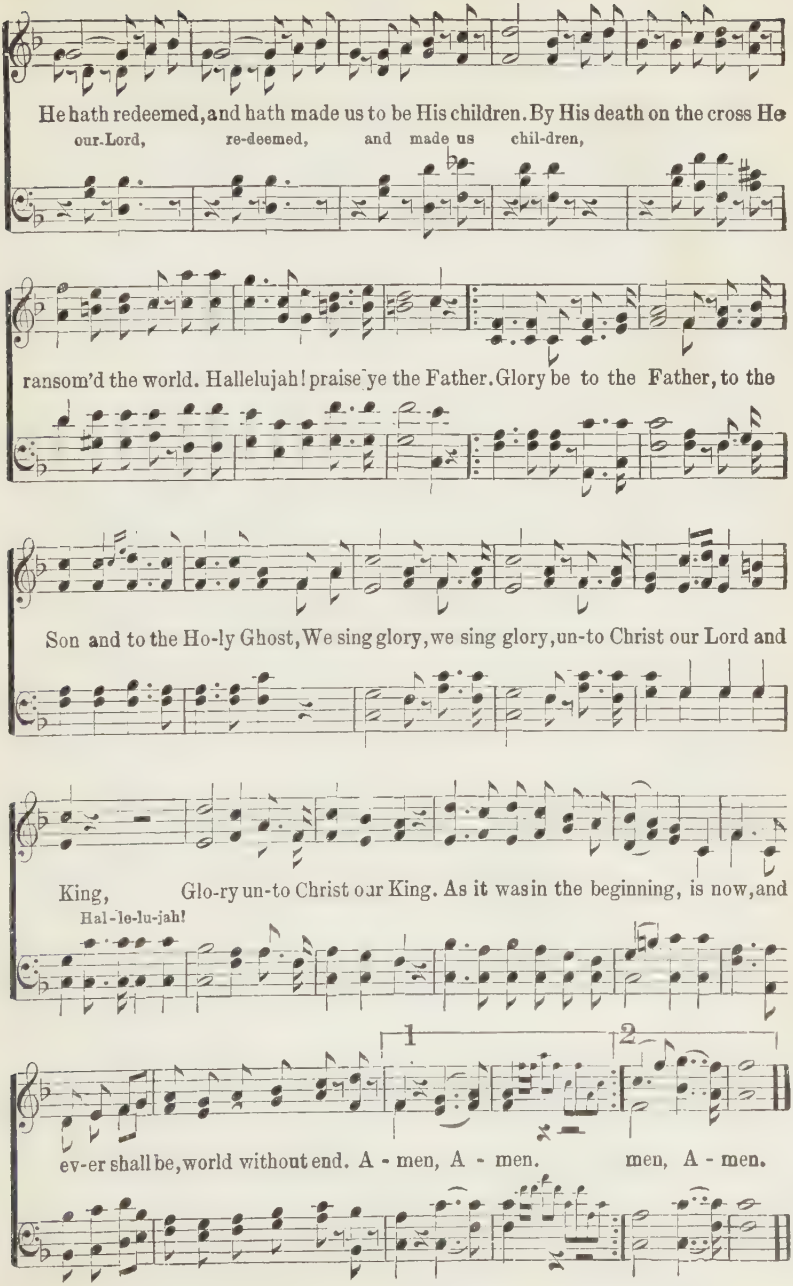
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT.

E. O. E.

C. Gounod.

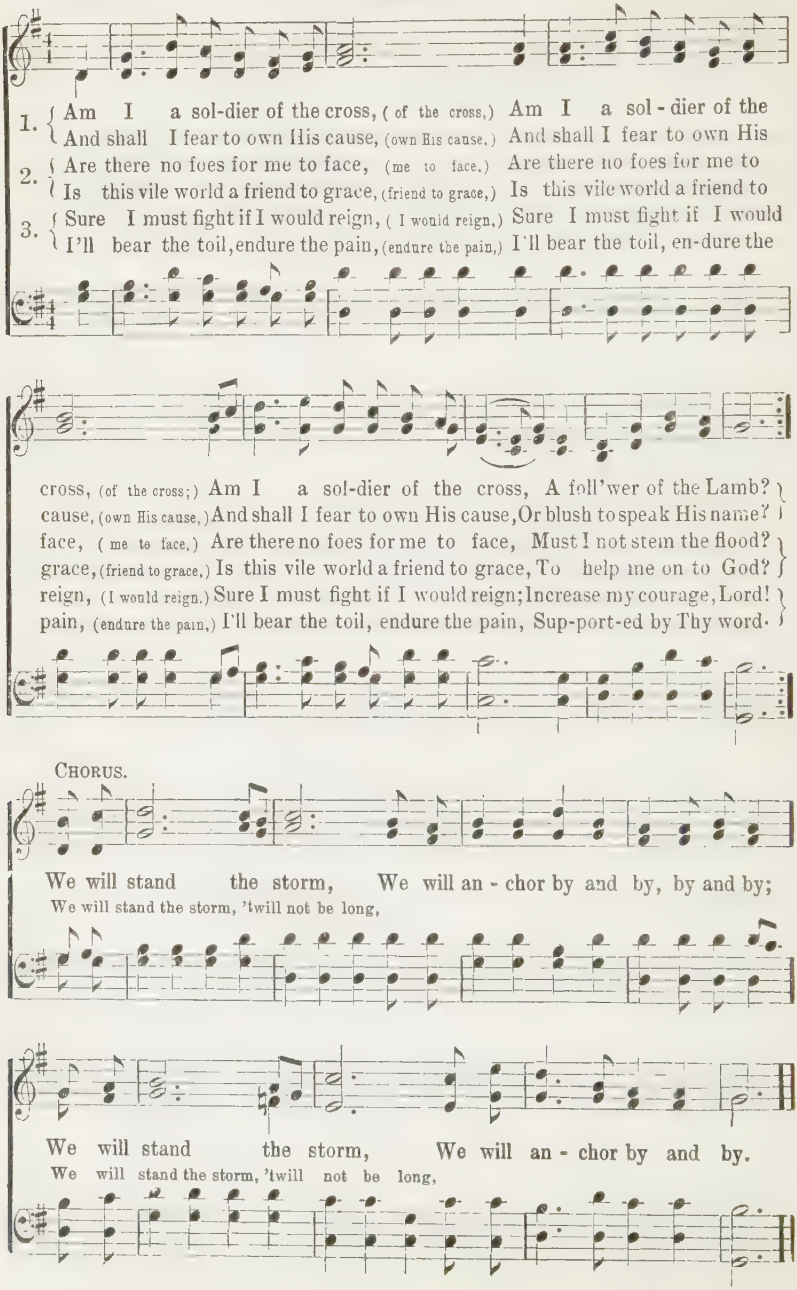
Allegro Maestoso.


3
Introduction.
Praise ye the Father, let
ev-'ry na-tion join to sing; Praise ye the Father, let ev-'ry heart its tribute bring,
King ev-er-last-ing! The angels mag-ni-fy Thy name. King of all glo-ry? The
worlds Thy might and pow'r proclaim. Praise ye the Lord, ev-'ry heart break forth and
O praise, our God break forth,
sing, For He is good .... un-to all,.... and His mercy is ev-er-last-ing.
and sing. is good, to all, His mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing.

Praise Ye the Father.

He hath redeemed, and hath made us to be His children. By His death on the cross He
our Lord, re-deemed, and made us chil-dren,
ransom'd the world. Hallelujah! praise ye the Father. Glory be to the Father, to the
Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, We sing glory, we sing glory, un-to Christ our Lord and
King, Glo-ry un-to Christ our King. As it was in the beginning, is now, and
Hal-le-lu-jah!
1
2
ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men. men, A - men.

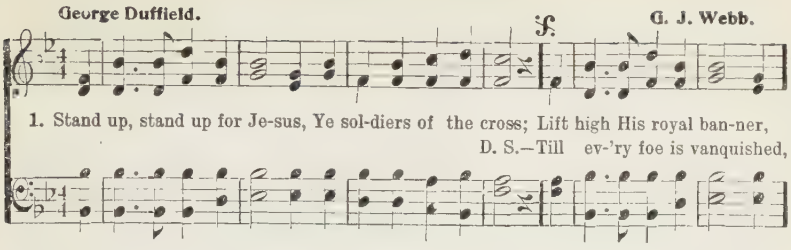
No. 197 We Will Stand the Storm.

Isaac Watts. BY PERMISSION. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol - dier of the
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause.) And shall I fear to own His
2. Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face.) Are there no foes for me to
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the
cross, (of the cross;) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign, (I would reign.) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
CHORUS.
We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by;
We will stand the storm, 'twill not be long,
We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
We will stand the storm, 'twill not be long,

No. 198. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.

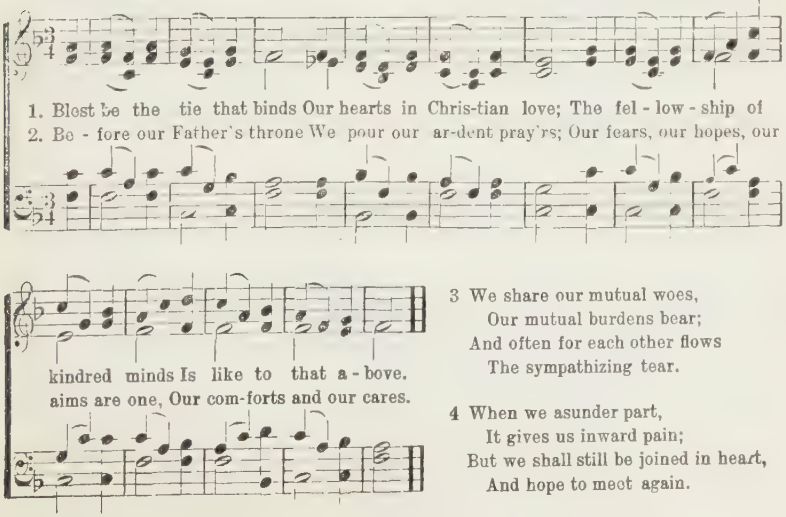

f.
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D. S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 199. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

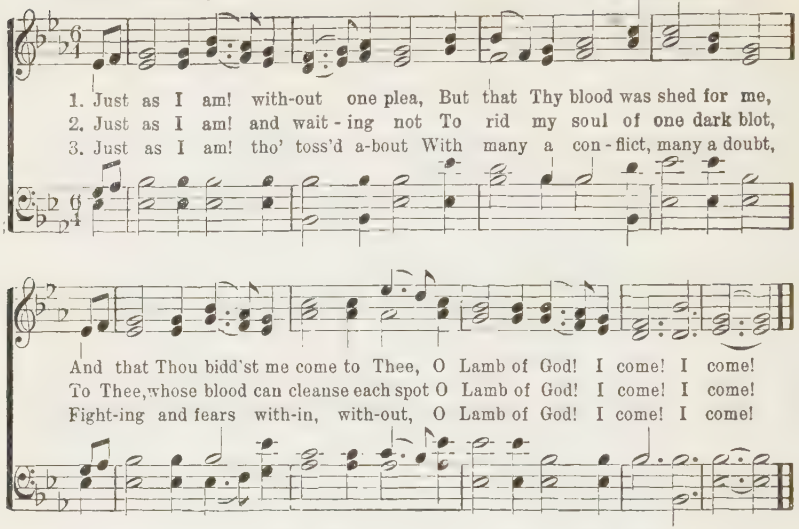

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 200. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 201. Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

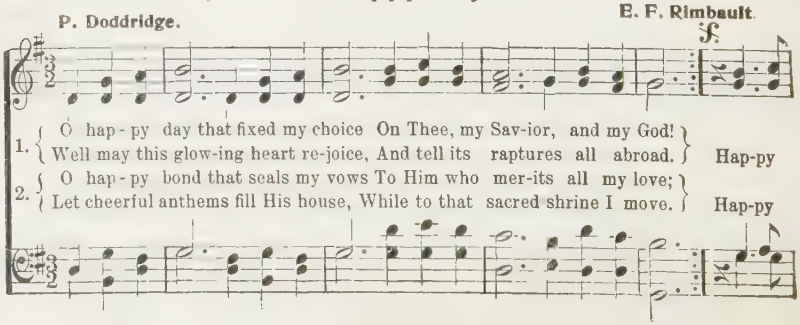
2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O, wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

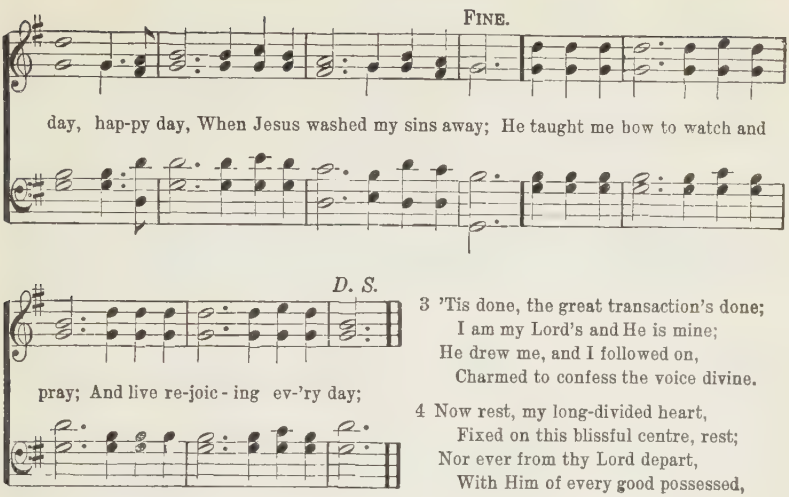
4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

No. 202. O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior, and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
Hap-py
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py

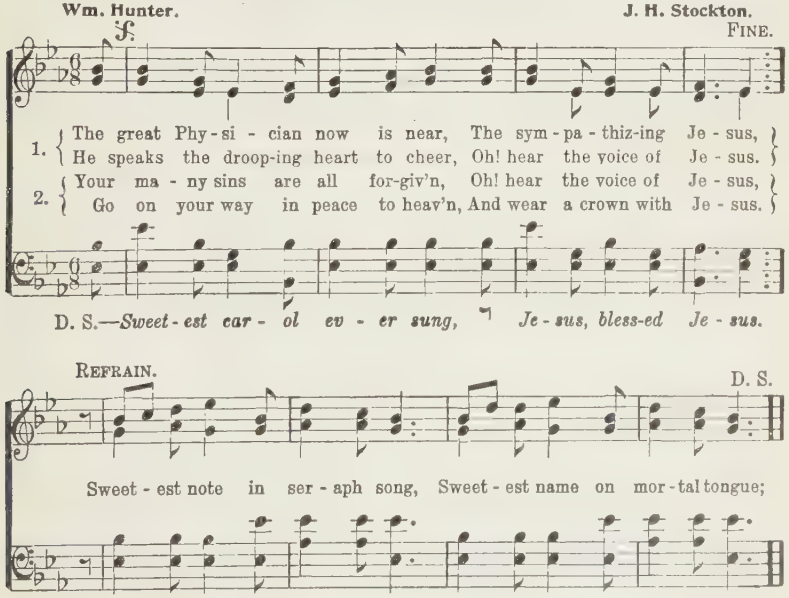
O Happy Day.



3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed,

No. 203. The Great Physician.

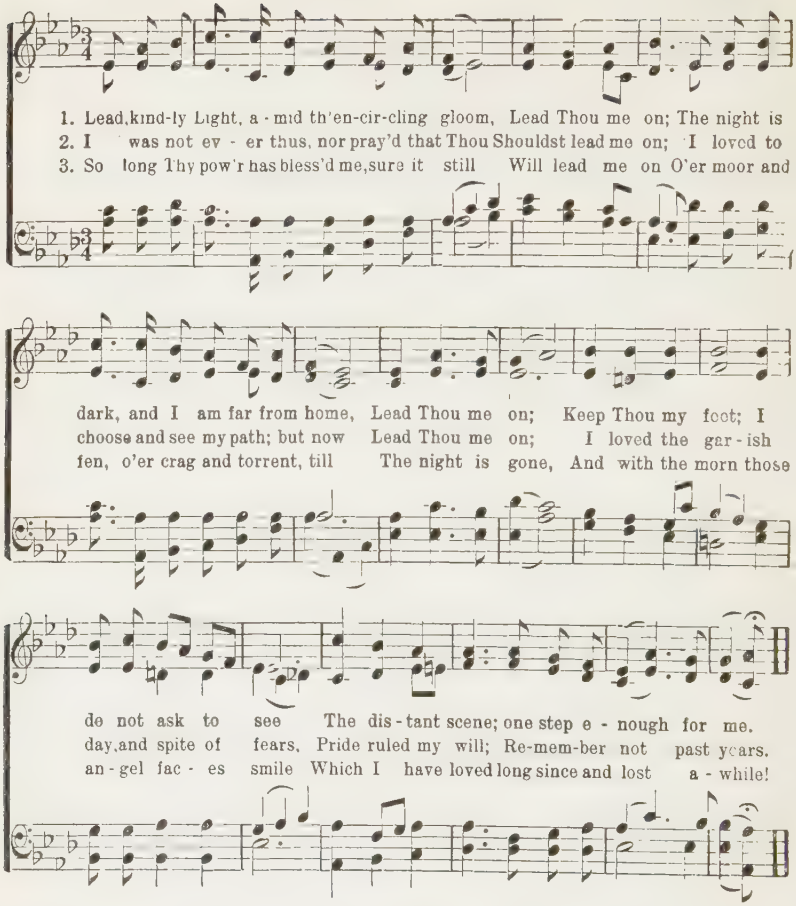

Wm. Hunter.
J. H. Stockton.
FINE.
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus.
2. Your ma-ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus,
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
D. S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

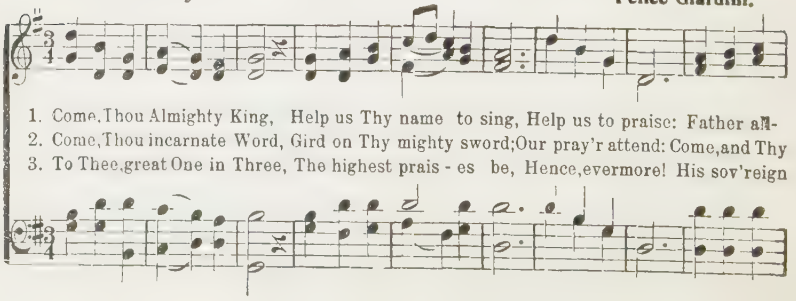
No. 204. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

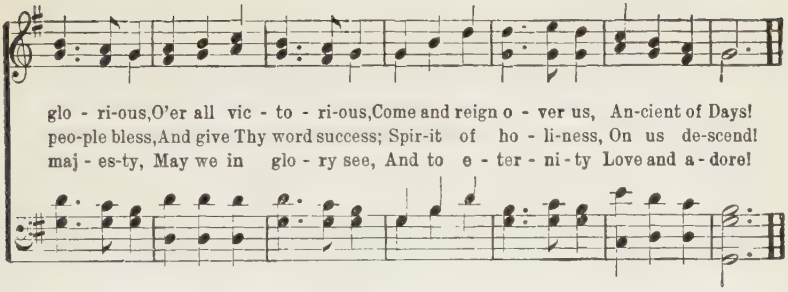

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since and lost a - while!

No. 205. Come, Thou Almighty King.

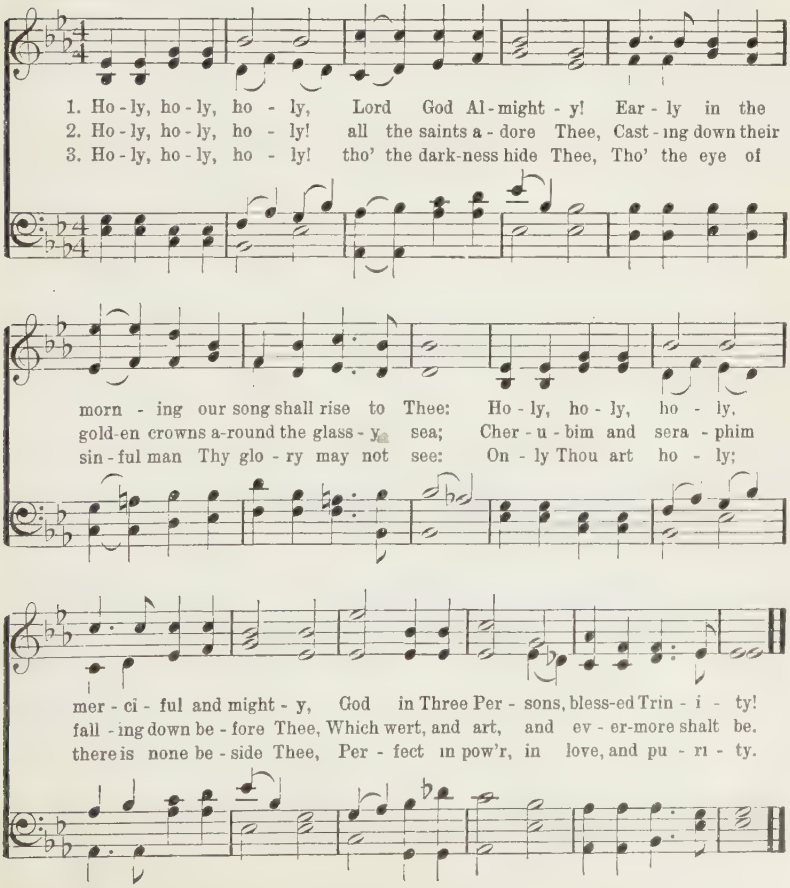
Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.

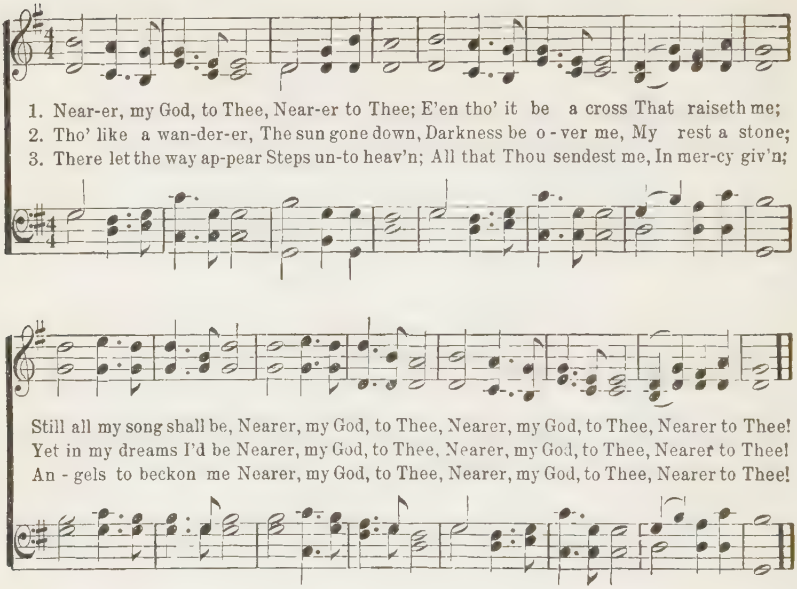

glo - ri-ous,O'er all vic - to - ri-ous,Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo-ple bless,And give Thy word success; Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
maj - es-ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 206. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

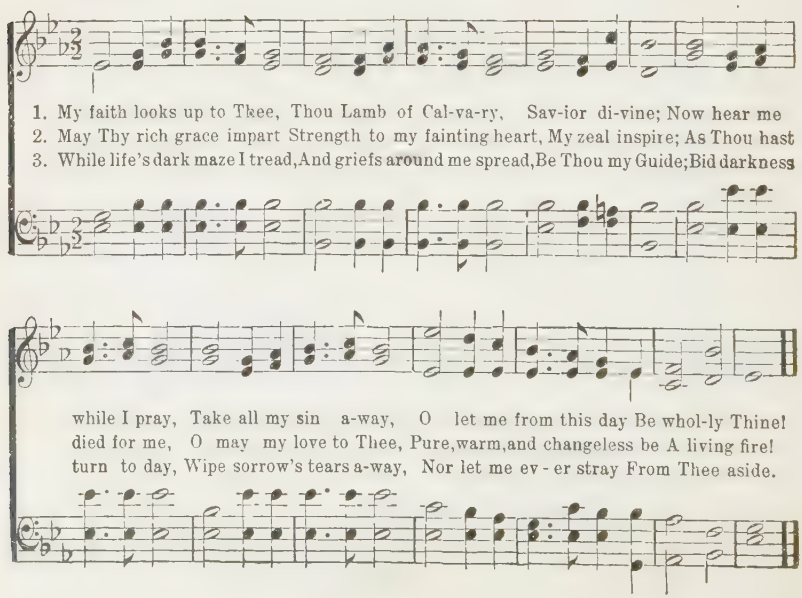
No. 207 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

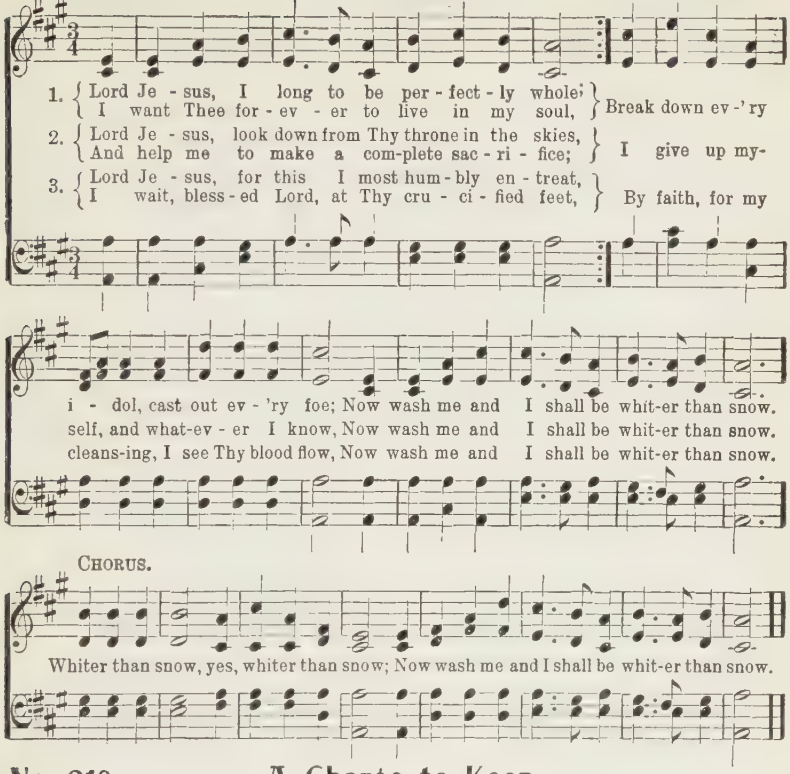

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 208. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

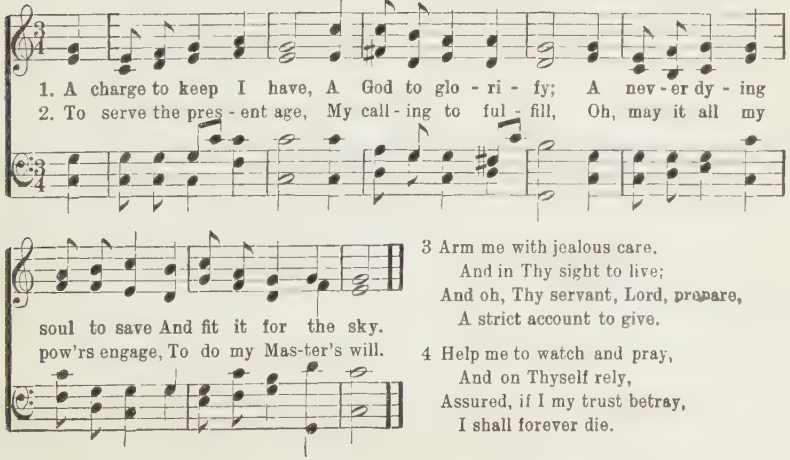

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.

No. 209. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev -'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat,
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
self, and what-ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

No. 210. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

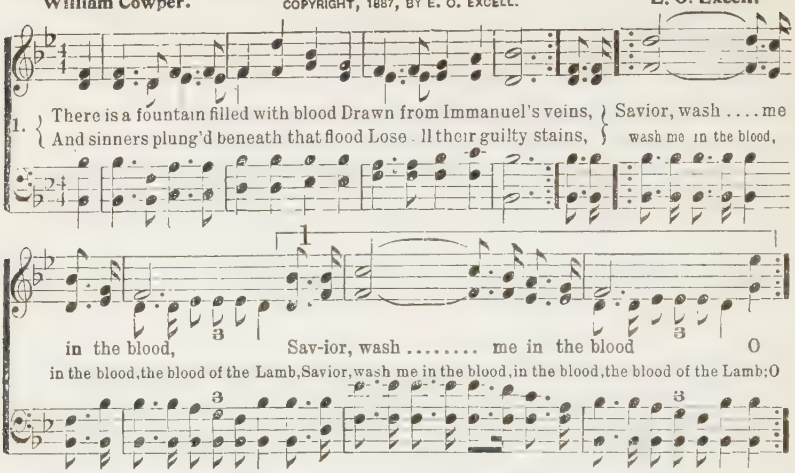

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, Oh, may it all my
soul to save And fit it for the sky.
pow'rs engage, To do my Mas-ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care.
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 211. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Savior, wash .... me
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, wash me in the blood,
in the blood, Sav-ior, wash ..... me in the blood O
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

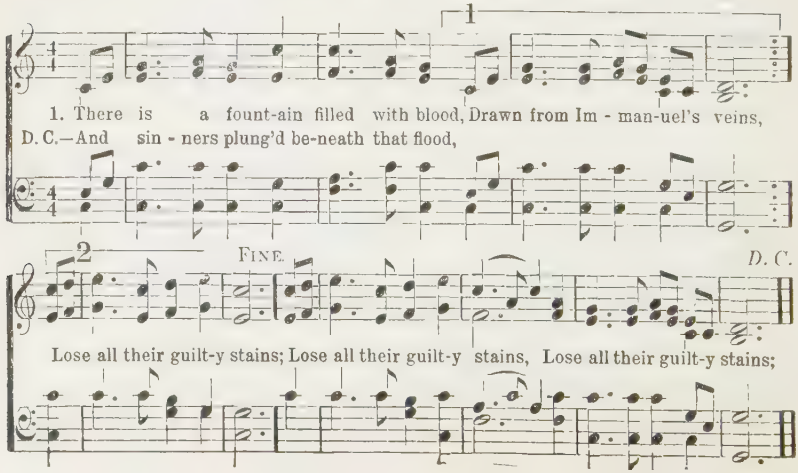
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

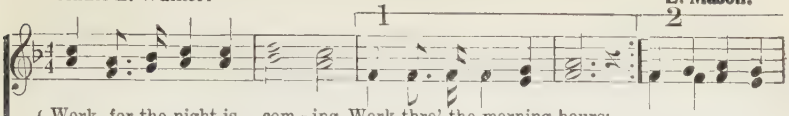
No. 212. There is A Fountain.

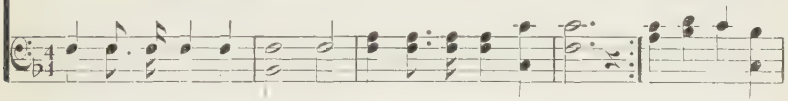
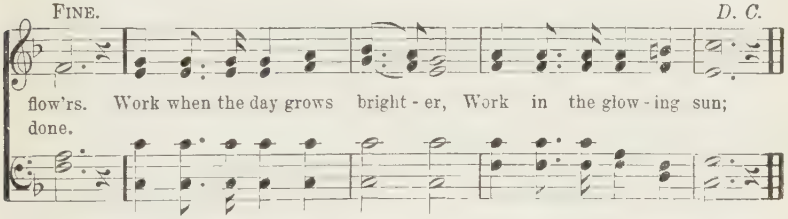
E. O. E. Arr.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood,
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains; Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

No. 213. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C.-Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is



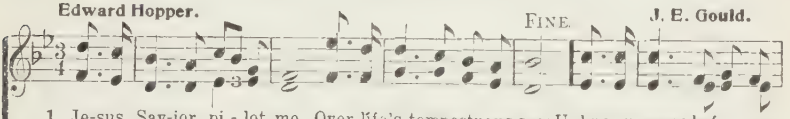
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

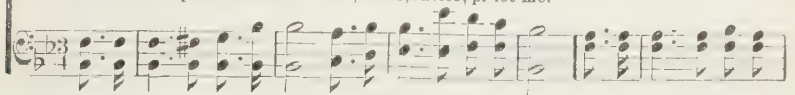
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

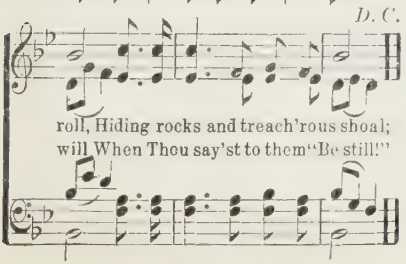
No. 214. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



1. Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy
D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.



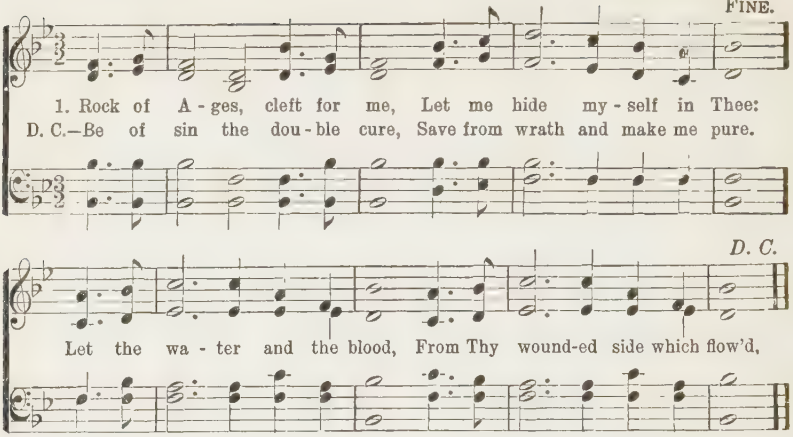


roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 215. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

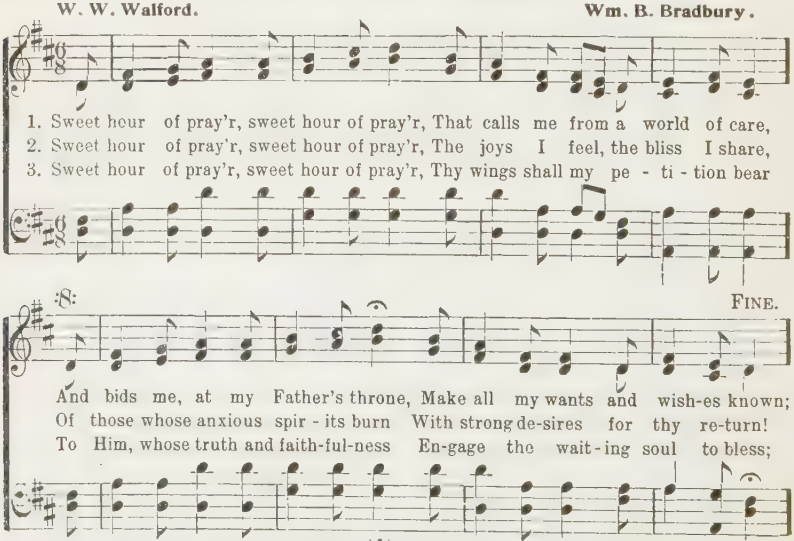

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

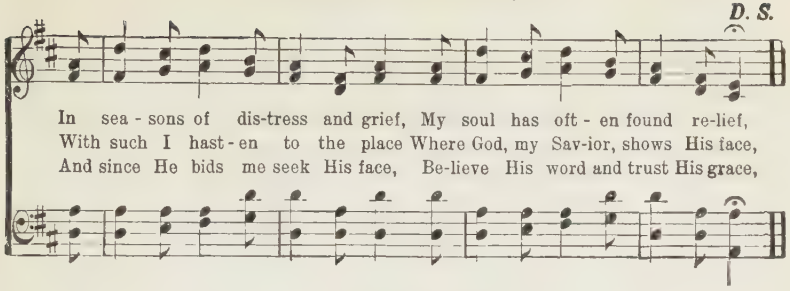
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

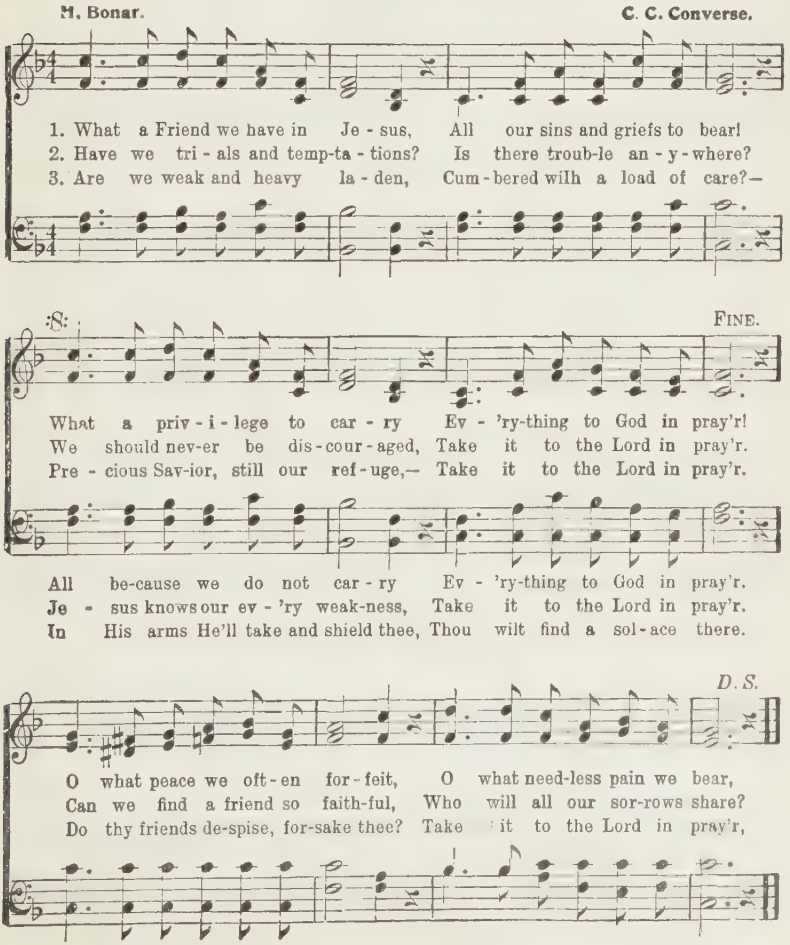
No. 216. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
:8:
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
D. S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

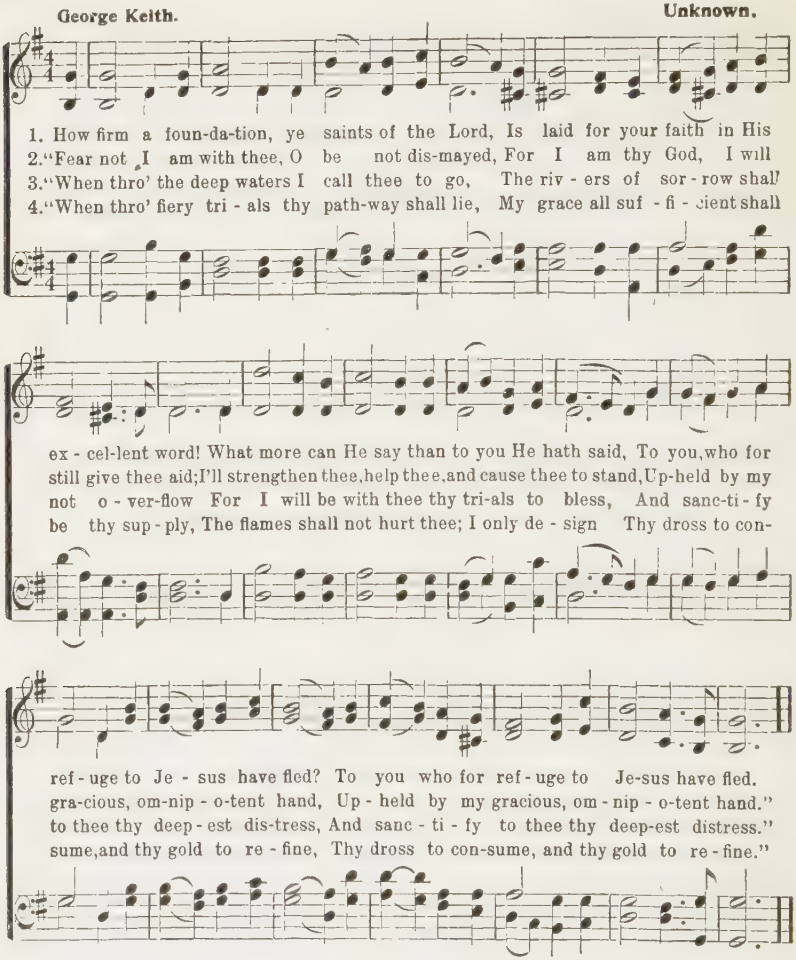
Sweet Hour of Prayer.


D. S.
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

No. 217. What a Friend.

H. Bonar.
C. C. Converse.
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?—
:S:
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

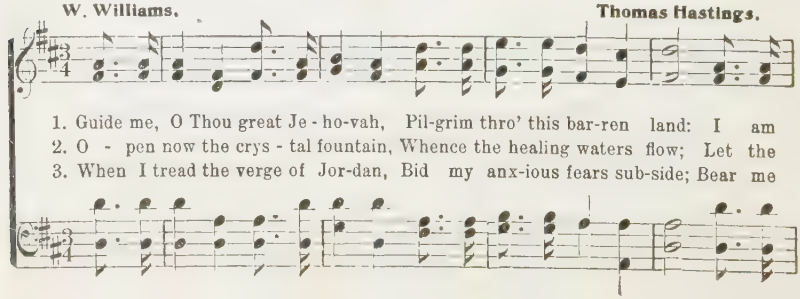
No. 218. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

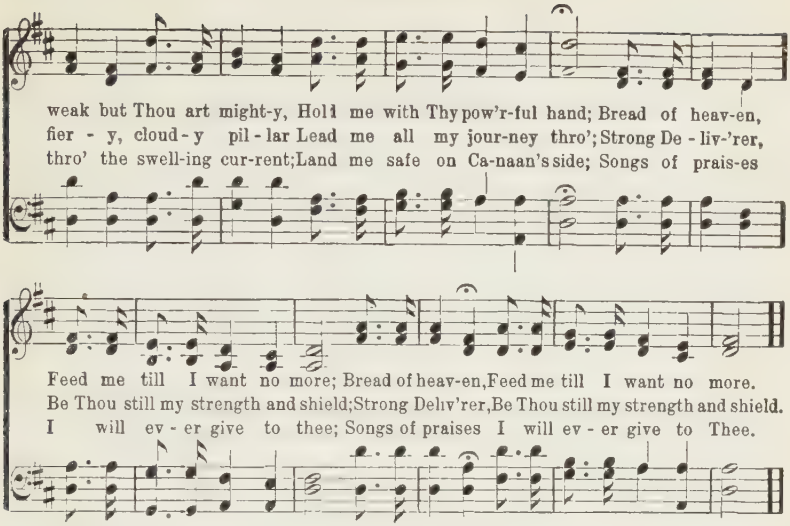

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2."Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3."When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4."When thro' fiery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall
ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you,who for
still give thee aid;I'll strengthen thee,help thee,and cause thee to stand,Up-held by my
not o - ver-flow For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I only de - sign Thy dross to con-
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled.
gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand, Up - held by my gracious, om - nip - o-tent hand."
to thee thy deep - est dis-tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est distress."
sume,and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

No. 219. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.

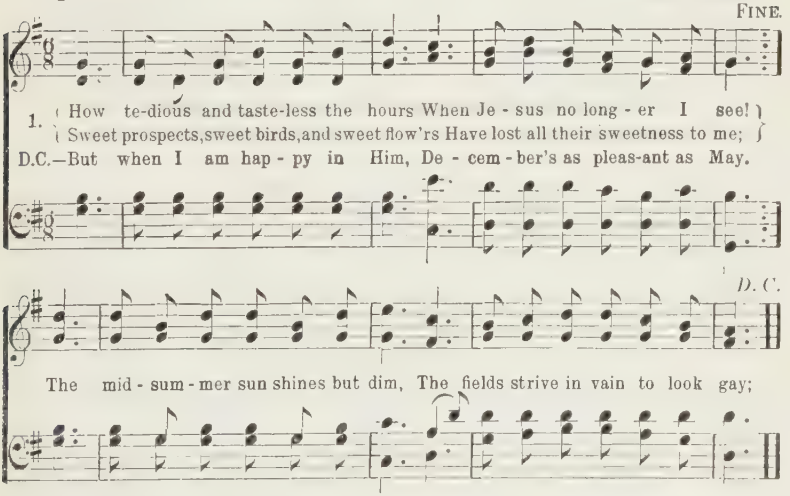

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me

Guide Me.


weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en,
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De - liv-'rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; Songs of prais-es
Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to thee; Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 220. How Tedious and Tasteless!

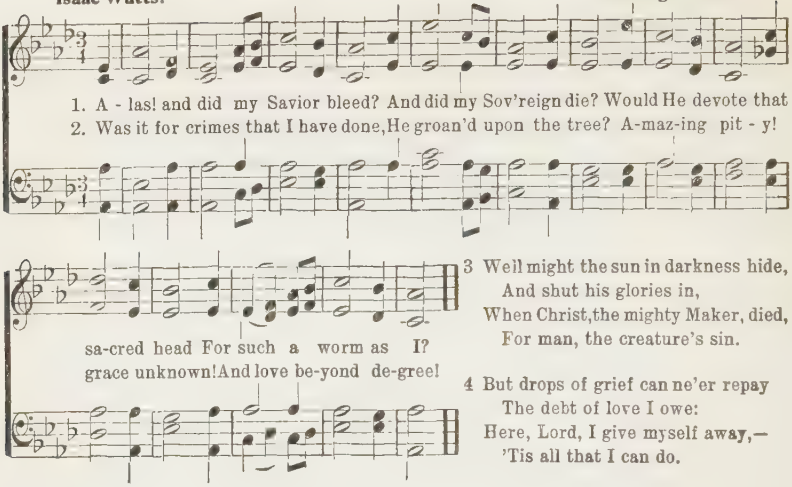
John Newton. **Lewis Edson.**


FINE.
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweetness to me;
D.C.—But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D. C.
The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

No. 221. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!
sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 222. How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

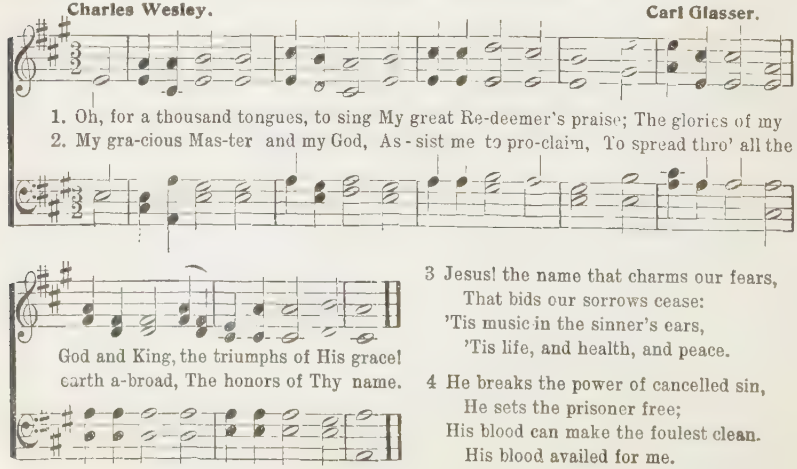
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

No. 223. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.

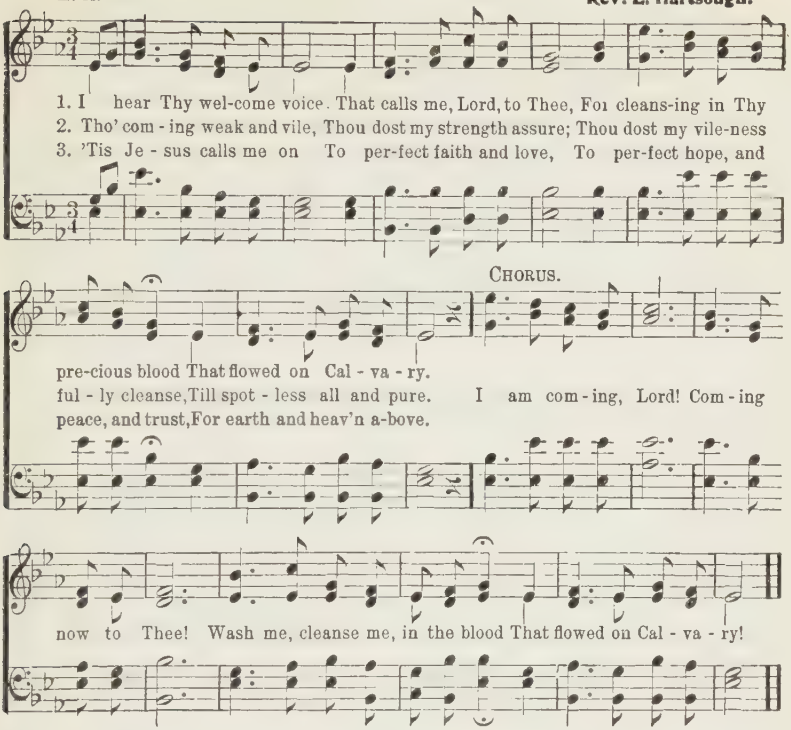

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the
God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood availed for me.

No. 224. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice. That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 225. The Old Time Religion.

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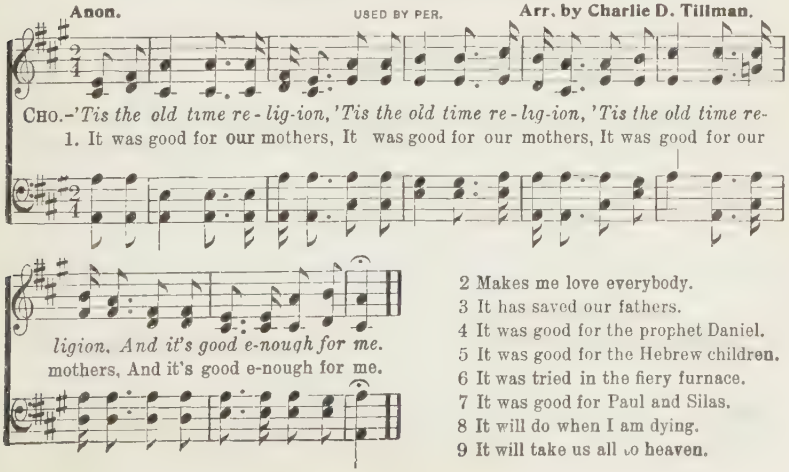
Anon. USED BY PER. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.


CHO.-'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
ligion. And it's good e-nough for me.
mothers, And it's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 226. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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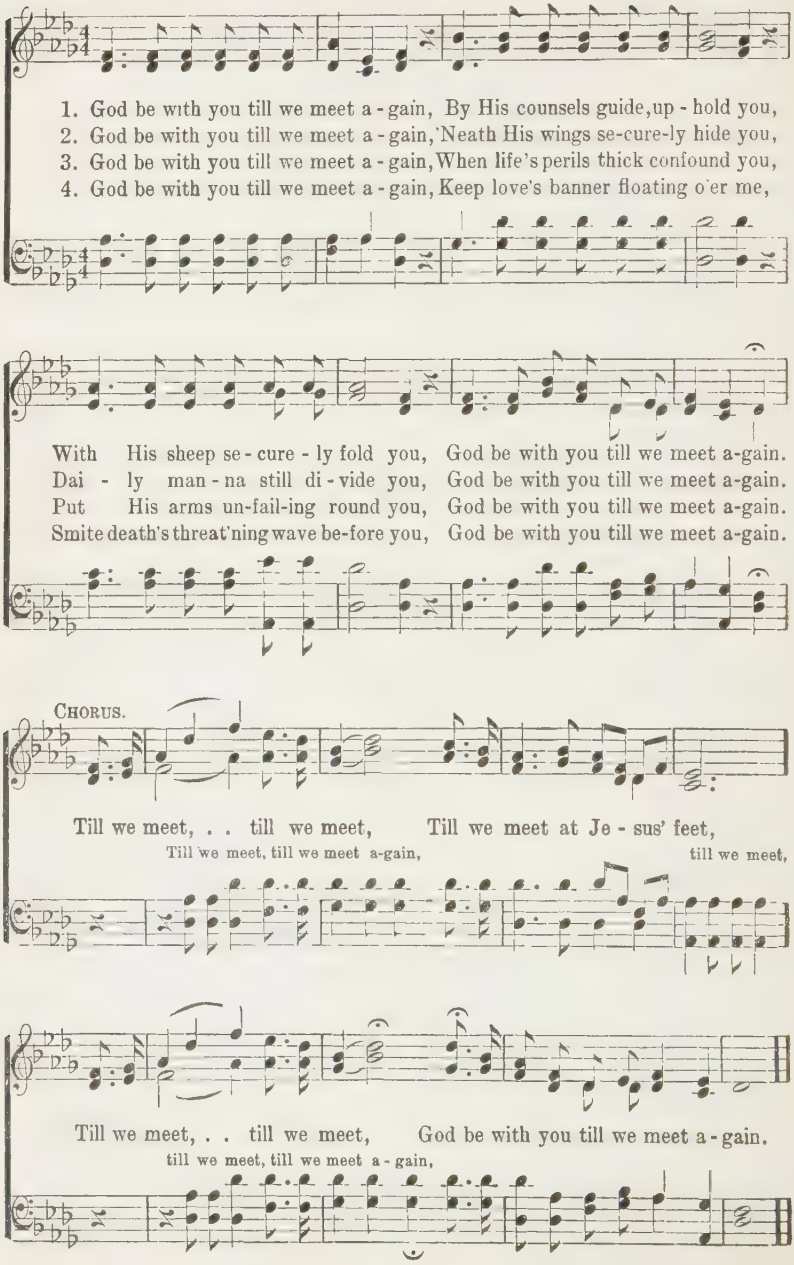
W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er me,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet,
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

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Some folks jump up and
down all night
At a d-a-n-c-e
While others go to church
to show their brand new
h-a-t
Some smear their face
with great big daubs
of p-a-i-n-t and then
they laugh at us because
we're s-a-v-e-d,
Some folks drink lots of r-u-m
till their nose is r-e-d
And another pull with
all their might at
their old p-i-p-e
Some stagger home
in the morning to the
~~wife~~ w-i-f-e
And then they laugh at

I2 Jim 2-15

I Thess, 5-22

My sins rose as high as a
mountain
They all disappeared in the
fountain.
He wrote my name above
For a palace and crown
O, bless his dear
I am free.

Its g-l-o-r-y to know I'm saved
I'm h-a-p-p-y because I'm free
Double-e
I once was b-o-u-n-d with
Chains of s-i-n.
Its w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l to know
Christ within.

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